THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Hal G. Evarts—Gordon Arthur Smith—Eleanor Mercein—Nunnally Johnson
George Wharton Pepper—George Sylvester Viereck—Charles Wertenbaker

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"Camay is bland, does not irritate the skin and leaves it smooth. Any complexion that cannot stand Camay needs the attention of a physician."

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M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

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THE SHAGGY LEGION

The Main Band of Crows, Led by Black Elk Himself, Took the Trail of the Blackfeet and Followed It Into the Higher Hills

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

LAZILY, Arapaho Gilroy watched the approaching bull train. Having penetrated the virgin West with the mountain men in his early youth, Gilroy had resided for many years among the Arapahoes. His contemporaries of an earlier day, therefore, had dubbed him Arapaho Gilroy, which, being something of a mouthful, had been shortened to Rapaho Gil, by which title, and no other, he was known wherever Indians of whatever tribe or white men of long experience in the West forgathered. Rapaho Gil, then, trained an indolent but speculative eye upon the approaching bull train.

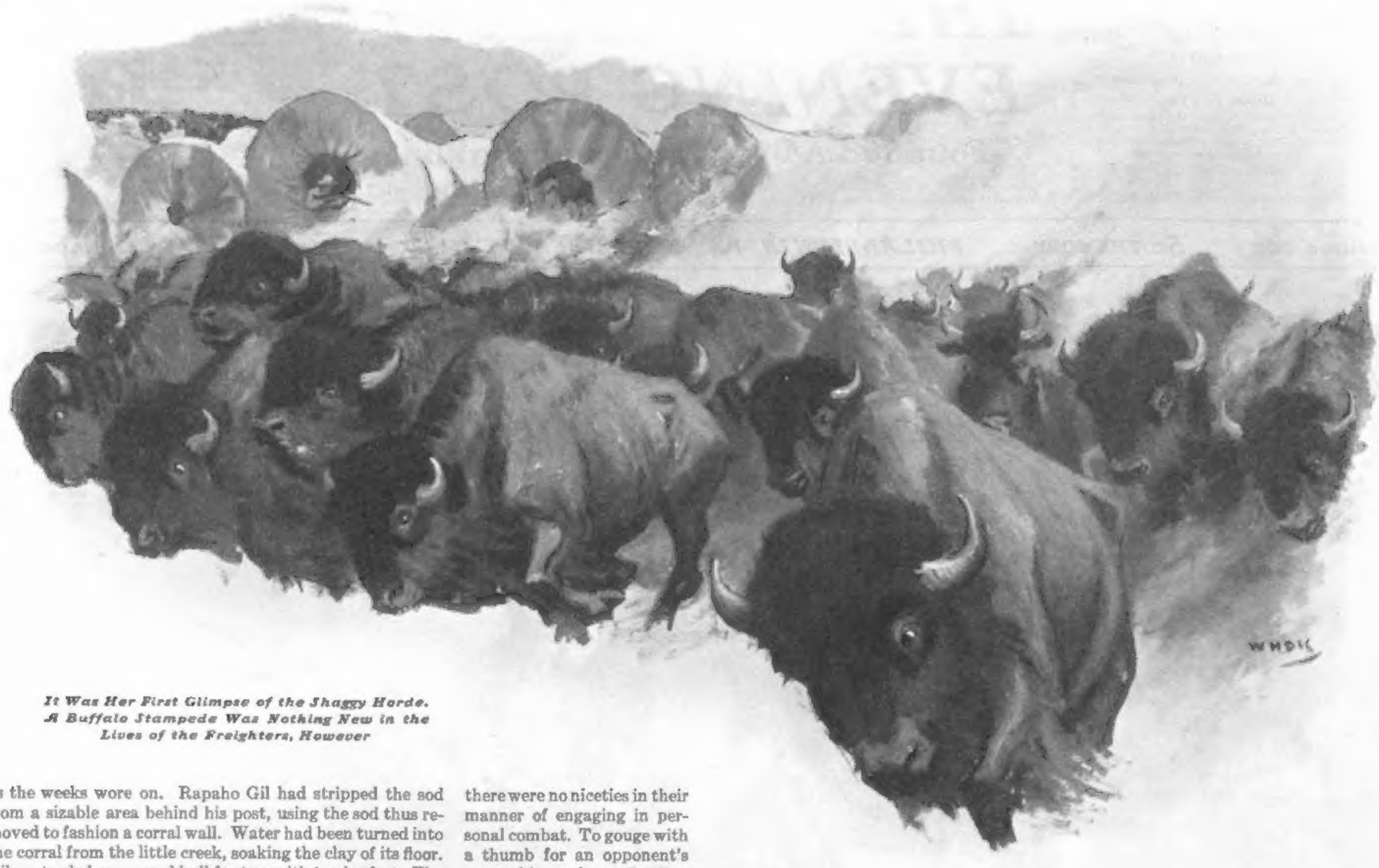
Jim Bridger, old in the annals of the West, came forth to join him. Of late, Bridger had turned his vast knowledge of the country and his intimate familiarity with Indian customs to account by serving as scout in various Indian campaigns. William Comstock and California Joe also were temporarily domiciled at Rapaho Gil's post.

The advance of the bull train was so slow as to be almost imperceptible, a thin film of dust providing the only evidence to indicate that it moved at all. A single horseman rode on ahead of the train and dismounted before Gil's post. Six feet in height, rangy and powerful, the newcomer, nevertheless, was barely out of his teens. Garbed in moccasins and buckskin leggings, a woolen hunting frock that dropped to his thighs, his head protected by a battered broad-brimmed hat, his garb marked him as a plainsman.

"Breck Coleman," Gil called over his shoulder to his Arapaho squaw. "Any business in my line?" he made inquiry of Coleman, jerking his head toward the crawling train. "Many tenderfoots amongst the bulls?"

Coleman nodded. "A sprinkling," he confirmed. "Several pilgrim outfits that joined us have their bulls' feet wore down to the quick."

His eyes strayed toward Rapaho Gil's sod corral and sized up the two-score oxen that were confined therein. Twice that many head grazed on the prairie a half mile away in charge of a half-grown Arapaho lad. Gil was engaged in a unique business of his own—the business of two-for-one, a calling made possible only by the conditions of that particular period on the plains. Bull-train travel on the trail was tremendous. Many travelers set forth from the settlements with sound oxen, only to watch the animals grow daily more tender-footed from the steady grinding of hard-packed earth, sand and gravel



It Was Her First Glimpse of the Shaggy Horde. A Buffalo Stampede Was Nothing New in the Lives of the Freighters, However

as the weeks wore on. Rapaho Gil had stripped the sod from a sizable area behind his post, using the sod thus removed to fashion a corral wall. Water had been turned into the corral from the little creek, soaking the clay of its floor. Gilroy traded one sound bull for two with tender feet. The animals thus acquired were turned into the puddle pen. Standing about in the wet clay between short periods of grazing on the adjacent prairie soon put the hoofs of these tender-footed ones in shape. Newcomers on the plains then were known as pilgrims, oxen with worn-down hoofs as tenderfeet; so no doubt the latter term, as applied at a somewhat later date to those humans who were new to the plains, originated with the business of two-for-one.

"It was tenderfoots I come on ahead to see about," Coleman said. "There's a pilgrim family with two wagons and eight bulls, the whole lot of them with wore-down feet. There ain't fifty cents amongst them. A little corn meal, salt pork and molasses is their grub layout, except for such meat as I rustle for them. They couldn't go on with four bulls. I'll pick out eight sound critters from your herd and you make some excuse to trade even. I'll settle up the difference with you sometime soon after snow flies."

Rapaho Gil nodded, half filled a pint cup with whisky from a barrel and tendered it to Coleman. "It's a deal, son. Cut the trail dust out o' your neck with this here. . . . Family of Pikes, is it, that you're befriending thisaway?"

"Yeah, Pikes," Coleman assented. "Real Pikes, I mean," he amplified.

The woodsmen of Ohio and Kentucky, pushing on to the west of the big river as the settlements overtook them, had conquered the wilderness of Missouri at a very early date. Many had forged on to scour the whole West with the fur brigades, some pressing south somewhat later to espouse the cause of the Texans against Mexico. Others of their breed had remained behind to settle up the wilderness. Many of these had reared their families in splendid isolation in what later had become Pike County, Missouri. Illiterate but wholly efficient in all matters pertaining to survival in a new land, the residents of Pike County had grown up from infancy recognizing no law but the iron-clad code of their clans, bred to enforce that code by personal violence, resulting in the consequent feuds that such a system inevitably invokes among a clannish people. Of late the overflow from Pike County had pressed westward with the increasing tide of emigration. Mostly, the men who hailed from those parts were a lean and wiry lot, powerful and tireless. Invariably, they were high-tempered, quick to sense affront and quicker to resent it, determined always to avenge it. They fought with equal abandon with knife or gun, with fist or foot, and there were no niceties in their manner of engaging in personal combat. To gouge with a thumb for an opponent's eye, to bite such an offending thumb, to put the boot, even if hobnailed, to the head and body of an overthrown antagonist—all were recognized as well within the etiquette of staging a man-to-man affray.

Flack

Gradually, then, from these predominant characteristics displayed by the men hailing from Pike County, Missouri, it was becoming customary throughout the West to refer to any turbulent, fighting person as a "Pike." Coleman's qualification to the effect that those whom he wished to befriend were real Pikes was merely by way of explaining to Gilroy that they hailed actually from Pike County, as against being so designated from any mere tendency to violence.

Rapaho Gil so understood it. "Who's the boss bullwhacker?" he inquired.

Coleman's gray eyes hardened slightly. "Red Flack," he informed. "The big devil half killed a couple o' whackers all over nothing a few days back; put the boot to one till his face won't ever again look human. Also, he's dead set to tell me about my business."

Old Gil grunted his disapproval of Flack. Already the Arapaho youth was herding the oxen slowly toward the post. Coleman rode out to meet him, observing the animals as he returned with them. He singled out eight excellent oxen and indicated his choice to Gilroy.

The latter nodded. "I'm not to open my trap about your part in it? Let the head of the Pike lodge think he's made a foxy trade, eh?"

"Yeah," Coleman assented. "Carrolton is the name."

The lead wagon of the train neared the post. The whacker unyoked his bulls and watered them at the creek. Behind, resembling some great sluggish snake half a mile in length, the other units of the bull train crawled forward, the occupants of each wagon branching out to select some point on the bank of the little creek. Midway of the train came the two Carrolton wagons.

Walking beside the two yoke of oxen that drew the forward wagon was a lean individual whose straggling beard and mustache obscured such of his countenance as otherwise might have been visible beneath the drooping brim of his black slouch hat. He wielded a heavy bull whip, and the fifteen-foot lash popped like a pistol shot on the hip of the near ox of the wheel team. A similar demonstration occasioned a slight increase in the pace of the near leader.

At a command from Carrolton, the patient, plodding oxen veered from the line of march and swung out at right angles, followed by those that drew the second wagon. A quartet of barefooted and hatless children ranging from six to twelve years of age trudged sturdily beside the wagons. Reclining upon a corn-husk tick in the rear vehicle, the mother nursed a week-old infant that had been born en route. Two small tots peered from the rear opening. But Coleman's eyes were all for the girl who rode the seat of the rear wagon.

Deeming herself a woman grown despite her mere fifteen summers, Sue Carrolton's face was fresh and still unlined from the drudgery that so early aged the majority of frontier women. A few strands of auburn hair showed above her blue eyes and beneath the blue sunbonnet that graced her head. Lithe as some cat creature, she leaped from the wagon, favored Breck Coleman with a sidelong glance and walked to the shallow prairie creek into which she stepped. As the cool current played about her bare feet and ankles, the wind tugging at her faded calico dress, she swept off her sunbonnet and the sun struck a coppery glint from her hair. Coleman thought that he had never seen so lovely a picture. Fully conscious of his regard, but pretending to be blandly unaware of it, the girl from Pike County stood there in the creek and posed for his benefit.

Carrolton now felt in full measure the gloom that had hovered over his entire family for the past two weeks. His eight oxen were too weak and tender-footed to proceed. Having attached himself to the bull train for greater protection in crossing the plains, he must keep pace with it. Unless he could secure fresh oxen he would be forced to drop behind. He could, of course, lay over for a month or two and rest up his own animals. But then he would be forced to travel on alone and winter would overtake him before he could expect to reach trail's end. He knew from the bullwhackers that Gilroy drove hard bargains. Straight two-for-one, the whackers said of him. Carrolton's only alternative was to trade in his eight worn animals for four sound ones. That meant leaving one wagon and part of the family effects behind. Well, he would do the best he could. He strolled over to inspect Rapaho Gil's ox herd with practiced eye. The eight animals that grazed by themselves he regarded with envy. They were young and sound, sleek and powerful. They had been cut out, likely, because old Gil did not wish to sell or trade them, Carrolton reflected.

"Good bulls you got here," Rapaho Gil greeted as Carrolton returned to his wagons. "Pike County stock. I've

been a-wanting to get some o' that there blood for quite a spell. Couldn't trade you out of them, could I?"

Carrolton's native suspicion flared uppermost and hard points of light showed in his blue eyes as they bored into the trader's. Was this fellow trying to get funny with a man from Pike County? Carrolton knew well that his oxen were toil-worn, thin and footsore. Besides, a man did not begin a trade by praising the other fellow's stock.

"They're a mite run-down and foot-weary now," Jim Bridger put in, sizing the animals up speculatively. "But they're mighty good stock, Rapaho, like you say. A few weeks in the puddle pen will fix up their feet. Good grass and rest'll give 'em strength. Mighty good bulls, I'd say."

"I'm real anxious to get some of that breed," Rapaho Gil amplified. "Tell you what. See them eight bulls off to themselves. I warn't aiming to let them go. But if you'll make an even swap, my eight agin yourn, you can yoke 'em up right now."

Carrolton—still suspicious that these old men of the plains were exercising their sense of humor, which would prove unhealthy for them if such were the case—closed the deal at once. For Carrolton was an excellent judge of oxen and he knew that this was by all odds the best trade of his career. Subsequent traders, he noted, fared far worse. Rapaho Gil was not in business for his health.

Sue Carrolton, too, was a good judge of oxen. Similarly, in common with her millions of sisters, she fancied herself as a judge of men. This fine sense of discrimination long since had informed her that Breck Coleman was a most superior mortal. The knowledge had caused her eyes to follow his movements day by day as the train crawled across the plains. Just prior to reaching the post she had leaned from her seat to watch Coleman loping on ahead. Later, she had observed him riding with the Arapaho lad as he drove the ox herd toward the post. She had watched the segregation of the eight oxen in question. Then, without preliminary skirmishing, Gilroy had offered to trade that particular four yoke for her father's trail-worn stock. And she knew from old Ike Williams that Coleman and Rapaho were fast friends. Coleman, then, had been responsible for this most advantageous trade. It must follow that he wished to see the Carrolton emigrant wagons proceed with the bull train. Her eyes softened as she turned them toward Coleman.

He stood talking with Rapaho Gil, Bridger, Comstock and California Joe before the post. Red Flack, boss bullwhacker of the train, moved up to join them. A powerful, apelike figure, his long arms swinging well below his heavy torso to the thighs of his short, sturdy legs, Flack was a truculent and fearsome figure of a man. His fiery red whiskers sprouted in wild profusion. Most men develop nervous habits. Flack was no exception. To chew contemplatively upon a straw or splinter of wood was common practice, seemingly an inherent trait of human nature, as evidenced by school children who chewed pencils interminably. Flack was given to this practice. But he chewed savagely, grinding his teeth upon the unoffending stick as a wild beast might worry a fallen foe. He seldom failed to cut a short length of quarter-inch or larger willow, cottonwood, plum brush or other vegetation in passing. After chewing the end to the fibrous proportions of a paint brush, he would spit it out and repeat the operation at the next clump of brush or wooded patch. As he approached now, an eight-inch length of stick protruded from among his whiskers.

"Every time I see Flack a-champing his teeth on a stick thataway, I've got a feeling that he'd do that to my nose if ever he got me down in a scrimmage," Comstock observed.

"He's been knowed to do that more'n oncet," California Joe declared.

Flack strode up to Coleman. "We'll lay over here till morning," he announced.

The young plainsman nodded.

"I'm expecting a sizable party of Cheyennes in to trade most any day now. When they come, it'll be one big carouse. They'll be pilferin' and beggin' all through your outfit if you're strung out like you are now, Flack," Gil said. "Better wheel your wagons into corral so's you can hold your bulls inside 'em if the Cheyennes do come in. Injuns just can't help stampeding stock and pretending it's an accident."

Burly and truculent, Flack scowled blackly. "I'll put the bull whip to the first thievin' red that comes prowlin' round," he declared.

Coleman regarded him levelly. "You're a first-rate train boss, Flack. You know bullwhacking from first to last. But you don't savvy Injuns."

"Ain't I crossed the plains to Salt Lake three times and back?" Flack objected. "And more'n that many times I've bossed trains down the Santa Fé Trail. If you think in all that trailin' I've missed having many a brush with Injuns, you're a-barking up the wrong tree."

"Sure. I said you was a good wagon boss—which includes guarding against attack and stampeding of stock," Coleman returned equably. "But there's no mite o' sense in begging for trouble. We're goin' to break new ground this trip—up through the country of the Crows. They'll be poison mad anyway at a train breaking new trail way through their hunting grounds; but maybe we can palaver them out of a general painting up for war. If you put the whip to a Cheyenne when he's in your camp, he'll be out for trouble, with his friends behind him. The Cheyenne dog soldiers'll be hanging on our flanks and watching their chance to stampede our stock and lift some scalps. The Cheyennes is at peace with the Crows now. If the dog soldiers follow us up into the Crow country they'll rouse the Crows against us and we'll have to fight our way through, every step. Don't you go laying a bull whip on any Injuns that come in."

"Who's bossing this train?" Flack demanded. "Me! And when I boss a train, I boss it."

"Boss it, then," Coleman conceded. "And when I guide an outfit through Injun country, it means that I have the final say as to route and all dealings with the Injuns. Otherwise, you can get another guide."

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Sue Carrolton Borrowed a Mule One Day and Rode Ahead With Him. He Pointed Out to Her Presently an Indian Trail

IN THE SENATE

By George Wharton Pepper

Former U. S. Senator From Pennsylvania

BOIES PENROSE was dead. The famous Republican leader who had represented Pennsylvania in the United States Senate for almost a quarter of a century, who had served brilliantly as chairman of the Finance Committee during the World War, who for years had dominated the turbulent politics of his state, had answered the final roll call.

In Pennsylvania the gravest political question during the first few days of 1922 was: "Who will succeed him?" The decision rested with the late William C. Sproul, governor of the state, on whom it devolved to appoint a successor to serve until after the people indicated their choice in the election of November, 1922.

Mr. Pepper on a Mountain-Climbing Hike With George Wharton Pepper, Jr.

Among all the names proposed at the time to fill the seat left vacant by our departed giant, my own, to my knowledge, was never included. The idea was first suggested to me by Governor Sproul himself on the evening of Wednesday, January 4, 1922. I had returned to my Philadelphia law office late that afternoon from a legal conference in Trenton. Waiting on my desk I found, among other memoranda, a request to telephone the governor immediately at the Union League. He was eager, it said, to discuss an urgent matter with me. I complied, and as a result of my call we made an appointment to meet that evening at nine o'clock.

Filling Boies Penrose's Chair

MY CONTACTS with Governor Sproul had been many and friendly. For a year I had sat as one of his appointees on the Pennsylvania Commission on Constitutional Amendment and Revision, and on several occasions he had honored me by asking my advice on matters affecting his administration and its problems. At this time I thought perhaps another such problem had arisen and that he wanted to discuss it with me. I felt, in fact, that I could anticipate the problem. The governor, I knew, was being strongly urged to resign from his office with a gentlemen's agreement that Lieutenant Governor Edward E. Beidleman, on assuming the chair, would appoint him to the United States Senate. The possibility of some such arrangement had been widely discussed in the newspapers. Despite the governor's undoubted qualifications for the office, however, it was my personal opinion that it would be an unworthy course for him to follow. I assumed that it was on this point he desired to consult me, and as I walked from my office down Walnut Street toward the secluded and dignified Philadelphia club where our appointment was to be kept, I considered the best way to give him such unwelcome advice in an acceptable fashion. Finally, after much thought, I decided to say that he was in the position of a man trusted with the awarding of a valuable prize and that the last thing he could honorably do was to select himself as beneficiary. I reached the club a few minutes before him and sat mentally framing the form of my proposed advice as the governor entered.

Scarcely had I risen to greet him when he asked abruptly, "George, how would you like to go to the United States Senate?"

The question, propounded in such a way, tended instantly to confirm my expectations. How would I like to go to the United States Senate? How would any man like to go?

It was, I felt convinced, purely a rhetorical sentence, which meant in fact: "If you were I, how would you like to be a senator?" So I parried.

"That," I replied, "depends on your title to the office."

"Well, what would be the matter with your clear title if I were to appoint you?" asked the governor.

"But," I protested, "we're talking about you, not me."

"Not at all," said the governor. "I'm quite serious in what I say. I have given up all idea of taking that place myself and I want to offer it to you."

Naturally I was as much taken by surprise as any man could be who had never thought of himself in such a connection. After a moment's silence I asked if this was the tender of an interim appointment, merely to keep the seat warm until a popular election had determined on Penrose's successor.

"Certainly not," the governor assured me. "I should expect you to enter the primaries and, if nominated and elected, to serve a full term."

I then asked for time to consider the proposal, and after further discussion agreed to give my final decision the following afternoon at four o'clock.

Little more was said. I walked to my home and discussed the proffered honor with Mrs. Pepper, who, though plainly adverse to any change which necessitated leaving our home and our family contacts, said at once that she would concur cheerfully in any decision I reached. The next day I consulted a few intimate friends whose judgment I trusted. Possibly the advice of Chief Justice Robert von Moschzisker of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania did most to help me reach a decision.

"You have made," he said in effect, "many addresses concerning the responsibility of all citizens to perform their share of public service and civic duty. Your statements, I am sure, were quite sincere. It seems to me now that the significant question is whether or not you will make those declarations good."

My law partners expressed a willingness to carry on the office organization and enable me to maintain a modified relation to it, notwithstanding the fact that the proposal involved serious professional responsibilities to them. The appointment would take me out of the working force. During my term in office the firm could not accept retainers from clients whose claims were adverse to those of the Federal Government, as, for example, tax settlements and refunds, questions under the contract labor law and others of similar nature. There was also the strong probability that certain important clients, accustomed to depend on my personal service, would slip away. All this could mean loss of income to the firm. In my own case, of course, the pecuniary consequences promised to be very serious. My family and I were, and still are, dependent on my earnings. I faced the necessity of cutting down a handsome professional income, maintaining a home in Washington as well as in Philadelphia and accepting a salary which was not only small in itself but, as afterward turned out to be the case, was more than absorbed in meeting the clerical and administrative expenses of my Senate office.

Without Regular Political Experience

ALL these phases of the problem I considered thoroughly in the short time permitted me, and just before four o'clock on Thursday afternoon I called on Governor Sproul at his Philadelphia office and asked if he were still of the same mind. "More than ever," the governor assured me heartily. "I might as well tell you that I have made confidential inquiries on the attitude of various informed and politically important men throughout the state toward your appointment, and have had a most favorable reception. The offer is still open. What is your decision?"

Former Governor William C. Sproul of Pennsylvania, at His Home Near Chester

"I accept," I said, and four days later had the thrilling and inspiring experience of finding myself presiding over the Senate of the United States. Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, then president protem., had honored me by inviting me temporarily to take the chair on my first day in that body.

There were, of course, certain prescribed and necessary formulas to be followed between the time of my oral acceptance and my actual induction as a United States Senator. We arranged that my commission entitling me to serve until after a candidate had been chosen by the people should be presented to me formally the following Monday, January ninth, in Governor Sproul's Philadelphia office.

The ceremony of presentation was quite simple. Governor Sproul invited two men who were his personal friends as well as my own—Chief Justice von Moschzisker and W. W. Atterbury, then vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At the conclusion of the ceremony, newspapermen photographed the group. Typical of political methods is the fact that even this ceremony was utilized to my disadvantage in the primary campaign held a few months later. Opponents distributed copies of the photograph widely, with the object of proving that I was a tool of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the vested interests. The facts that I had never, in my entire professional career,

represented that company, and that in the only two of my cases in which it was involved I had opposed its own counsel, were ignored. Politically, of course, the selection of that group and the photographs could be described as blunders. It was not surprising that I should then have been unaware of the possibility of such a reaction. As far as the governor was concerned, he not infrequently acted on impulse to gather his friends around him without considering how the incident might be misinterpreted, a habit which was one of his most attractive characteristics.

At that time I had no experience which, in a technical sense, could be called political. I had held no public office and I had never worked my way through a party organization in the manner regarded by regulars as a prerequisite to office. Though my appointment elicited enthusiastic commendation from a large circle of friends, and favorable comment from a still larger circle of acquaintances, it was viewed with something approaching disgust by many of the men in control of the Republican organization. In the light of the experience which I now have behind me, I can fully appreciate the point of view of those stalwarts who were outraged by my appointment. There is, in fact, even more to be said for their attitude than there is for the opposition of the West Pointer to the commissioning of a civilian whose military training has been irregular. To them, my political training was not only irregular; it was nonexistent. In their opinion I had given no service for the great reward I was accepting; for my leadership of the fight outside the Senate against unconditional acceptance of the League of Nations, my service on the Constitution revision commission, my efforts in 1915 and 1916 for national preparedness, my activities as chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense meant nothing to them. Unlike the majority of them, I had not worked my way up by serving on ward, city or state committees, assuming the responsibility of ward or division leadership, sitting in city council or the state legislature. I had never been in a position to dispense patronage and thus build around me a following of loyal dependents, ready for delivery to any candidate. The man I was succeeding had worked his way to his high position through the successive stages of party promotion, and until the day of his death continued to maintain contact with his city ward while dealing effectively with great national and international questions. Senator William E. Crow, the other incumbent, was a distinguished and powerful leader, who at twenty-five had been secretary of his county committee and from that starting point had moved onward and upward to the chairmanship of the State Republican Committee and a seat in the United States Senate. But I was, to the regulars, an outsider, a novice, an unqualified beneficiary of rewards which I had never won.

Party Men

THERE was, as I have said, much in favor of their viewpoint. Certainly, had I been able to boast the type of experience which they regarded as a prerequisite, I should have avoided many errors in political strategy which I was later, with more or less justice, accused of committing, and which reacted to my disadvantage.

Many commendatory newspaper editorials and public utterances pointed out this absence of political background as a point in my favor. That kind of indorsement, however, though helpful in many ways, served to accentuate the distrust felt by regular organization workers. It put me in the category of opponents of the organization, and started me on my political career looking like an enemy within the ranks.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, WASH., D. C.

On the Links

This became evident when, a few days after my appointment, I received a visit from the late State Senator Edwin H. Vare, leader of the Philadelphia organization, and his brother William S. Vare, then representative, now United States Senator-elect, who defeated me in the primaries of May, 1926. After a bit of formal and desultory conversation they asked bluntly for a statement of my attitude toward the organization. I was similarly frank in my reply. "I am," I assured them, "a party man, a strict Republican, and a believer in the effectiveness of intelligent and conscientiously administered organization, whether in industry or politics."

That, it seemed, was hardly enough, and we turned to the topic which is uppermost in every political leader's mind—namely, patronage.

"While," I added, "I will in no way surrender my independence of action on matters affecting either votes or appointments, it will be my policy to consult the organization leader in any county from which an appointment to Federal office is contemplated before giving my indorsement."

To this, however, I made a specific exception. It was that in cases affecting the appointment of Federal judges political considerations should not enter. It has always been my settled conviction that judicial office must be entirely free of politics. Long before my appointment I had indorsed Charles L. McKeehan for the Federal bench in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. I knew he had no hope of organization support, but I told my callers bluntly that I meant to support him. Recognizing my position, they acquiesced, and, apparently as an evidence that the talk had been satisfactory, Senator Vare reached in his vest pocket, drew forth a cigar and silently handed it to me. It flashed upon my mind that here was the political equivalent of the tender of the pipe of peace, and I accepted it in that spirit.

A Warning From the Vares

AFTER a few more minutes of casual conversation my visitors departed. But there was a parting shot—or possibly a warning. At the doorway Senator Ed Vare paused for a moment.

"Senator," he said to me—somewhat ominously, I felt—"this isn't a personal matter. But we are organization men first and last, and there's something I think you should know. It is that with our power over the organization we can send anybody we want to the United States Senate." He wasn't boasting. He was stating what he believed to be a simple, incontrovertible fact. And I cannot say that he was wrong.

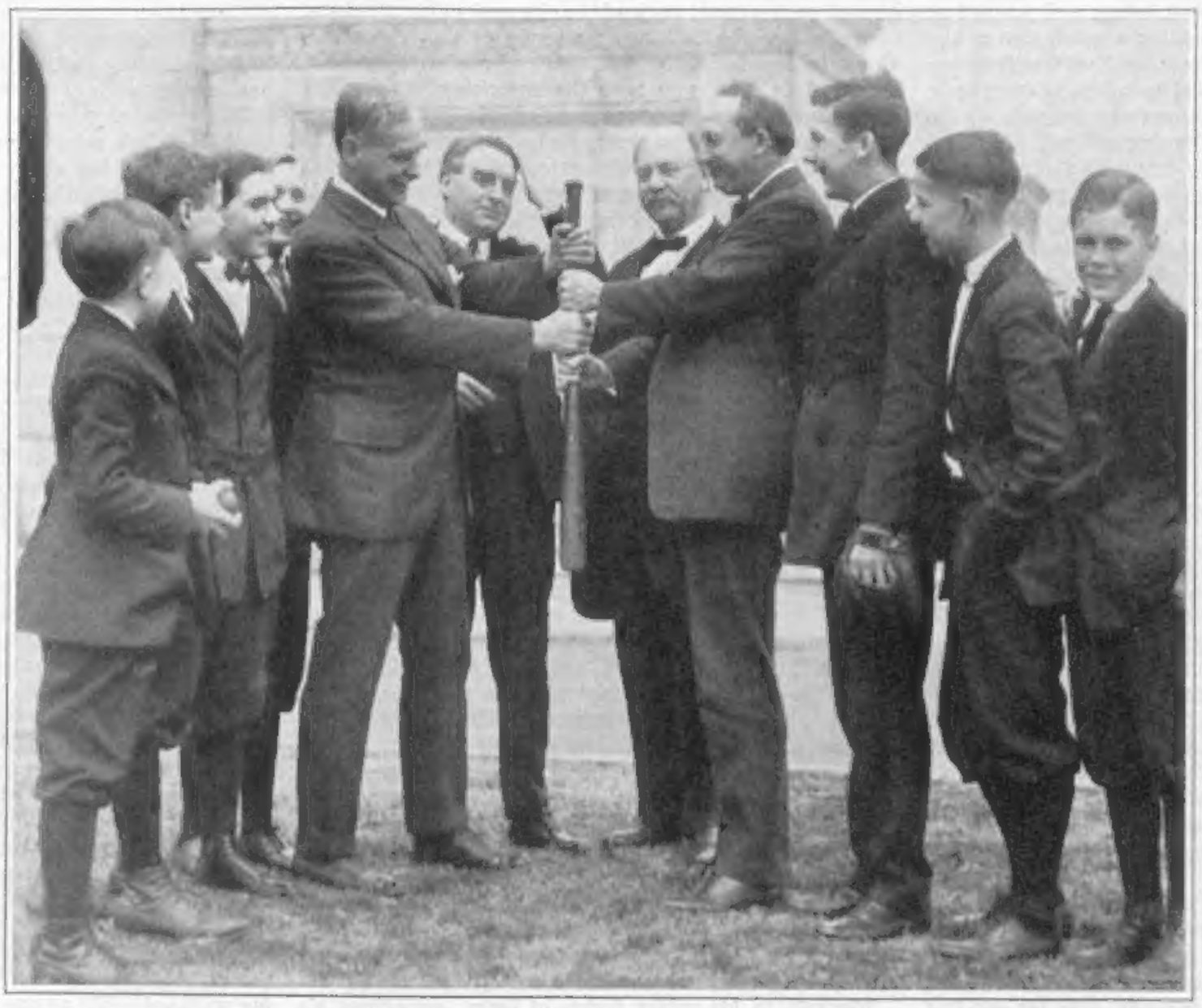
The quality of the organization support thus offered became more evident a few weeks later, when Representative William S. Vare gave a dinner in my honor in Washington. At the table were assembled not only members of the Pennsylvania delegation and state political leaders but several notable members of Congress from other states, among them that distinguished veteran, Uncle Joe Cannon, and Martin B. Madden, of Illinois, chairman of the important House Appropriations Committee. To me, the most significant address of the evening was made by Senator Ed Vare. As accurately as possible, I quote an extract from memory:

"Of course," said the Philadelphia leader after referring to the circumstances of my appointment—"of course, my brother Bill was my choice for this place. I think he has the best qualifications and deserved the appointment. But we have thought it all over, and since the governor has seen fit to name somebody else, we've decided under all the circumstances to be for Pepper."

It was a sincere and honest statement, not spoiled by conventional compliments to a new appointee or tinged with unreal sentiment. Naturally it left me with the strong, and later justified, impression that I might have to reckon with the Vare organization in the future.

Washington and Capitol Hill were more or less familiar terrain to me. My previous contacts with the Capitol had been of three kinds: First, as a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States; second, as counsel for Gifford Pinchot in the famous Ballinger-Pinchot controversy over national resources during the Taft Administration; third, as a representative of Pennsylvania in matters connected with the national defense during the war. I had also established relations with a

(Continued on Page 44)



Senator Pepper and Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, Choosing Sides for a Baseball Game Between Page Boys in Which Both Senators Played

THE DIDDIKAI

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

The Señora Americana in Particular Appealed to His Taste in Ladies; Pale and Gentle and a Little Sad-Smiling, as Became a Señora; Never Boisterously Cheerful Like Some Common Maja

At the gate of heaven,
Near the Judgment Seat,
Shoes are given little chaps who run with
naked feet. —ROMANY COPLA.

IT WAS, for the fortunate, that most welcome time of a Spanish day known as the hour-of-to-eat. Alfonso XIII Lull, more commonly accepted among his acquaintance as Chicotito, was aware of the fact in all his inmost being, and yawned as only the hungry can yawn; making a quick sign of the cross at his lips, however, to deter the Evil One from entering—a misfortune which is apt to cause, as everybody knows, an indigestion. Indigestion was rarely one of the ills from which La Gitanilla's offspring suffered.

True, he had commenced the day with the price of a meal concealed about his person where his mother could not find it—a *perrogordo*, or "fat dog," to the value of two cents; gained quite honorably by writing a love letter for a friend who lacked his superior educational advantages. Chicotito had quite a practice in this line, being possessed not only of education but of imagination, which is even more valuable for literary purposes. But when his mother caught him intoning love letters to himself, as was his wont when in the throes of composition, she beat him fiercely for it.

"*Ca'!* Is this the way you practice to become a holy priest, you son of evil?" she would exclaim in motherly reproof; for La Gitanilla was an ambitious woman, with an odd passion for respectability. And if he answered, with his precocious cynicism of the alleys, "But certainly, *mamaita mia!*" she would beat him again. For there was nothing of the cynic about La Gitanilla; life with her had been far too vigorously lived for that.

Chicotito's *perrogordo*, however, had already spent itself, as *perrogordos* will; that which might have bought for him a nutritious hunk of garlic sausage, dripping with good grease, or perhaps a segment of one of those enormous rings of fried sweetened batter known at Spanish and Moorish market stalls as *churros*, had been invested instead in a singularly perfect specimen of pure white rose, which now hung pendulous at his grimy cheek within easy reach of an appreciative nostril.

"*Had I but two loaves of bread, I would sell one to buy white hyacinths,*" says Mohammed.

Alfonso Trece Lull, who was quite possibly a descendant of Mohammed, did not happen to have a second loaf; and so, fastening the blossom securely over his ear and drawing more closely the bit of rope that was his belt about the small concavity that was his belly, he curled himself up in a shady angle of the city wall and made siesta.

Spelled by the delicious pungency of the rose at his cheek, he dreamed a dream in which a houri from Paradise appeared to him, who bore the surprising yet familiar appearance of the Madonna del Segrario, patron lady of Toledo, and said she was sorry he had not yet qualified as one of the chosen angels who attended her, very elegant in heavenly court costume of knee breeches and brocade vest and wings of painted tin, when she made her annual *paseo* through the streets in the parade of Corpus Christi.

Perhaps the wish was father to the dream, for Chicotito himself was sorry about this; so sorry, indeed, that for several years, after the parade of Corpus Christi, he had bashed in the faces of as many of the chosen angels as he chanced to encounter in the alleys back of the cathedral close; a feat of knightly emprise which did not improve his chances of being selected for the coveted honor the year following. The day of the church militant has passed in Toledo.

Indeed, he was growing a little old now for even the possibility of being chosen as an angel; at eleven years a man puts away childish things, if ever. But as it happened that he did not continue to grow quite as much as other people—a fact which had earned him his nickname of Chicotito, or the dwarf—hope still continued to animate his breast; also that of La Gitanilla. They had friends at court, too—or rather, a friend—their neighbor, Padre Silvestro, who seemed to appreciate Chicotito's unique devotion to the great Madonna, with her pure, lofty beauty and her cherishing care of the Child on her knee, and above all, her very dark complexion. Secretly, Chicotito suspected Madam of the Segrario of being "one of ourselves"—*nosotros*—the people who never mention their race except to friends, a gypsy, in fact, like his own mother, who had little time to cherish the child on her knee because there was always another coming, but who fought for the welfare of her young with a ferocity which would have done credit, Father Silvestro considered, to any Christian tigress.

Her son, in his wilder flights of fancy, sometimes allowed himself to wonder whether, were La Gitanilla to robe herself in pearl-embroidered garments, and deck her elf-wild locks with a crown of jewels, and squeeze her broad brown feet into slippers of brocade, people would not recognize in her quite a marked resemblance to Our Lady of the Segrario; instead of jeering at her pretensions to respectability and asking her what had become of her half-breed wretch of a husband—who happened to be in prison again, as everybody knew—and wanting to know why she didn't take herself another man who could at least help feed her children, since she was only a gypsy anyway and had no soul to consider.

His mother, however, seemed to feel that she had a good deal of soul to consider, taken in the aggregate; and since she was too busy to give much attention herself to the matter, she had delegated the family soul-saving upon her eldest son by dedicating him to the Church.

"It is not," she had early explained to Alfonso Thirteenth, always her chosen confidant, "as if you would ever grow to be a fine great devil of a *chal* like your poor da—may Dordi rot him! I hadn't enough milk in the breasts when you were born, for that. But for a life of prayer and holiness to be *mucho hombre* is not necessary—on the contrary. And the reverend fathers," she added simply, "have always enough to eat."

The last consideration had its weight with Chicotito. He was willing enough to be dedicated to the Church, having early formed a taste for its splendid solitudes, as of a forest; fragrant with incense like the pine groves, twinkling with stars of candles, benign with some still influence which was not that of every day. This child of field and hedgerow and open road, who had known only the noisome alleys of a city, found some release for a caged spirit under the dimness of high-flung Gothic arches, which are the nearest men may come to making trees. His people say with truth: "If a bird were born a fox, it would wish to fly."

The neighbors jeered more than ever when they learned of La Gitanilla's latest ambition—who ever heard of a gypsy priest? The son of a half-breed scoundrel who was already as good as hanged? Why, he would steal the very holy vessels off the altar! But Padre Silvestro had not jeered; in the Kingdom of God, he reproved them, speaking with authority as one who knew, there was no prejudice against *gitanos*, or even against brigands. Had not

the Seigneur Jesuchristo, in person, invited a thief who hung beside His cross to be His guest later in heaven? Well, then! Men were as they were born, he told them sternly, and must be so accepted, if only out of Christian courtesy.

But of course the *cura* was old enough now to be growing senile, and came of a family so illustrious as to pay no attention whatever to distinctions of caste.

At the moment, Chicotito's education had been suspended because his mother was incapacitated temporarily for her profession, which was that of laundress, by the imminent arrival of her tenth child; and somebody had meanwhile to earn the family dinner. Such interruptions Chicotito regarded, like any other boy, as in the nature of a holiday.

His fragrant siesta, however, was broken all too soon by a sound for which such ears as his, sleeping or waking, are ever attuned—the approaching hum of a motor. He leaped to his feet; yes, a whirl of dust was rapidly arriving across the *vega*. Manna from heaven! English, perhaps even Americans; for the whirl of dust was a large one

Other sleepers in the shadow of the city gate sprang into action—the legless man hastily doubled his lower legs into his upper breeches and strapped on his knee shoes; the blind musician reached for his fiddle even as he woke, beginning to whine "*Una donnetta! Una donnetta!*" though the automobile was yet afar off; while from every quarter ancient venders of the lottery began hopefully to gather, like flies to the smell of a dead donkey. No dictatorship will suffice to rid Spain of its beggars, since they are, as the people say, less a proof of poverty than of generous heart.

"Mine! It is my turn for the Ingleses!" the voices of several official guides might be heard proclaiming hastily as they rallied to the occasion. But Chicotito was more fleet than these; necessity lent him wings. Already he was sprinting out across the *vega* to meet the oncoming automobile at full tilt.

Even at so crucial a moment his manners did not desert him—La Gitanilla was very particular about manners. "*Buenas, señores-señoras!* The holy city of Toledo, at your service and God's!" he panted, bowing; and swung himself precariously onto the rear tire, to which he clung with the desperation of a limpet. The automobile did not slacken pace, even to scatter largess at the gates; which proved it indisputably to be the vehicle of foreigners.

"No, no; no guides required!" called a weary voice from within; and Chicotito thumbed a nose in passing at discomfited contestants. Farther on the pace slackened, as he had known it must—Toledo hotels do not disclose themselves readily to the unaccustomed eye. He emerged from the rear tire and took up a strategic position on the running board.

"*Señor-señora* seek the Grand Hotel Mundial?" he hazarded ingratiatingly, with an upward inflection.

"No, it's probably called the Europa, or else the Continental, as usual," replied the weary voice, in pseudo-Spanish, from the depths of a guide book.

"*Señor-señora* seek the Grand Hotel Mundial," repeated Chicotito, with a downward inflection, and gave the chauffeur necessary instructions; deigning to add that his clients always found the Mundial more *simpatico* than others; besides which, it gave himself a better commission for bringing trade.

"Well, of all the nerve!" exclaimed the voice from within, less wearily; and the boy's heart swelled within him, for he knew that he had indeed found treasure trove. *Americanos*—the kind that laughed.

At the Grand Hotel Mundial, Chicotito, having peremptorily summoned a gratified staff, presented his victims in parting with his business card, printed only that morning by himself, very neatly, with his name on one side: Alfonso XIII Lull, *Guía Officiale de Ciudad* —which latter was one of his flights of imagination—and on the other side with a complete list of attractions to which he intended officially to guide them; also with a verse, selected by himself, but translated by Padre Silvestro into English, a tongue of which Chicotito had more appreciation than command.

Streets a full 350
Boasts imperial Toledo,
And in each 4-score enchantments
Each enchantment full of portent..

The *Americanos* seemed impressed

"It looks," said the male one, "as if we should really have to give more than a day to Toledo, my dear! Do you suppose this is one of the 'enchantments full of portent'?"

Both were eying their conductor with interest—an arresting figure in his single anomalous garment, which was neither pants nor shirt, and yet partook of both; the rose still tucked behind one ear; the arms and shoulders singularly developed in proportion to his otherwise diminutive body; the matted hair curling low over his forehead with the effect of a neglected terrier's.

"I can't make out whether it's a sort of cherubic gargoyle," murmured the lady American, "or merely a child." Then, meeting full the fixed, unsmiling stare of Chicotito, brilliantly black and vivid with that canny intelligence which often seems to be the property of those who do not grow quite as large as other people, her voice softened. "Why, I believe it's a dwarf, Harry! We can't have a dwarf taking us about! Give the poor little fellow a piece of money and let him go."

Chicotito bowed deeply from the waist. "Thanging you fer' mooch," he murmured, politely refraining from glancing at the coin which had been pressed into his reluctant but ready palm.

"Oh, you speak English!" said the lady, somewhat disconcerted.

Again he bowed; it was a gesture learned with some care from a friend of his, the Duke de Los Canellos.

"I 'ear heem more better as I spig heem," he explained; adding in the tongue that came easier: "At the hour of four I shall return, when *señor-señora* will have completed the siesta "

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Once They Passed in the Streets a Procession of Small Laden Asses, Their Trappings Gay With Worsted Embroideries

One Meets Such Interesting People

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE judge's charge took twenty-seven minutes, and when it was through, the jury, which hadn't appeared any too bright to begin with, retired looking positively goofy.

The fellow from the Globe and I ducked out of the court room through the chambers and beat the mob to the ground floor. He got a phone in the tax collector's office, and I went into the press room. A guy from a news service was there knocking on a typewriter.

"Turned in?" he asked.

"Four-thirty-two exactly," I said. "Anybody holding this phone?"

"It's all yours," he said. "Go to it."

I got the desk. A new man, Harrison, came on the wire and I gave him the flash. A good fellow—Harrison—he just put down what I gave him; no questions at all.

"Ask the Old Man," I said then, "if I'm through."

"The Old Man says," he said in a minute, "he wants you to stick around and get the verdict."

"What's this district man for?" I said. "Ask him can't Gordan call that in."

"No," he said in another minute; "he says he wants a brilliant word painter on the job. He says you stick around until seven anyway—just in case. He's in a kind of sour mood."

"I don't suppose he cares what kind of mood I'm in, squatting around in this lousy court room all day, and him in his nice cool sewer. But tell him," I said, "I'll try to hold out—for *The Paper*."

"Brave boy!" Harrison said.

I went out on the porch of the courthouse. The case was nothing to get sweated up over. A pretty good two or three day story for the trial. No more. It wouldn't even be that if there was anything else doing. But city editors are always half-witted anyway, else they wouldn't be city editors.

Some people were still hanging around the steps—mostly relatives of Laney. For a man who seemed bent on shooting everybody he saw, he certainly had a lot of relatives left. That was his mother—the fat old girl in black, messing nervously with her handkerchief. One of the girls with her was his sister; the other two were friends, just along for the ride, no doubt.

I lit me a cigarette and was trying to decide whether to drag on over to Martin's and drape myself around a drink until the twelve just men figured out what verdict the judge seemed to want them to bring in, or go back in the press room and swap lies with the Globe man, when this guy edged up and asked for a light.

He was a dark little fellow, about a lightweight, with a sallow face and black, shining hair—just the kind they're always bringing in charged with sticking up a cigar store out in Brooklyn—but he was pleasant enough at the moment.

"That fellow," he said amiably—"that fellow in there" jerking his thumb toward the coop—"he's a bad egg."

"Outside of killing people, he's all right, ain't he?" I said.

"No," he said, "he's bad clean through."

"For instance?"

"That fellow Laney," he said firmly, "he's conceited."

"Get out!"

"He's one of the most conceited fellows in the world, Laney is," he repeated. "You ain't from the Tabloid, are you?"

"I'm from the Ledger. Why?"

"You want to hear about Laney?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. "All I've heard about for three days is Laney. To tell you the truth, I'm getting a little sick of the subject. I just as soon hear something else."

"What I mean," he insisted, "the real story about Laney—about how conceited he is. You ain't heard that, I know. Don't you know a place near here where we can get us a beer and sit down?"

After all, I hadn't anything else to do. The jury was good for a half hour at the very least. Probably two hours. They had to get their smoke in first, and if they had any sense at all, which is generally a mighty handsome concession, they'd stall around long enough to get another free meal.

"Oh, all right," I said; "come on."

We sat down in Martin's to a couple of schooners.

What I want to tell you—the fellow began—Larry Laney was one of the nicest young fellows you ever heard of. He had his faults; yes, but who of us ain't? But you take Larry one way and another, and he was just a nice clean-cut young American lad, and that little trouble he had with his mother, why, that is very easily explained.

You probably heard he pasted his old lady and knocked her down the stairs and broke her leg. Yeh, that's the story they circulated around, and it just goes to show you how they can twist a story. Well, Larry never pasted her a-tall. He never even drew his fist on her.

What he done was he shoved her—just give her a little push that wouldn't hurt a teensy-weensy baby, much less a ox like his old lady was—and what folks generally don't take into consideration was there was a railing right by her, and if she had any sense she ought to grabbed that railing and held on, and she wouldn't be falling downstairs and breaking her leg.

So that's all there was to that story, and you can see for yourself if it was his fault or not, because the way it happened, you could give your own old lady a little push, even just playing with her, and would you say it was your fault if she was so dumb that she didn't grab the railing?

"How far was she from this railing?" I asked.

"Not far a-tall!" He held his hands about a yard apart. "A baby could have grabbed it!"

"Plenty close," I agreed. "She ought to caught it. I'm glad you told me, because I never heard his side of the story before. It puts everything in a different light."

"Then would you say he was to blame?"

"If anybody was to blame," I said, "she was, for not hanging on to that rail all the time she was conversing with him."

"All she'd got then," he admitted, "was a little bump."

"Go on," I said.

You probably heard too—he went on—a wild story about Larry was mixed up with that Whitely mob when they turned off a shoe store on Washington Street. Well, I got to laugh—I really got to laugh—when I think how they tried to hang that rap on Larry. Because you know how that happened?

Well, I'll tell you the truth of that one. Larry knowed those boys—just knowed them like anybody would know anybody. Just hello-Whitely, hello-Larry—that's all. They never done any business together. Well, they was all sitting around the pool room one evening and somebody got to kidding how easy it was to knock off this shoe store.

Then they all got to kidding about it, see, and Larry he was kidding along with them. Then somebody pulled a rod and got to kidding he would stand up front in the job, and Larry just laughed, because he knowed they was all natural-born kidders and always kidding about everything. So Larry—just kidding, you know—said he'd go along, too; so they set out.

Well, sir, they got to the shoe store and went in, and Larry got to laughing, the way they was pushing the old boy around in there, until one of the boys put the slug on the fellow, and Larry told me—he told me hisself—he said, "Here, fellows! A joke's a joke, but we ought not put the slug on the old boy," and then somebody grabbed the money out the cash register and it come on Larry like a flash they wasn't kidding a-tall, and they meant it!

Well, you can imagine the poor kid's feelings then, because you get right down to it and he wasn't nothing but a

Old Man Hard Luck Was Tailing Him That Night and He Run Right Into a Cop

That Evening the Cops Rush In and Find Frankie Colder'n a Herring on the Floor and Francine Lamming Down the Corridor

great big kid. There wasn't nothing he could do then but lam it, because you can see yourself it wasn't no time to stop and explain; and just to show you how Old Man Hard Luck was tailing him that night, he run right into a cop and the cop run him in—for nothing!

And can you imagine what they tried to do then? They tried to hang the rap for that job on him! And him not even knowing they wasn't kidding! Well, we boys wasn't going to stand for anything like that, so we chipped in and got him a good mouthpiece, and when the case come to court, the judge seen the D. A. didn't have a thing and Larry beat the rap.

"Why, they must have just had it in for the kid," I said.

"You want to know the truth?"

"What's that?"

"The truth," he said, shaking a finger under my nose, "is them cops half the time don't know what they're doing!"

"I'd suspected it," I said. "I'm very glad you see it the same way I do."

"Half the time," he insisted, "they're nuts, and we boys wasn't going to let them job that innocent kid."

"And besides," I pointed out, "he might have ratted on you."

"Sure he might! If they got to squeezing him a little bit, they's no telling what he might've spilled! It wasn't nothing, half of it, but kidding, of course, but it would 've sounded bad. Them thick cops wouldn't 've understood."

"I get you," I said. "Go on."

I just wanted to show you the kind of boy Larry was—the fellow went on—when I first knew him. What I mean, a nice clean-cut American boy that loved to kid around with the fellows; just a great big boy at heart, you might say, that loved his mother

"The one he pushed?"

"Such a little push you'd laugh to see it!"

"Go on."

What I mean, Larry was the kind of boy nobody couldn't get mad at. Always grinning, you know, always happy, always doing something kind, like patting pooches on the head. And working too. On the job every day and sometimes at night. He was helping a fellow that was doing some trucking between here and Canada. There wasn't a cleaner, nicer guy you could find anywhere in this town at the time he bumped off Frankie Mack.

Now there was a accident! Larry never any more thought of bumping off Frankie Mack that night than he thought of flying! You know how a fellow—he never thinks of hurting anybody—and what happens but he gets in more trouble than another fellow? Well, that was Larry; as sweet a boy as I ever hope to know.

What happened was this: Larry Laney was nuts over this girl, Francine Stuart, that was a manicurist in a hotel uptown, and Francine she made out she was nuts over him, and all the time she was giving him the run-around and stepping out with this heel, Frankie Mack.

You take a situation like that; and that evening the cops rush in and find Frankie colder'n a herring on the floor and Francine lamming down the corridor with a lump on her head, and Larry standing there like a sap with his rod still in his hand, and you're going to find a lot of wise guys jumping to the wrong conclusion.

Appearances was deceiving, so they takes Larry to the cooler, even when he explained it was just a accident and all he was doing was cleaning his rod and it happened to go off. Everybody don't know when their rod is loaded, do they? But no, you can't tell cops anything! Them mugs already know it all!

"Joe," he said to me when I come to the station to see what could be done about springing him, "get me a lawyer, and get me a good one, because I imagine I look guilty."

"Larry," I said, "leave it to me."

"And tell Francine," he said, "when I get out of here I'm going to break her neck."

"Larry," I said, "you must not be yourself."

Now I'm going to tell you how Larry got changed from a nice, sweet boy that just happened to get into a jam into a hard guy, a tough hombre, that personally I would not like to count among any party I was on, because he got conceited.

In the first place, nobody ever dreamed there was going to be any kind of publicity about this little accident. I seen lots of little things like that and nothing but a little piece in the papers about it. Naturally, I thought this was going to be kind of private too.

But the lawyer I got for Larry—a red-headed fellow named Moran—he arrived at the cooler the next morning with another guy—a tall, skinny guy with a ten-year-old hat. "Larry," Moran said, "this is Mr. Tucker from the Tabloid."

"I ain't aiming to talk to any reporters," Larry said.

"You're going to talk to this one," Moran said. "He's going to write the story of your life."

"Yeh?" Larry said. "And who told you that?"

"Nobody's tellin' me anything," this Moran said. "I'm the one that's doing the telling in this case." He'd taken Larry's arm. "Listen, boy," he said, "maybe you don't realize it, but you're in a jam. Get hard about it and you're going to burn. Do what I say and you got a chance to beat it. You can take your choice."

Larry looked at the reporter.

"And how's he figure?" he said.

"Here's how he figures," Moran said: "You let this case get lost in a lot of other cheap homicide cases and you're sunk. On Rivington Street maybe you're a tough guy; in court you'll be just one more mug that popped off a fellow. Nobody won't ask anything. They'll just send you straight to the old hot squativero and go home or to the movies and forget you ever existed.

"But," said Moran, "make it a big case and somebody'll begin to think about it. Let this boy write about it and tell a million people your side of it, and you're going to get in the first sock. And believe me, boy, you're going to need it. So make up your mind."

That's the way it started. You got to say this for Larry: He never wanted to get mixed up in the newspapers and he tried not to. That was the old Larry—never wanted any publicity! A quiet, modest boy, minding his own business and not wanting to get classed with actors and politicians and that kind of people.

What I want you to understand, though, is I don't know anything about that arrangement. It was afterwards I heard about it. All I knew then was I sent this red-headed Moran over to see Larry, because they all said, "When you're guilty, get Moran." Larry wasn't guilty, of course, but it just looked kind of funny. The next thing I knew, then, was the next morning the phone rung, and when I take up the receiver, it was this Francine.

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What He Done Was He Shoved Her—Just Give Her a Little Push That Wouldn't Hurt a Teensy-Weensy Baby

THE LAST LAUGH

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Oh, Dear!" Said Cecily Distressfully. "That Means You Mustn't Eat Any Dinner. Are You Sure You Read It Correctly, Dear?"

LIKE many artists before me," said Mortimer Slade, "I have decided to leave my wife."

Now, I am never very much surprised at any of Mortimer's remarks, and this declaration of his left me interested, but calm—disappointingly calm, from his point of view, I suppose. He would have preferred seeing me thunderstruck, incredulous and expostulatory.

I said: "When do you go?" and he looked so vexed and so offended and, withal, so long-suffering that I laughed and begged his pardon for having taken his words lightly. "It is, of course, a most important thing you are about to do," I said, "and one which you must have determined upon only after long and deep meditation. What does Cecily think about it? I dare say she's all broken up, isn't she?"

Before he could answer, the crosstown traffic received the green light and our pedestrian progress up Park Avenue was arrested at Forty-eighth Street. So intent on his own thoughts had Mortimer been that I was forced to drag him back to the curb to save him from a mail truck that must have been hurrying to an assignation.

"I hope," I said to him angrily, "that you aren't coward enough to want to commit suicide before you desert Cecily and the children. If you don't watch where you're going you'll leave your wife feet first in a mahogany box with handles—and there won't be much to boast of about that, will there?"

He agreed that there would not.

"I wanted to speak to you, David, about Cecily," he said. "And I want you to speak to Cecily."

"I'd rather not," I said.

He nodded. "I know. It's difficult, but you're the oldest friend we have in New York, and Cecily's very fond of you, and you have a great deal of influence with her. So I thought you might come up to the studio this afternoon and we could all three have a good talk."

"A good talk!" I cried. "Yes, indeed, a nice, good, comfortable talk. No, Mortimer, that kind of a good talk doesn't tempt me in the least. You go ahead and desert, and after you've gone I'll see what I can do to console Cecily—after, but not before."

"That isn't like you, David," he said reprovingly. "I thought at least I could depend on you in this crisis."

"Come on," I said as the traffic stopped, and I took him by the arm and dragged him forward. "Besides," I continued when we had crossed, "I'm firmly convinced that it's you that has created this crisis out of your own preposterous brain."

"If you think that," said he, "you're doing me a cruel injustice. On the contrary, I have been fighting against it, trying to avert it—postpone it—for a long time. Haven't you noticed how my work has suffered?"

"Well," I answered, "you haven't been doing any work at all, if that's what you mean. Ever since you painted that Snow Scene in Woodlawn, you've been loafing."

"Exactly. And why?"

"Sheer laziness, I suppose. All you do is read the clippings that mention you as one of the more promising of the younger American artists who are seeking a technic of their own. Just because Snow Scene took on, you're convinced that you're an original genius. Well, you're not a genius, and the only possible originality you can claim for your painting is that you don't know how to draw—which, my dear Mortimer, nowadays can no longer be called originality."

He didn't like that, and I was not surprised. But I am fifty-eight years old and Mortimer is but twenty-seven; and if I can't tell him from time to time that he's a lazy, conceited, childish jackass, why, then, nobody can and a potentially good artist will be ruined.

"David," he said after a moment, "I know you don't think much of my work, but I can't help that. My work might amount to something if I could get away from Cecily and the children and the cook and the vacuum cleaner and the electric refrigerator and the three meals a day. I've got to go somewhere where I won't be interfered with by anybody; somewhere where I can work out my artistic salvation alone and in peace."

"You read all that in The Moon and Sixpence," I pointed out. "Do you expect to end up on an island in the South Seas?"

"I wouldn't care," he cried, "if I ended up in Yonkers, providing I could end up there alone and be left alone. That's why I've decided to go away from Cecily—desert her, as you call it."

"Does Cecily know your dishonorable intentions?"

"Of course Cecily knows all about it," he answered irritably.

"What does she say?"

I saw him hesitate and a frown came to his rather handsome brow.

"The funny thing," he said, "is that Cecily's taking it calmly. It's not quite natural of her, and it worries me that she's not more upset. You won't believe it, but she's actually started packing up my things."

I couldn't help laughing a bit in my beard. It was exactly what I should have expected Cecily to do under the circumstances—quietly set to work to pack up his things.

"In that case, Mortimer," said I, "I'll change my mind and come up with you to the studio now. I think I should very much enjoy talking to your wife."

The Mortimer Slades had lived, ever since their marriage six years ago, in a studio apartment between Park and Lexington avenues. It was a fairly expensive affair, and Mortimer alone, with the insignificant income he derived from his pictures, could never have swung it. Fortunately, Cecily was earning amazing sums as an illustrator. Her work possessed that lightness of touch and that sureness of line which are characteristic of the French *humoriste*, and although she was not a caricaturist, she managed to get into all her drawings a certain shrewd, good-natured criticism of present-day manners and morals in America. If at one time she had had higher artistic ambitions for herself, she never told anybody about them; content, apparently, to let Mortimer do the high talking while she paid the household bills. This arrangement had seemed to content Mortimer also. In fact I am certain that it did until he had scored a hit with his Snow Scene in Woodlawn, a clever but badly drawn study in whites. As I had feared, his success with both critics and public had gone instantly to his not-too-well-balanced head, and he began to talk the way he had read that Whistler once talked. Had he not had a wife and two young children, it might have been excruciatingly funny; as it was, it was merely painful for those who were fond of him in spite of himself.

We found Cecily in the middle of the studio, surrounded by luggage. "Hello, David," she said when she had extricated herself. "I hope you're staying for dinner?"

I said that if she really wanted me to, I'd be delighted.

"Of course we want you to. Mortimer won't have many more evenings here in New York, you know."

I said that I knew.

She smiled, and her smile included both me and Mortimer. It was an affectionate, maternal sort of smile, with only a hint of sadness in it—such a smile as I have seen mothers wear when they are about to send a son away to boarding school for the first time.

"The sight of all this packing," I said, "leads me to believe, Cecily, that the boy is leaving very soon. How about it, Mortimer? I think I asked you before, but obtained no answer."

He had been regarding the empty trunks, and my question caused him to start as if I had roused him from a trance.

"What did you say? . . . Oh, when do I leave? Well, that depends on when I can get the house I'm looking for. I'm on the track of a little place up in Maine, at Ogunquit. Simms Caswell, the water-color fellow, had it all this summer, but he thinks it's vacant now. If it is, it ought to be just what I want."

"You mean, you're intending to pass the winter in Maine?"

"Yes; why not? Snow, you know. Bully snow effects in Maine."

"And, you see," supplemented Cecily, "he'll be absolutely alone up there in the winter. There won't be a soul to bother him. There's not even a telephone in the house, and the telegraph office is closed in winter, and there's positively no railroad station for miles. I think it ought to work out splendidly for him, and I do hope he can get the place."

"I ought to receive a letter from the real-estate agent any day now," said Mortimer without very much enthusiasm.

When Cecily left us for a few moments, Mortimer said: "You see how she takes it, David. Just as cool as a cucumber. Not a tear, not a sob, not a remonstrance, not a hair rumpled. She hasn't even thrown the children in my face. Most women would have said something about the children, don't you think?"

"Yes," I agreed, "most women would."

"Strange, isn't it? I can't quite make her out. Do you suppose she doesn't care?"

"No," I said. "I think she cares. It's possible that she simply doesn't want to make it any harder for you than it's going to be, anyhow."

He was silent for a space.

Then he said, "Harder for me? It isn't me that it's going to be hard on, is it? It's her, and, of course, the children."

"Oh," I said, "I shouldn't fret about the children. They're too young to understand. They'll never know you've gone; and by the time Cecily can get the divorce they'll have forgotten they ever did have a father."

I doubt if he relished that form of consolation. He switched from the children back to Cecily.

"Poor Cecily!" he said. "She will have to get a divorce, won't she? It's awfully tough on her to have to go through all that mess alone."

"Well, she couldn't very well do it hand in hand with you, especially if she gets it on the grounds of desertion."

"Oh," he said, "I told her I'd give her any grounds she chose."

"Magnanimous," was all I said.

"There's one thing I hope," said Mortimer: "I hope that Cecily won't want to get her divorce here in New York. It would make it very unpleasant for me if she did, wouldn't it?"

"Unpleasant and difficult," I said. "You might have trouble finding a co-respondent in Ogunquit in winter. But then again," I added after a moment's reflection, "you mightn't."

"You're being pretty brutal, it seems to me," said Mortimer.

"And you?" I inquired.

"No," he said grimly, "I'm forced to think of all these sordid details. I'm forced to think of Cecily's future. I can't leave her to decide everything for herself."

"Hello, David," Cecily Said When She Had Extricated Herself. "I Hope You're Staying for Dinner?"

"Do I Look Wicked?" She Asked. "I Haven't Been Alone in a Bachelor's Apartment Since I Married Mortimer"

"But that's, nevertheless, exactly what you are doing," I pointed out. "You're leaving her entirely because of your own future. You may be simplifying your own, but you're most certainly complicating hers. In short, you're about as selfish as they make 'em."

At that, he turned and faced me angrily.

"You just refuse to understand, don't you?" he exclaimed. "You refuse to understand that to an artist nothing is as important as his art. It's like a call to religion. 'Forsake all and follow me,' or however it goes. I'll tell you frankly that, although I'm very fond of Cecily, when it comes to a choice between her and my career, there's an unanswerable something inside me that commands me to choose my career. You can believe it or not. It's not I that am making the choice; it's something higher and mightier than I that's dictating it to me."

Cecily had come quietly into the room in time to hear the last of her husband's eloquence. He saw her come, but he did not stop on that account. No doubt he had already regaled her with the same stuff many times.

At any rate, she evinced no astonishment or perturbation, but said quite calmly: "And I'll tell you frankly, David, that when it comes to a choice for Mortimer between me and his career, I think he's perfectly right in choosing the career. I wouldn't have him do otherwise. After all, there are a great many wives in this world and a great many children, but there are precious few great artists."

Again she bestowed on Mortimer that maternal, compassionate smile, but to my infinite relief she turned immediately thereafter to me, and I saw her eyelids flutter ever so slightly in what I hoped was intended for a wink. "Oh, remarkable, magnificent Cecily!" I thought. "You know what you're doing and you're doing it well. Praise God for a sane and intelligent woman who understands her fool of a husband and yet can love him."

Aloud I said, "Since you both agree, there is nothing more for me to say. Shall we drink to Mortimer's career and to the white-clad, pine-clad cliffs of Maine? . . . Is there a furnace in the house, Mortimer?"

He said no, there wasn't. He said it rather proudly, as if glad to prove that he was willing to undergo hardships. All for Art, and the world well lost, I suppose. The young ass!

We dined. I thought that never before had I dined so well at the Slades' apartment. I know that I had never before seen Cecily so charming, so thoughtful of Mortimer's tastes and comfort, so radiantly beautiful. Had I been Mortimer I would not have sacrificed her in order to become Velasquez himself.

When I left, they promised to keep me in touch with their plans, and they insisted that I dine again with them before Mortimer's departure.

"A going-away party," Cecily had said, and Mortimer had looked awkward and not entirely happy. One would have fancied that it was he and not she who was being deserted.

I heard nothing from them for four days, and then Cecily called me on the telephone. I heard her give a funny, nervous little laugh such as young girls used to give when you paid them a compliment.

She said, "Well, David, he's going away tomorrow night, and we expect you to dinner."

I protested that she probably did not want me at all, that it was no night for having a third person present.

"You're entirely wrong," she said. "There's to be no drama connected with this separation, and in case Mortimer should be inclined to display a little artistic temperament

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RUSSIA MARKS TIME

By George Sylvester Viereck

PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Young Women Members of the "Comsomol" (Communist Youth) Carrying Guns in an Anti-Imperialistic Demonstration in Moscow. Banners Borne in the Demonstration Read: "We Don't Want Any War, But are Ready to Defend Our Soviet Union"

THE pale little registry clerk looked up. "You must sign," she said in a tired but resolute voice

"I can't write," said the peasant girl, shaking her kerchiefed head impetuously.

"Then you can't marry"

The fair-haired groom—a tall, well-built man in a workman's blouse, shabbily but neatly dressed—looked on without saying a word. He had already signed the register. He was twenty-nine and twice divorced. Asked about his occupation, he replied, "Unemployed." The girl called herself an "agricultural worker."

Everybody in the room, including other couples about to be married, argued with the girl to sign the form handed to her by the official. The girl, half coy, half obstinate, still insisted that she could not write

In the adjoining room the Soviet Government kept count of deaths and births. In the room beyond, the divorce mill was grinding. Over it all, from its place of honor, smiled sardonically the bust of Lenin. Above it gleamed—symbols of the New Russia—the hammer, the sickle and the star.

The little peasant girl, finally persuaded, was just about to encircle the pen with her clumsy hand, when a weird, unearthly melody from without attracted my attention. Melancholy and monotonous, it had in it something of the plaintive charm of the Volga Boat Song.

"What is this?" I asked my Russian guide.

"Probably," she said, "some workmen moving a heavy piece of furniture or machinery. The Russians always sing when they work."

"But it seems to me that these are the voices of children."

My mentor stepped to the window.

"Yes," she said, "they are children prisoners in the adjoining police station."

"What are they singing?"

"They sing, 'We want bread. We want bread.' They are hungry."

I walked to the window. The police station was at some distance. I could not make out the faces of the children. They continued to sing lustily, "We want bread."

"Are they," I asked, "a remnant of the wild children?"

"There are no more wild children," my guide replied mildly.

The Wild Children of Russia

FOR years 300,000 wild children between the ages of six and sixteen, orphans of the war and the revolution, constituted a grave problem for the Soviet Government. Their parents were dead. Strangers did not want them. They refused to stay in schools. They were like little domestic animals turned wild. In love with vagabondage, they lived by begging and stealing. In wintry nights they slept on the streets near huge open furnaces.

"What has happened to the wild children?" I asked.

"Some are dead; some have been gathered up by the authorities in old monasteries where they cannot escape easily. We keep them there until they learn a trade."

From other sources I ascertained that isolated gangs, lost privates of the great army, still survive. I do not know if the children across the way were a band of such stragglers. My heart went out to them. Whatever they were, they were hungry.

Powerless to help them, I stepped back into the room, where the Zags, the government agency intrusted with social problems, tied and untied marital knots. Notebook in hand, I listened to the proceeding, but the melancholy chant of the children still floated in through the window.

The peasant girl had at last placed her scrawl on the register. It was evident that she could write after all. Perhaps she was ashamed to display the crudity of her scrawl in the presence of foreigners. The poor girl did not know that her marriage would be equally valid in the eyes of the Bolshevist law without registration. The young couple decided to adopt the name of the man for their marital expedition. The next couple preferred the name of the woman. No one paid any attention to the singsong of the children. Brides, grooms and officials were too much engrossed with their own affairs, or perhaps too many similar incidents had hardened their hearts.

The Soviet Cruiser "Profintern" Flying the Soviet Flag, the Sickle and Hammer Inside a Five-Pointed Star Mounted on the Sun

No Shoes

SUDDENLY the chant stopped as abruptly as it had begun. I stepped to the window. But I caught no glimpse of even one tousled head. The children were gone. The silence was complete. Perhaps they had been taken away. Perhaps they had been fed. Being prisoners, they had the advantage of receiving bread without a bread card. But though the children had disappeared, their melody stayed with me. It still reverberates in my memory The hungry little ones are a symbol of Russia Russia wants bread. But she sings even in her hunger.

Another scene engraves itself on my memory. On the express from Warsaw to Moscow, a fine dust, rising from the ungraveled roadbed, penetrated our throats and lungs. Mixed with the soot of the locomotive, it settled in our clothes and in our faces. It covered our beds. It dropped into our tea. It made breathing almost impossible. The comparative width of the compartment, due to the broader gauge of the Russian railroads, did not atone for the agony we endured.' I learned that many people protect themselves by covering mouth and nose with gauze. Never again shall I travel on that road in summer except with a gas mask.

Unable to sleep, my wife and I walked to the end of the car, whenever the train stopped, to watch the scene below. In one place—evidently a small rural town—we saw a group of townsmen or peasants taking farewell of a young man who was shaking the native dust from his feet to migrate to the capital. But the feet from which he shook the dust wore no shoes. His bearded father and all his bearded male relatives kissed the youth on the cheek in the Russian fashion, until he almost disappeared under their caresses. Some were dressed in fur coats, probably their only garments, some in blouses, others in nondescript rags. Our eyes traveled again to the lower extremities. Not one of them wore boots. They all had adroitly wrapped rags around their feet to take the place of footgear. I saw many men and women with similar contrivances in the cities. There were, even in Moscow, many otherwise neatly dressed men with bare feet. Russia is hungry not only for food but for shoes and clothes.

There are 150,000,000 people in Russia. Many, if not most of them, have no shoes. Imports are forbidden or severely restricted. Russia herself produced only 20,000,000 pairs of boots to cover 150,000,000 pairs of feet in 1928. In the same period the great Russian rubber trust produced

40,000,000 galoshes; barely enough to provide one in every four Russians with a pair of rubbers.

The textile factories in Russia, working with three shifts a day, cannot supply the domestic demand. The government will not permit the importation of textiles. The domestic product is very inferior. The government pounces upon the output of the factories to clothe the Red Army. The Red soldiers are comparatively well clothed and well equipped. But the people, especially in the country regions, have hardly rags to cover their nakedness.

This is no wild statement. It is confirmed by the observation of many travelers and is buttressed by the production figures of the Soviet Government.

In Moscow and in Leningrad conditions are better. Everybody dresses as he pleases. You notice some ladies dressed like fashion plates—in the fashions of 1890! The garments so worn, without the least sign of self-consciousness, were probably plundered from the chest of some perished aristocrat. Workmen wear blouses buttoned up to the neck. The blouse may cover a multitude of omissions.

The famine in textiles and in boots explains the care with which the customs officials at the border examined the trunks of all returning Russians. If anyone brought in more than two pairs of shoes, the excess was carefully noted. Every extra pair was either confiscated or heavily taxed.

When my wife opened her trunks, the customs officials seemed to be surprised by the multitude of her clothes.

"Are you taking those dresses to anyone in Russia?" they politely asked.

When, however, they heard that I was an American journalist—"a journalist Americansky"—they did not pursue the inquiry. They hardly looked at the trunks.

At the station where the examination of the baggage takes place I expected to order a dinner, but I was able to procure only chunks of cheese, bacon and a rather coarse-fibered ham. The bread was dark and sour. On the train, tea was the only refreshment obtainable until the following morning.

Turning back to our seats, we tried to light the electric lamp in the washroom between our two compartments. We pressed the button, but there was no light. We summoned the conductor—a charming young fellow, most obliging in his demeanor. We explained our difficulty. He made some pretense of trying to repair the damage. But the trouble, whatever its cause, was beyond cure. The young man smiled ingratiatingly, pouring forth a volley of unintelligible words. Finally, smiling again, he shrugged his shoulders, and softly said "*Nitchevo.*"

Women Laborers Carrying Iron on Hand Barrows in the Railroad Yards at Petrograd, Where "Equal Pay for Equal Work" is the Rule

Our railroad compartment, palatial in outline, was ramshackle and badly worn. The same holds true of houses, hotels, factories, workshops in Moscow and Leningrad. There is a famine, not only in food and in clothes but in equipment. Asking for food and bread and machinery, Russia receives, not a stone but a Bolshevist pamphlet! Some of her misfortunes are the aftermath of the war and the revolution. Some are inherent in the character of the Russian people. The main fault is the obstinacy of the Bolshevist Government, which permits Russia to go to ruin to vindicate an economic theory at variance with the experience of mankind. The Soviets strenuously attempt to repair the wastage of the past. They use every imaginable effort to overcome the lethargy of the people. But they refuse to consider, except as momentary expedients, the slightest departure from the theories of Karl Marx.

"Russia," a high official of the government remarked to me, "is as rich as America."

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin

A Key to the Russian Temperament

NITCHEVO means "It is a great deal of nothing." It is the Russian equivalent of "I should worry" or "Never mind." *Nitchevo* is an expression that impressed even Bismarck. Nothing typifies the Russian temperament more perfectly than *Nitchevo*. I would not record the incident, trifling in itself, if it were not characteristic of Russian conditions and the attitude of the Russian people.

Valuable buildings fall to pieces because no one takes the trouble to give them a coat of paint. Russian factories are cluttered up with rubbish, but the capital is kept scrupulously clean. Elsewhere neglect and untidiness reign supreme. Expensive machinery, imported from other countries, stands still for weeks at a time for lack of a necessary part; sometimes merely a screw. Red tape, which hedges import, combined with the indolence of the Russian temperament, is responsible for unconscionable delays that must be paid for in hunger.

"How will you exploit your riches?"

"By adopting an American tempo." That seems to me like attempting to hitch a mule to a locomotive. The difference between the American and the Russian temperament is the difference between At-a-boy and *Nitchevo*.

An American mechanic who, after negotiations protracted over several months, had been summoned to repair some machinery was compelled to wait three weeks in Moscow before he could see the responsible official at whose request he had undertaken his wearisome journey. I often ran across him in the lobby of the hotel. He looked more discouraged every day. One morning, however, he beamed at me delightedly.

"I am leaving tomorrow," he said.

"What about your job?"

"Oh," he said, "I have done that. It took me exactly two hours."

No Place to Go

BUT I am anticipating my story. I had telegraphed to the Voks, the Society for Cultural Relations of the U. S. S. R.—Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—with Foreign Countries, and asked them to reserve a double room with a bath.

The Savoy Hotel had been particularly recommended to me, although it was generally understood that many of its waiters and employes were members of the G. P. U., the Bolshevist Secret Service. This fact did not disturb me. I had no intention of indulging in anti-Marxist agitation, the only real crime in Soviet Russia.

Unable to obtain a taxi when we arrived at Moscow, we took a private automobile. Taxis are expensive, but at least their tariff is fixed. Private cars charge whatever the traffic will bear. The first glimpse of the hotel was somewhat disappointing. The building was far from inviting. When I asked for my rooms, I was told that no reservation had been made.

"In fact," the desk clerk added, "we are so overcrowded that we cannot take care of you for the next two months."

He obligingly called up two other hotels for me, but was unable to secure accommodation. He then gave us an address where we would surely find lodging at ten dollars a day. Driving there, we found it was not a hotel, but a hovel. No one spoke one word of French, English or

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A Group of Women Parading With Soviet Preelection Banners During the Annual International Workwomen Day Demonstration in Russia

PAT HOBSON'S BOOTS

By Charles Wertenbaker

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM C. HOOPLE

IN THE old days there weren't any rushing rules, and the fraternities began fighting for the new men as soon as they arrived at the university. They would meet them at the train sometimes and find them rooms, buy them drinks, escort them to the theater, help them choose their courses, and at night take them out to the house and entertain them and flatter them until their young heads were turned all the way around. It was very pleasant for three or four days. There would be a lot of alumni back and a big party at every house in the university, and afterward there was usually a dance that lasted until nearly dawn. The first-year men had the time of their lives until they broke down and joined some fraternity, and then the fraternity turned around and began taking some of the conceit out of them. Nowadays, I hear, they don't begin rushing until November, which I suppose is better for everybody, although it isn't half so much fun and is a little hard on men like George Baxter.

George didn't have his head turned that soon. I believe he had figured out just how much his personality was worth and wasn't going to lose his head until he had collected the last cent on it. I think he must have decided everything during the war, because before that nobody had ever accused him of being anything but a good old boy who never would amount to anything because he was too fond of a good time.

The second night we were in college, Buck Riley and I went out to the Alpha Omega house. There were about fifty men in the two big front rooms and overflowing on the porch. Bill Stevens was playing the piano and Bill Thompson, Bob Sloane and two others had banjos, and the house was rocking with music that was as good as it was loud. Everybody was having a fine time. Buck and I were led around and introduced to everybody and given a couple of handfuls of food, and then dumped on the porch until some of the old men found time to come around and find out what sort of young men we were.

I remember being introduced to a man who was standing in front of the fireplace with a sandwich in one hand and a drink in the other, and a crowd of five or six around him, laughing at a story he was telling. He was a good-looking chap with blond, curly hair, a pair of round, innocent blue eyes, and a mouth that was always laughing. Later on, while Buck and I were on the porch, I saw him moving around talking to everybody; usually with a man on each side of him, patting him on the back.

"Who's that guy?" I said to Buck.

"Name's George Baxter," Buck said. "Looks like a good egg."

"He must be the boree out here." That was what they called the head man of a fraternity, and I was tickled at the chance to get it in.

"Must be," Buck said. "I like this gang."

Later on a man came out who seemed to be as lost as we were, and we talked to him for a while. Then somebody beckoned to him, and we saw him chatting with Baxter, and finally they disappeared.

"Guess that guy's getting a bid," Buck said.

We walked home that night with Bill Stevens and Alex White and George Baxter. The three of them knew one another, and listening to them talk, I realized that Baxter didn't belong out there, but was being rushed just as we were. We sat down on the wall in front of Miss Betty Block's and talked it over.

Stevens and White didn't know what to do. "I like that bunch," Stevens said, "but they're not so good as a couple of other fraternities."

"They're one of the four or five best," White said.

"Nobody's ever put them first, though."

"What do you think?" Stevens said to Buck.

"I like 'em fine," Buck said, "but they haven't bid me yet."

"I tell you what I think," Baxter said: "I think the best thing to do is to sign up with the gang you like and not worry about how they rate. I like that bunch and I'm going to join 'em."

He said that in a positive tone, but his accent was so charming that you didn't mind the tone. We all nodded.

The Lights in the Windows Behind Her Made Her White Dress Glisten, But Her Face Was in the Shadow, Only Her Eyes Showing. Her Eyes Were Very Bright

"I think I'll go to bed and think it over," White said. He went in and Stevens went with him, and Buck and I walked down to our boarding house with Baxter.

"Who was that big, lost-looking guy you were talking to out there?" I asked him as we left.

"That was Phil Hays," he said. "He's the boree."

"Oh," I said. "Well, good night."

"So long, you-all."

In our room, Buck flopped on the bed and said, "Wonder if they'll bid us?"

"Doubt it," I said. "Hope so, though."

"Me too. Baxter was right about that."

"Yeah."

"He's a good egg."

"Wonder where he comes from."

"Virginia, I guess. Why?"

"Well, some of the rest of us come from Virginia, but we sound like Yankees next to him. I never heard such a broad accent."

"I've heard countrymen that talked that way," Buck said.

"I never have. He sounds like a minstrel show."

"Can't he talk like he wants to?" Buck said.

"Sure, he can. It don't worry me."

"All right."

"All right."

Buck and I got our bids two days later and accepted on the spot. The same day Bill Stevens and Alex White accepted theirs, and there was a big party that night. George Baxter had signed up the night we met him. Bill and Alex had been rushed by all the best fraternities and it was a great accomplishment to get them, but George seemed to be the prize, although he hadn't got any other bids. I found out that he had done a good deal to get Bill and Alex, but nobody would admit that his popularity was due to anything but the fact that he was a good old boy. Anyway, he was the head goat and he answered for the rest of us at the banquet. He made a fine speech, simple and bubbling over with his honest-to-goodness personality; even the faculty members congratulated him on it.

George moved out to the house soon after he joined, and that fall he was the most popular man in the house. He spent most of his time there and took an interest in fraternity affairs, and when any of the rest of us misbehaved, Phil Hays would bawl us out and say: "Why can't you act like George Baxter?" He didn't go out for athletics, but that was on account of a wound in his leg which we had all seen. He made up for that by his personality; he had hundreds of stories, which he improved by his slow, drawling way of talking, he was a good man on a party, and he had a way of talking to you as though you were the only person in the world. I think that was the chief reason for his success.

During the winter he went around more. Bill Thompson and the other older men had begun taking him with them when they went on parties, and since he was older than most first-year men, he was able to get along with the men who had been there three or four years. By the end of the year he had a large list of friends outside the fraternity, and the chief one of these was Pat Hobson.

Pat was one of the most popular men in the university, although he had been there only two years. He was the fastest quarter-miler we had, had played football until Pop made him stop on account of track, belonged to every society a second-year man could make and would make the others as soon as he was eligible, and was a good old boy like George; only, for some reason I couldn't put my finger on then, he wasn't like George. But he and George became very thick, and everywhere Pat Hobson went, there went George.

The next year Buck and I roomed together at the house. George was there too. He was assistant boree and would be boree the next year. But he wasn't there as much as he had been the year before, and when he was there he wasn't quite so full of fun and so ready to entertain everybody. In fact, he was even surly to some of us sometimes, though he was never surly to Bill Thompson or Phil Hays. Most of his time he spent at other houses—especially at Pat Hobson's house—and most of his friends were men who, like Pat, wore in their buttonhole a little red-and-black badge with a gold C on it.

There are two societies at the university which a second-year man may join—Circle and Ore. Every fall they have a series of meetings and fight over the names of eligible students, and then, on a certain Saturday night, they assemble in back of the rotunda to run for the men. A member of each society is assigned to each man who has been elected, and at a signal they all start running, and run until they have found their men. It is very exciting, especially when both societies are after the same man.

The night they ran that fall, Buck and I and several others were having a quiet party at our house. Buck and I had no idea of being wanted by either society, but Bill Stevens and Alex White had good prospects and we were keeping them amused. George Baxter was there, too, but he wasn't with us, because Buck had got so he couldn't stand him. George sat in his own room with a book in front of him, and every half hour he took a drink.

About eleven o'clock we had become pretty quiet. Bill and Alex were nervous, and Buck and I weren't able to keep things going alone. Buck had been playing the piano, but had stopped, and there was hardly a sound in the house except George shuffling his feet under his desk in his room.

Then we heard a noise outside and the thump of four feet hitting the porch at once, and a second later the door flew open and Tom Carter and Joe Brooks plunged through. They dashed for Bill, and Tom yelled: "Stevens—Ore!" and Joe yelled: "Stevens—Circle!" Bill hesitated a second and then said "Ore"; and then Tom turned to Alex and said "Ore," and Alex nodded. The three of them went out together, and Joe followed them. As the door slammed behind them I looked across the room, and there, standing

in front of his own door, was George Baxter. He grinned sheepishly.

Buck saw him, too, and in a second he was at the piano, banging it with his big fingers and singing at the top of his big bass voice to the tune of the Circle song:

"I licked Pat Hobson's boots,
For Circle, for Circle, for Circle!
Pat tried to get me in,
Bootlicking ain't no sin,
But I'll never wear a Circle pin,
For Circle, for Circle, for Circle!"

George didn't say a word, but just looked at us with a hurt-lamb expression in his innocent blue eyes and then went back into his room and closed the door quietly.

"That was kind of hard," I said.

"Tough," said Buck.

Five minutes later the front door opened and Pat Hobson limped in and said, "Baxter here?"

We pointed to George's room. Pat opened the door and we heard him say: "Circle, George. Go on over by yourself. I've twisted hell out of my knee."

After an instant, George said, "I'm sorry, Pat. Anything I can do?"

"No, go on. I'll get over after while."

George walked out and put on his coat and looked once at Buck and me, and then went out of the front door. We went back and rubbed liniment on Pat's knee.

I didn't see much of George at the university after that. He still lived at the house, but he was established now and he had no time for us. Pat didn't see so much of him either. Pat had fixed his knee so that he could never run any more and it knocked him out; he began drinking hard and spoiled his chances of making Dash or Ram, and before long everybody was feeling sorry for him and wondering how long it would be before he busted out of the university. People liked him, but he was tight all the time, so what could they do? Most of his friends tried to do something, though—nearly all of them except George.

George's best friends had been men who had been there a year or two longer than he had, but now he began running with the small crowd that had been in the university for five or six years. Most of them had been there for several years before the war, and it was about this time that people began to hear that George had been there before the war too. It was only for a year and he hadn't joined a fraternity or been heard of much because, as he said, "All Ah cared about was having a swell ole time, an' Ah cared about that in a big way, and Ah had a sweller time'n anybody." That was the way he talked.

Anyway, the explanation got by all right because that spring George made Dash, which has only about a dozen members and never takes a man in until his third or fourth year. He belonged to a small and very exclusive group of men who were older than college men usually are, because they had been to the war and come back. He had been to the war, too, and so I suppose he thought he belonged in that group. That was the last year they were at the university, and George, who had risen about as high as he could rise in that society, left with them. I often wondered if he would have been as big a man the next year, when the men he had thrown over became leaders, but George had all he wanted out of the university and he didn't have to take the chance.

II

I DIDN'T see him for several years. When I left the university I went up to Pennsylvania and got a job in the offices of Payson & Co., which made the bodies for a great many automobiles. It was a good company to work for, because automobiles were increasing like guinea pigs at that time, and before long I was assistant to one of the assistant treasurers and fairly well started up the ladder. My immediate boss was Henry Fuller, who was already old enough to retire, and over him was Paul R. Payson himself. Some of us younger men used to argue for hours about whether Paul R. Payson or his brother Bruce was the real head of the company—Paul R. was treasurer and chairman of the board, and Bruce was president and vice chairman—but we never got anywhere, because they always agreed on everything and nobody knew which one of them thought things out. Still, most people gave Paul credit for being the brains of the company; probably because he was a good-looking old man and was seen everywhere.

I didn't have quite so easy a time with Dorothy Payson. She was tall and blond and cool, and knew her own mind, and it was a long time before I could convince her that I was really serious about wanting to marry her. But after a while I got on better and one night she told me very calmly: "Don, I think I'll marry you."

That was several months after Henry Fuller had died, and I had been wondering whether I would get his job. I knew that Mr. Paul Payson, Dorothy's father, would pick the man for the job, and lately I had been pretty sure that he was going to pick me. I was expecting to be notified any day. I thought things out and I decided that it would be bad policy to tell Mr. Payson I wanted to marry Dorothy before I got the job; it would look as though I were trying to clinch the job that way, and it might turn other people in the company against me. So we agreed to wait a while before telling Mr. Payson and announcing the engagement.

I got home from dinner at the Paysons' one night and found a message to call Mr. Baxter at the hotel. I hadn't thought about George for three or four years, and I wondered why he called me up. But it was early and I didn't have anything to do, so I called him.

It was the same old voice on the other end of the wire, only it sounded more Southern to me because I had been living in the North for several years and my own accent had changed a little.

He said: "Hi, Donny, ole boy. What you doing?"

"Hi, George," I said. "What are you doing up here?"

"Jes' cruisin'," George said. "Come on over and have a touch of sumpn."

I didn't feel much like it, but I didn't know how to refuse, so I went. He looked the same; only his eyes seemed bluer and more innocent. He gave me his grin and a hand.

"Sho is swell to see you," he said. "I been lonesomer'n anybody."

We talked a while and I really enjoyed it. George was the sort of person you couldn't help liking when he gave you his whole attention.

When I left, I said, "I'd like to see you again. How long will you be here?"

"Puasonally," said George, "I dunno. Anyway, how 'bout a li'l' golf? I got a card to the country club here, but I ain't found anybody that looked like a good enough ole boy to play with."

I suppose I was flattered by that; we played the next afternoon. I beat him on the eighteenth hole, and it was so exciting that we made a date for the next afternoon. That time he beat me one-up, but I won the medal and a couple of dollars. We had a drink on the porch after we had washed up.

While we were there, Dorothy came up and joined us I introduced George and he gave her his broadest grin and the softest look out of his eyes, and said: "I sho am glad to meet you."

She smiled at him and we sat down. Dorothy said, "You're from the South, aren't you?" and George said,

(Continued on Page 54)

Bob Sloane and Two Others Had Banjos, and the House Was Rocking With Music That Was as Good as It Was Loud. Everybody Was Having a Fine Time

SCRAPBOOK

By W. THORNTON MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

BABY DOLL PERRIN sat in the training-house dining room near the trophy case and considered a thick bowl of soup with lackluster eye. He didn't feel like eating soup or even deep apple pie. He wanted to crawl off into a corner where he could give all his energy and time to feeling sorry for himself. A little, sneering voice was still yelling shrilly somewhere inside of his head, "Butter-fingers Perrin." He looked up from the cooling soup and caught Pete Sky's round blue eyes upon him.

"Tough goin' in there, old keed," Pete said.

Baby Doll picked up a spoon. He didn't want anybody feeling sorry for him. It was all right for him to feel sorry for himself, but that didn't give the whole world the right to go around thinking, "Poor old Baby Doll. The poor old son of a gun."

"U'm," he said.

He could feel eyes boring into the back of his head. He could feel the impact of sympathetic gazes. He kept his eyes on his plate and moved a knife mechanically across the steak. He didn't want to see eyes shifting suddenly so they wouldn't have to meet his.

Anybody would think, he told himself angrily, that the punt he had muffed on his own ten-yard line was the only punt that had ever been muffed in the history of the game. If those birds had read Joe Maxim's column of sports gossip in Friday's Press, they wouldn't have been so surprised. They would have known what to expect. He had never seen Maxim, but he was, Baby Doll knew, a keen-eyed man of infallible discernment. He knew football. When Maxim got off a crack in his column, you could bet he had the dope.

On Friday, Maxim had said in his column:

> The usually reliable Baby Doll Perrin shows signs of staleness. His work lacks the snap and drive he has exhibited so far this season. His handling of punts in yesterday's scrimmage was minus its usual precision.

Only a man of Maxim's judgment, he thought, could have seen two days ago that he was slipping. As far as he could see, he was ripping and bucking and getting off to just as fast a start as ever. But he hadn't fooled Maxim.

Baby Doll had never heard of the power of mental suggestion. The fact that he had carried Maxim's clipping around with him in his inside coat pocket instead of pasting it in his scrapbook, and thought about it at intervals all Friday night and all that morning, did not seem to him to have any bearing on the case.

Maxim had said he was slipping. His showing in the game had proved that Maxim was right. Maxim was always right. Everybody on the squad respected Maxim's opinions. You could see them sitting around the living room at night reading the Press. You could hear them say: "I see where Joe Maxim says Princeton is going to have a tough time with Navy."

"Well, good-a-by Princeton."

"That baby calls his shots."

"He's a smart apple, this Maxim guy."

"They say Rockne sends him telegrams."

"They say he cleans up plenty picking the winners."

A white-coated freshman waiter took away his plate and brought him an anæmic-looking baked apple drowned in cream.

The undertone of voices died away and somebody said "Sh-h-h."

Baby Doll looked up. The Old Man was standing up at the coach's table. His jaw was set. Little white ridges of muscle showed at the corners of his jaw, just under his ears.

Plopping Down a Nickel and a Penny, He Picked Up a Press and an Out-of-Town Paper and Hurried Back to His Room

"I want you men to cut out the belly-aching and listen to me for a minute," he said. "It was a lousy game, but you've played it and it's all over and washed up with. Forget about it. I don't want to see any of you dragging around the campus with your tails bumping on the ground. You had a sour day, that's all. I was hoping we could get through just one season without any sour days, but it seems like you guys have to have your annual sour day or know the reason why. All right. Maybe it was a good thing. Maybe you might have had it next Saturday. Maybe you might have saved it for the big game. That would have been pretty, wouldn't it? That would have been sweet. Well, you got it out of your systems now. This game is history. Forget it. Let's go after the next one.

"I felt like jerking a few suits in there today. Don't think I don't know what was eating you. Just because some nit-wit reporter says you are a bunch of punks you think you've got to go out and prove he's right. It's just like Pop Morse says, if anybody tells you you got smallpox, you'll break out with a rash. Well, Monday is another day, see? And by golly it better be a better day, or there's goin' to be some guys paying for their own food at campus hash houses instead of eating on the training table. That's all I got to say."

The Old Man pushed his chair under the table and walked out of the room.

For thirty seconds nobody said anything. Then Pete Sky said "Whew," and mopped imaginary beads of perspiration from his brow.

Buck McGinnis looked at Baby Doll.

"I guess he was kind of riding you," he said.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"The Old Man don't know everything."

"I s'pose you think this Maxim is smarter than the Old Man."

"Maxim's plenty smart."

Pete Sky came to his defense: "Old Buck is sore at Maxim for not mentioning him in his column. That's what's the matter with him."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes, that's so."

Buck eyed Pete belligerently.

"Well, he hasn't pinned any iron crosses on you, either. I s'pose you think you are the Man of Destiny or something."

"How'd you like to go run around the block?"

Buck stuck his tongue through his lips and made an unpleasant noise with vibrating lips in the general direction of Pete Sky.

Baby Doll pushed back his baked apple and wandered out into the street with the unbuckled legs of his knickers flapping loosely against his ankles. A street car came down Elm Street, clicking over the rail joints, its approach heralded by a humming sound in the iron poles of the curb.

The feeling of self-pity that had engulfed him had gone away. In its place he was conscious of a sensation of apathy, of resignation. It was all right for the Old Man to talk about sour days. It was all right for him to talk about Monday being another day. Maybe the Old Man really believed it. Maybe the Old Man was really getting old. Maybe he wasn't the master mind he was cracked up to be. If the Old Man was the smart coach everybody thought he was, he would see when a fellow was stale, without having to have it pointed out to him in the papers. If Joe Maxim could see what was wrong with him, you would think that an old-timer like the Old Man would have seen it too.

Suddenly the explanation of the Old Man's remark about nit-wit reporters came to him. The Old Man was sore because Maxim knew more about the condition of his men than he did himself. He was griped because Maxim had hit the nail on the head.

A feeling closely approaching disloyalty to the Old Man crept into Baby Doll's mind. "The Old Man better get wise to himself," he thought, "and quit being a sorehead just because somebody knows more about football than he does."

At the corner of Elm Street and College Avenue, Charley Lamb's Soda Grill painted the wet cement with light. Plopping down a nickel and a penny, he picked up a Press and an out-of-town paper and hurried back to his room. The out-of-town paper carried only a press-association flash of the score. This flash, however, when pasted in a scrapbook with the streamer from the top of the page bearing the name of the paper, the city and the date, lent a sort of big-time flavor to the more detailed clippings from the local papers. It gave a scrapbook authority. He tore it out carefully and put it on the desk at his side.

He picked up the Press and read the headlines:

FUMBLE MARS
ROLLICKSBURG SEASON
ELM STREET TEAM BOWS TO RIVAL

Putting the paper down, he went over to the bureau and, lifting a layer of soiled shirts and rumpled socks, reverently picked up a thick book bound with leather laces and fringed with a ragged rim of protruding clipping ends. He opened it at random and let his eyes run over familiar and comforting words. Some of the clippings went back to his preparatory-school days. At intervals on the faded pink paper appeared lines underscored in ink. These lines were to Baby Doll the only lines worth reading in the items. In them, mention was invariably made of the prowess of one George Perrin.

They were a soothing balm for a man "minus his precision in handling punts." He hadn't acquired Baby Doll in those days. He hadn't become Baby Doll until his freshman year, when he had won three dolls in succession playing ski ball at an amusement park. Slowly, reluctantly, he turned the pages until he came to the records of his freshman year at Rollicksburg. He read of the matriculation of "Perrin, a likely looking prospect from Broad Street High."

"I Know You Fellows Think I'm Going to Hand You a Big Sob Talk," He Said

He turned a page reverently and followed this same Perrin, now known to the readers of the sporting pages as Baby Doll, to the fall training camp at Green Lake, where he "showed midseason form" and "definitely cinched a disputed halfback post."

He stared with affectionate pride at a younger counterpart of himself, clad in his first varsity uniform, with his hands locked behind his back to throw his shoulders and chest into their rightful prominence.

He closed the book with a sigh. Sustained and braced by its perusal, he picked up the copy of the Press and read Joe Maxim's running account of the day's game. For a long time he stared at the close-set type. Then, with an almost furtive haste, he ripped the column from the page and put it into the envelope with Joe Maxim's statement about his staleness and lack of precision in handling punts.

Putting the scrapbook back in its shrine of soiled linen, he took off his trailing knickers and the sweater with its big white R carefully turned inside out. Standing in front of his mirror, he clinched his fists and raised his arms. Lumps of muscle like white billiard balls jumped into being just above his bent elbows. He drew his elbows forward and watched admiringly as the muscles of his back spread out fanwise below his shoulders. The gym clock boomed ten times. Slipping the envelope containing the clippings under the blotter on his desk, he turned out the light.

II

ON MONDAY the scouts came back with bundles of notes and diagrams from the State-Carollton game. The Old Man had a blackboard moved into the training-house dining room and bullied and browbeat the team for two solid hours. When it was over, Baby Doll thought he could take out the right State man on the right play with his eyes shut.

While they were in skull practice, Hank O'Day, the frosh coach, had been cramming State plays into the first-year team down on the River Field. The frosh lined up against the varsity, using State plays. The team, with the memory of the last game in the back of their minds, went about their work in grim silence. They broke through the frosh line and spilled the interference before it could get started. They threw the frosh backs for no gain.

The Old Man barked at their heels. Frantic assistant coaches exhorted the frosh:

"Show the big palookas up!"

"Get your weight into it!"

"Get tough!"

"Bust 'em!"

"They're not so hot!"

On Tuesday the Old Man put them up against a team of ineligible alumni and assistant coaches. The going was tougher.

The Old Man's voice was shriller, more rasping: "Hard now! . . . Come on, Perrin! Get in there! You're dead on your feet. . . . What are you doing over there, August? What are you doing to that end?"

August regarded the Old Man in hurt surprise.

"I'm high-backin' him, coach."

"High-backin' him hell! You were doing an ostrich. What's the idea of burying your head in the ground! . . . Not so good, Perrin. Not so good. Snap into it, Perrin. . . . Take 'em out, August! Not in—out! . . ."

Then it was over—all over except for light signal practice on Wednesday. On Thursday and Friday they would engage in dummy scrimmage against the State plays and polish up their own formations. They gave a yell for the scrubs, and the scrubs got together and gave a yell for the varsity. Then somebody called for a yell for the Old Man.

After supper on Friday night, Baby Doll walked over to Charley Lamb's and bought the papers. He read what John Kieran had to say in the Times, and he read Bill Roper's selections. Then he turned to Joe Maxim's column. Joe had given the entire column over to a discussion of the Rollicksburg punt formation; he wrote:

> The Rollicksburg punt formation is admirably conceived, and, when executed right, should gain big yardage for the Elm Street boys. Its success, however, more or less depends on the work of Perrin. With Perrin continuing his present listless and discouraged type of play, it is difficult to see how the play can function successfully. With the elements of deception inherent in any play run from punt formation, it should go over big. The fact that it has flopped in practice this week can safely be laid at the door of Baby Doll Perrin, the big Elm Street back. Perrin is getting off slowly and seems to have no drive. With Perrin exhibiting his old form, this play should win a lot of games for Rollicksburg. Which incidentally is the object of playing them.

For a long time he lay quietly staring at the light over the bureau. The Old Man was counting on his punt formation. He believed in it, and yet Maxim said the only reason it wasn't working was because he was slow on his feet.

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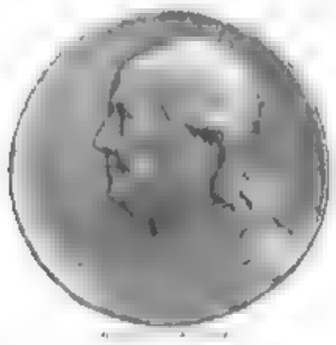
Baby Doll Moved in a Gray Haze. He Went Fiercely Into Plays, Into a Moving Mass of Scurrying Figures

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 30, 1929

Financial Leadership

IT IS one of the saving graces of human conduct that almost invariably a few men show themselves able to assume leadership and responsibility in times of emergency. Whether it be a shipwreck, a financial crisis or a war, there are usually those who almost by common consent seize control of the tangled web of affairs and struggle with it until it is measurably straight again. Perhaps the same men are less directive in their influence when all is peace. But perfection is too much to ask for; mankind is fortunate in that exigencies call forth such serviceable qualities.

Thus it did not surprise those in any way familiar with financial history that a recent extreme juncture in the stock market brought into informal concert a small group of the country's banking leaders for such conference or action as they deemed wise. The same thing has happened many times in the past and will surely occur again.

The sagacity and experience of those in a position to coöperate in this way vary, naturally, but in the long run the major banking institutions are sure to be managed by men with not only the requisite ability to think and behave wisely at such a time but with the desire to maintain the whole financial and business structure on an even keel.

The public interest in stocks has become so widespread in the past few years that reasonable stability in the markets for shares is to be desired more than ever before. It is estimated that nearly thirty million shares were traded in on the stock exchanges of this country and Canada in one day in October of this year. If only fifty thousand people buy a hundred shares of stock in a single day there results therefrom a market of five million shares. A stock-minded public, carried away by extremes of sentiment in respect to the values of stocks, might, regardless of the real underlying conditions of the country, buy or sell in such an excessive way as to threaten the stability of the financial structure. At such a time those in positions of real financial power and responsibility need to keep their hands upon the rudder of more than their own individual institutions, and this is what they actually do.

There are times when speculative enthusiasm reigns supreme. The chief interest then is in how much higher stocks will go today and tomorrow. At such times many well-tested distinctions are derided. Speculators, manipulators, organizers, promoters—at such times all these may go by the generic term of banker. Many names are heard of those who have grown rich beyond the most fantastic imaginings. Even the fortunes of Rockefeller and Ford are almost forgotten. New figures loom before the public gaze. The idea spreads that financial and industrial control alike have passed to a new group of men whose mental stuff seems to consist entirely of higher quotations for a few selected stocks. They are given a collective name and to them are ascribed endless power and influence.

Indeed, when stock markets are in a careless, roaring, boisterous mood, there is a tendency to ridicule the mere banker. He is looked upon as altogether too conservative, and too narrowly concerned with trifling matters like credit, money rates and bank reserves. But when the stock markets topple of their own weight, and excessive speculation pays its inevitable penalty, the real banker automatically seizes the helm.

The other fry—the manipulators, operators and promoters slink into their tents and keep as quiet as they can. It is left for the antiquated bankers to steer the ship of finance along the smooth course which fundamental conditions warrant, but which has been temporarily threatened. Newly invented theories of finance and economics are suddenly forgotten, and, as if by common consent, the bankers are expected to apply the old, conservative ideas of soundness.

This is not written in praise of banks or bankers. These men have their limitations of vision. But when worthy the name they exert a conserving, safeguarding function which the community sorely needs at regular intervals. The leaders of our banking system, whether in the Wall Street financial center or elsewhere, have not been able in the past or, perhaps, were not wise or disinterested enough invariably to prevent public excess in stocks or in commodities. But there have always been courageous and truly public-spirited leaders to seize the reins when a real occasion arose.

College Athletics

THE exhaustive study of the abuses of college athletics by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is to be welcomed not because of every detail which it contains but on account of some wholesome truths which are fearlessly set forth. After several years of study, the investigators have told in minute detail of the spread of what might be called commercialism in college sports. Some institutions are scored more than others, and naturally, where praise and blame are apportioned, there is sure to be much dissatisfaction and endless exception taken.

But as to the larger aspects covered, there must be general agreement on the part of all those who have the interests of true education at heart. In the first place, there can be little question that wholesome sport for the whole body of students has been relegated to a second place in comparison with the great arena contests attended by vast numbers of outside spectators. The Carnegie report says that the field of college athletics "is sodden with the commercial and the material and the vested interests that these forces have created." Many will disagree with this statement and will insist that intercollegiate football and baseball contests held in vast amphitheaters and attended, as at the Roman arena, by the whole world of fashion and wealth, are thrilling spectacles for the sport-loving public.

True, but there is no more reason why the colleges should supply these holiday contests for the public's benefit than that the Government or chambers of commerce or boards of trade should provide them.

We do not say that thrilling autumn football struggles, attended by scores of thousands of sport lovers, are anything but wholesome. That is not the question at issue. Such superb battles have their place. But it is no more the true purpose of colleges and universities to put up these exhibitions than it is their duty to furnish the whole public with golf courses and motion-picture shows.

There is one sad feature of the overemphasis upon college athletics. The college man is so engrossed in the excitement that goes with such activity that too often he looks back in later years to these sports rather than forward to increasing usefulness and happiness. It is a strange paradox that the four years of preparation should provide more thrills than the far longer period which follows.

High Hospital Charges

FROM Chicago comes news of an interesting attempt to cut the mounting costs of sickness by the construction of a chain of five local hospitals which shall enjoy the benefits of centralized control, a single purchasing agency and other economies which sometimes flow from large-scale operation. The sponsors of the project hope that by good management and the application of modern business methods they can effect savings as great as one-third.

The high cost of sickness to the financial middle class is a pressing economic problem. Complaints are everywhere heard of the excessive charges imposed for the institutional care of the sick, even though the service rendered is often provided at a loss. What really interests the family man in modest circumstances is not the fairness of the bills presented to him but the means at his disposal for meeting them. He knows they are much higher than they used to be, but he rarely takes into account the fact that his patient is getting much more for his money than all the world's wealth could have purchased a generation or even half a generation ago.

Constant recourse to laboratory tests of every description makes for speed and correctness of diagnosis. New serums and vaccines and other products of the laboratory lessen mortality and hasten recovery. The improved technic of the X ray, both in diagnosis and in treatment, has in itself brought about a beneficent revolution in the practice of medicine and surgery. The resources of surgery have been amazingly enlarged. Operative procedures which not long ago were undertaken with misgivings, and only as a last resort, have become routine and commonplace. On the whole, the increase of hospital efficiency has far outrun the increase of charges. In chances for life and eventual cure the patient gets more for his dollar than ever before, even though it takes more dollars to see him through.

The poorest free patient today has at his disposal a costly laboratory service that the richest did not command a few years ago. Branches of that service must be kept in operation twenty-four hours a day. Diagnosis and treatment by X ray involve the unstinted use of costly apparatus and materials. Some of the serums and vaccines employed in diseases as common as pneumonia are manufactured by processes so intricate that a single dose may cost the hospital twenty-five or thirty dollars. Penniless patients often have the most expensive diseases.

Someone must pay. The butcher and the coal man, nurses and orderlies and the purveyors of a thousand supplies want their money and will not be put off. Trustees and well-to-do friends of the hospital may be prepared to meet definite budgeted deficits out of their own pockets, but there is a point beyond which they cannot go; nor is there any good reason why they should, when nine-tenths of their neighbors, including those who draw most heavily upon hospital resources, show little or no interest in the financial welfare of their institution.

The typical unendowed American hospital stands upon a financial underpinning that is anything but firm. It must struggle along from hand to mouth, depending upon uncertain, and often politically controlled, municipal or state aid, the donations of welfare organizations and the contributions of friends. There are notable exceptions, but most hospitals of this type lack the united community support to which they have a right. What makes their situation worse is the fact that their very nature forbids them to turn away patients whom they can admit only at a loss.

Many proposals have been made for bettering conditions by enlisting general support through local taxation, by projects for widespread health insurance and by invoking the good offices of leading organizations of merchants and public-spirited business men. All have met with some measure of success, but none seems to offer a universal solution of the problem.

Until some such general solution is arrived at, each community will have to work out its own situation in its own way.

PESTS

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THERE is a widespread belief in many sections of Europe that America and Americans are peculiarly lacking in mentality and good taste. One of the most popular European theories is the theory that bragging—especially bragging concerning the size of public buildings—is a failing that originated and came to full fruition in America. This theory, like all European theories concerning America, is open to question. In fact, there is a record in imperishable brass on the marble floor of St. Peter's, in Rome, that shows the inferior dimensions of all the other great cathedrals of Europe.

Another popular European theory is the theory that America is without a peer at wrecking the beauties of Nature with monstrosities of various sorts, and that Europe is exclusively inhabited by people who are passionately addicted to art, fine music and beautiful scenery—particularly to fine scenery. This theory is also tainted in spots.

America suffers from a handicap that has not yet cursed Europe to any noticeable degree. This is the handicap of prosperity. Because of her prosperity, her thousands of miles of fine roads are covered with swarms of automobiles. Her millions of citizens are better schooled than the citizens of any other country; they are able to read newspapers and magazines whose equals are practically unknown in any European nation; and they are able to earn wages of such proportions as to keep half of Europe in a constant perspiration of envy. Because of this, the American public is a wealthy public whose attention is eagerly sought by persons desirous of exchanging goods for wealth. Some of these persons have plastered the landscape with billboards extolling their products; they have painted them on barns, nailed them to trees, tacked them on fences, until great sections of the countryside seem sore and scrofulous with this eruption of signs—a modern king's evil that cries aloud for a great healer who will give back beauty to the face of Nature.

All of this, however, is not due to any particular crudity or lack of taste on the part of the American people. Given an equal amount of prosperity, the musical Czecho-Slovaks, the artistic Hungarians, the intellectual French, the beauty-loving Italians would also offend against their respective nations' sense of sight, smell and hearing.

Any lower-class Slovak infinitely prefers a modern chromo depicting the Flight Into Egypt in seven badly lithographed colors to the most delicate two-hundred-year-old native glass painting of St. Ursula. No run-of-the-mine Hungarian exists whose æsthetic sense doesn't prefer a twelve-dollar suit of purple American clothes and a pale green fedora to the artistic Hungarian costume of embroidered jacket and fringed white pants. The lower-class French, given free rein, build themselves architectural monstrosities resembling a *mésalliance* between a jig-saw puzzle and an old horse car. There are few billboards in most of these countries because the natives have no money or leisure for travel; there are no hot-dog stands speckled with advertisements because there are few willing to disgorge the price of hot dogs; there are no messy filling stations because there aren't enough automobiles on the road to support more than one filling station to the township.

Progress, as it is often laughingly called, has made greater strides in Merry England than on the Continent, despite the aversion to adequate heating systems and tiled bathrooms that exists in that tight little isle. As is well known in all American circles that have access to the works of British authors, the sturdy British yeomanry has a fine eye for solidity and simplicity in architectural details as well as in the construction of boiled mutton, suet pudding and other British culinary dainties. They build to last and to preserve the fine flavor of the British landscape, if one can believe the British novelists. Unfortunately, one cannot believe the British novelists in this matter, any more than one can believe them when they describe heroes as being attired in well-worn—but well-cut—tweed suits. Practically no tweed suits are well cut in England, as can be told by looking at the rotogravure pictures of the Earl of Droop and his guests picking their way through a gloomy Scotch moor after killing 3962 braces of pheasants. All of them are garbed in tweed suits that look as if they had been used for the packing of Aroostook County potatoes since the passage of the first prohibition law in 1852. Yet most of these suits, it is safe to say, were constructed no later than August 10, 1928, by prominent tailors.

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Another European Theory is That America is Without a Peer at Wrecking the Beauties of Nature

THE SHYSTER

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

His Laugh Suggested an Animal Choking. I Faced Them Resolutely and Tried Again. But it Was No Use. The Crowd Had Been Stacked, a Trick as Old as Politics, But I Had Not Expected it Here

IV

THE tragic death of Boots had me thoroughly frightened, but there was nothing to be gained by trying to run away. What I had done I had done. "Forward, march!" was not only my motto but the essence of my character. Having brought about the acquittal of old Jeff Somersett, I might as well have my fee. Moreover, I knew that if ever I was going to collect it I would have to act promptly.

I rode out to the ranch one evening about five days after his return, taking the necessary papers, witnesses and notary public with me, and jammed the deal through without giving him a chance to argue. The ranch and a half interest in the cattle became mine. Bob Sparks was one of my witnesses, and Slim the other. They brought a notary from the county seat and all three promised secrecy. I decided not to file the documents for record until some later date.

About once a week I would ride out to the ranch to see how the old man was taking care of it. Each time he greeted me sullenly, and as we rode over the property he muttered continuously. I sent him a hired hand because he was not doing the work well. This man reported to me that the muttering never stopped, not even when Somersett slept. Anyone could see that he was losing his mind. What troubled me most about this development, however, was the subject of his muttering, which was the loss of his property, not the murder he had committed. I feared that he might spread talk far and wide, but he didn't.

Anxious weeks rolled into months and still the only person besides myself who seemed to know what he said when he muttered was my hired man, although many persons commented that he was steadily growing more melancholy and eccentric.

I had hoped that his dissolution might go on for a year or more but it ran its course in six months. One morning the hired man telephoned that old Jeff had hanged himself to one of the girders supporting the big water tank. I rode out with the coroner and other officials, fearful this time that he might have left some damaging note, but there was none. He had merely scribbled on the back of an envelope, "Blame no one for my death," and pinned it to his shirt. No will was found and no one had ever heard of his making one, but he had a few distant relatives and it was therefore necessary for me to file my deed to the land and my contract for a half interest in the cattle at once. Again I waited for the storm to break around me, but it didn't. Instead, people seemed to be glad that his acquittal had cost him so heavily. That experience was a lesson to me; I never again bothered about disclosure of the size of my fee in a criminal case. The psychology of the American public on this point now seems to me quite simple. We have a tremendous emotional objection to finding any defendant guilty and subjecting him to the pains and penalties provided by law. Our method of escape from this unpleasant duty is to throw our misbehaving neighbors to the lawyers very much as barbarians threw certain offenders to beasts of prey. I quickly saw that people were pleased to learn that I had ruined Old Man Somersett; also they were naïve enough to believe that remorse had stung him to death. As a matter of fact he had never for a moment doubted his right to kill Simms. I counted myself lucky to have come through this jungle with prestige unimpaired. . . . Well, not entirely unimpaired. Judge Prender now began to look at me with a sharper eye. However, being himself without guile, I knew that he would evade harsh judgment of me as long as possible. Moreover, I had realized from the beginning that we must eventually cease to be friends. About all I had ever wanted from him I now had—a start. With Slim and Bob Sparks and their clique in the courthouse, I needed nothing more from Prender. My speeches for Sparks had introduced a new note in our politics, a note of fierce hostility. I had denounced his opponents as rascals. From now on campaigns would be hair-pulling, mud-slinging, gouging matches. And since I knew that game better than anyone in the district, my clique would have to depend upon me in future campaigns and meanwhile obey orders. In short, I was established.

With the ranch in my possession there was no longer any need for me to barter like a peddler for fees of less than a hundred dollars; and I gave my services or advice right and left, knowing that these people would never forget a kindness given in time of trouble. I was looking forward to their votes not only as citizens but as jurors. The lawyer who goes after money "blood-raw," to use one of Slim's expressions, must hasten to acquire the reputation of a Robin Hood. If he strips the rich it must be solely because of his delight in giving to the poor.

Politics and the Somersett affair had kept me so busy that I did not press for a prompt trial of Ike Singleton's case as I had originally intended to do. Consequently Ike and his cowboy nurse, Buck, remained at my cottage for months, but they were not expensive and they furnished never-ending entertainment. All day long and half the night they played poker; neither had any money but they kept books. However, when Buck finally became five hundred dollars winner, they agreed that that was too much, wiped the slate and began anew. At intervals they still practiced sticking pins into Ike's legs and burning him with matches. While administering these mild tortures Buck would indulge in theatrical gestures and bows to an imaginary audience, concluding each performance with his triumphant announcement:

"Paralyzed from the hips down, ladies and gentlemen. The greatest cowboy in captivity. What are you going to do about it?"

Then Ike would rise from his cot, bow, and make his speech: "If anybody wants some legs for any botanical reason," he would announce, "let him take these here props of mine. I'm through with 'em. Farewell and adios, ladies and gentlemen."

With the melodramatic manner of a tent-show actor, Ike would then flop backward onto his cot, holding his legs out stiffly as though that proved they were paralyzed. He and Buck enjoyed these exhibitions so much that I had to warn them sternly not to stage one for the doctors. Neither of the boys had ever been in a courthouse; their histrionic efforts showed the influence of the circus sideshow. I judged that they looked forward to offering their act for the entertainment of the jurors. Both of them, however, were so full of clownish fun that there was no use making serious inquiry.

The railroad company's doctor had examined Ike twice and gone away much amused at his long-faced protestation

(Continued on Page 24)

A delightful variety in soups . . .

Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

12 cents a can

YOUR CHOICE

of any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus
Delicious puree of young asparagus shoots. Richer still served as Cream of Asparagus.

Bean
The old home favorite made even more tempting by Campbell's.

Beef
Solid pieces of tender meat blended with vegetables in a hearty soup.

Bouillon
Clarified beef broth, flavored with vegetables; valuable for invalids also.

Celery
All the tonic goodness of snow-white celery; also makes wonderful Cream of Celery; see the label.

Chicken
A rich chicken broth with rice, celery and diced chicken.

Chicken-Gumbo
Louisiana Creole dish. Tempting chicken soup with okra.

Clam Chowder
All the zest and tang of the sea; a real treat for your appetite.

Consommé
The formal soup. Amber-clear beef broth, with delicate vegetable flavoring. A triumph in blending.

Julienne
Shredded vegetables and whole peas in a clear beef broth—famous as a Banquet Soup.

Mock Turtle
Difficult to make at home, yet a favorite wherever known. Substantial meat broth and vegetable puree deliciously flavored with sherry.

Mulligatawny
Chicken soup, Oriental style, with curry and East India chutney.

Mutton
For children and invalids; broth of mutton with vegetables.

Ox Tail
Thick, rich broth of selected ox tails and beef blended with vegetables and garnished with ox tail joints; hearty.

Pea
Rich in wholesome vegetable nutriment. Sweet nutritious peas, fresh creamery butter, dainty seasoning. Easily prepared as Cream of Pea!

Pepper Pot
What a Soup for hungry men! Real Philadelphia Pepper Pot. Tempting macaroni dumplings, potatoes, high seasonings and meat, according to an old Colonial recipe.

Printanier
Clear chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice—a rare delicacy.

Tomato
The most popular soup in the world. Pure, tonic juices of sun-sweetened tomatoes, blended with creamery butter, fresh herbs and skillful seasoning. Extra delicious prepared as a Cream of Tomato.

Tomato-Okra
Southern Gumbo style. Tomato Soup with fresh sliced okra.

Vegetable
The favorite hearty soup. "A meal in itself." Its fifteen different vegetables, invigorating broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs make it a luncheon or supper.

Vegetable-Beef
Also extremely popular; another thick, hearty vegetable soup, with tempting pieces of meat.

Vermicelli-Tomato
A sparkling tomato puree deliciously flavored with cheese and bacon. Vermicelli garnish completes the distinctive touch of Italian cookery.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

(Continued from Page 22)

that he could "just barely crawl around sometimes and other times couldn't get up at all." No doubt the doctor had met malingerers before.

Doctor Frisbie, however, was honestly puzzled. Knowing Ike and Buck as honest boys, he credited their report that Ike's legs seemed to grow weaker and weaker. It troubled him that he could find no explanation of this phenomenon. Ike's foot injury really was healing badly, with much stiffness due to lack of massage. Foot injuries are likely to do that.

"No Use," I Snapped. "Unless You Start With Five Thousand I Wouldn't Waste Time Talking"

Regardless of the outcome, I decided to make a gaudy exhibition of the trial for its advertising value. I telephoned Lockbridge, the claim agent, and curtly asked him what he would offer for a settlement out of court. He offered five hundred dollars and suggested that I come to see him.

"No use," I snapped. "Unless you start with five thousand I wouldn't waste time talking." He guffawed, and I hung up the receiver.

On the following Monday morning four cowboys carried Ike into the court room on his cot, and I announced the case ready for trial. First, however, I asked the court's permission to amend my petition. I had asked for $25,000 damages originally, and now I changed the amount to $50,000. Counsel for the railroad company, and Lockbridge, the claim agent, grinned, winked at each other, and offered no objection. The trial was on. . . .

Beginning with the wreck of the cattle train, I proved the company's negligence. Next I proved Ike's admission to the company's hospital, his discharge and my meeting him as he rode through the town with his bandaged foot dangling. Half a dozen witnesses testified about his falling off his horse into my arms. I testified that I had taken him to my home instead of back to the hospital because I believed the hospital had discharged him prematurely for ulterior motives and would do the same thing again. Then came the real issue, the extent of his injuries, and Doctor Frisbie took the stand. He was an honest man and not afraid to admit uncertainty. Ike seemed to be unable to walk, but he had not discovered positive injury to the spine. The bruise on his back had been terrible; spinal injury most assuredly would have been possible, only he hadn't yet found it. Sometimes one didn't; impossible to be absolutely certain. The injured foot remained stiff and numb. No one could tell what might eventually result. Ike said it was getting worse. In fact, Ike felt sure that he was becoming paralyzed. He would require treatment for a year at the very least. I had hoped that Doctor Frisbie would lean farther, but his testimony made a very good impression.

The company doctor had no doubts on the subject whatever. Ike was a plain fraud. If he had used his foot weeks ago it would be well now. Anyway, he should have remained in the hospital, where it could have been massaged. If it was still stiff and numb, that was not the company's fault. As for spinal injury—nonsense. And as for doubt on the subject—still greater nonsense. He snorted, adjusted his spectacles, flipped his handkerchief, and turned belligerently toward me for cross-examination. I dismissed him with a gesture of contempt, being eager to address the jury. For one hour I spoke in praise of cowboys; their unsung heroism, their unappreciated skill, their low wages, their unbandaged hurts. If a lawyer cut his finger he wanted eight doctors or nurses, but if a cowboy broke his shoulder in a stampede he was supposed to laugh at the pain. While the speech touched no issue of the trial, it made a tremendous impression and that was all I had planned. Counsel for the company answered by contrasting the wobbling uncertainty of Doctor Frisbie's testimony with the dogmatic and oracular pronouncements of their doctor. I had fifteen minutes to close, but I used only five.

"I'm not a doctor," I said, "and I cannot analyze the conflicting opinions of two learned men of science. But if a man told me that his legs were becoming numb and paralyzed, and if it were important for me to know the truth, I think I'd put his statement to the test. We are here to find out the truth. I believe my client's statements or I wouldn't be representing him in this court room. I'm going to put him to the sternest test I can think of. We'll see for ourselves, just as plain men, whether Ike or the company doctor knows most about his condition." I took out my pocket knife and ripped open both legs of Ike's trousers. "Now, you face the jury," I ordered. "Don't look at me." Ike did as directed. I exhibited a pin and then jabbed it a quarter of an inch into the calf of his right leg; next into the thigh of his left leg; then into the calf of his left leg.

"Stop that!" a juror cried, unable to stand any more.

"No!" I protested. "We're going to have the truth." I lighted a match and pressed the glowing charcoal against his right thigh. Ike never winced. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of Buck among the spectators nodding vigorous approval of the act he had originated and so patiently directed.

"That's all I can do, gentlemen," I said. "Now I leave the case in your hands."

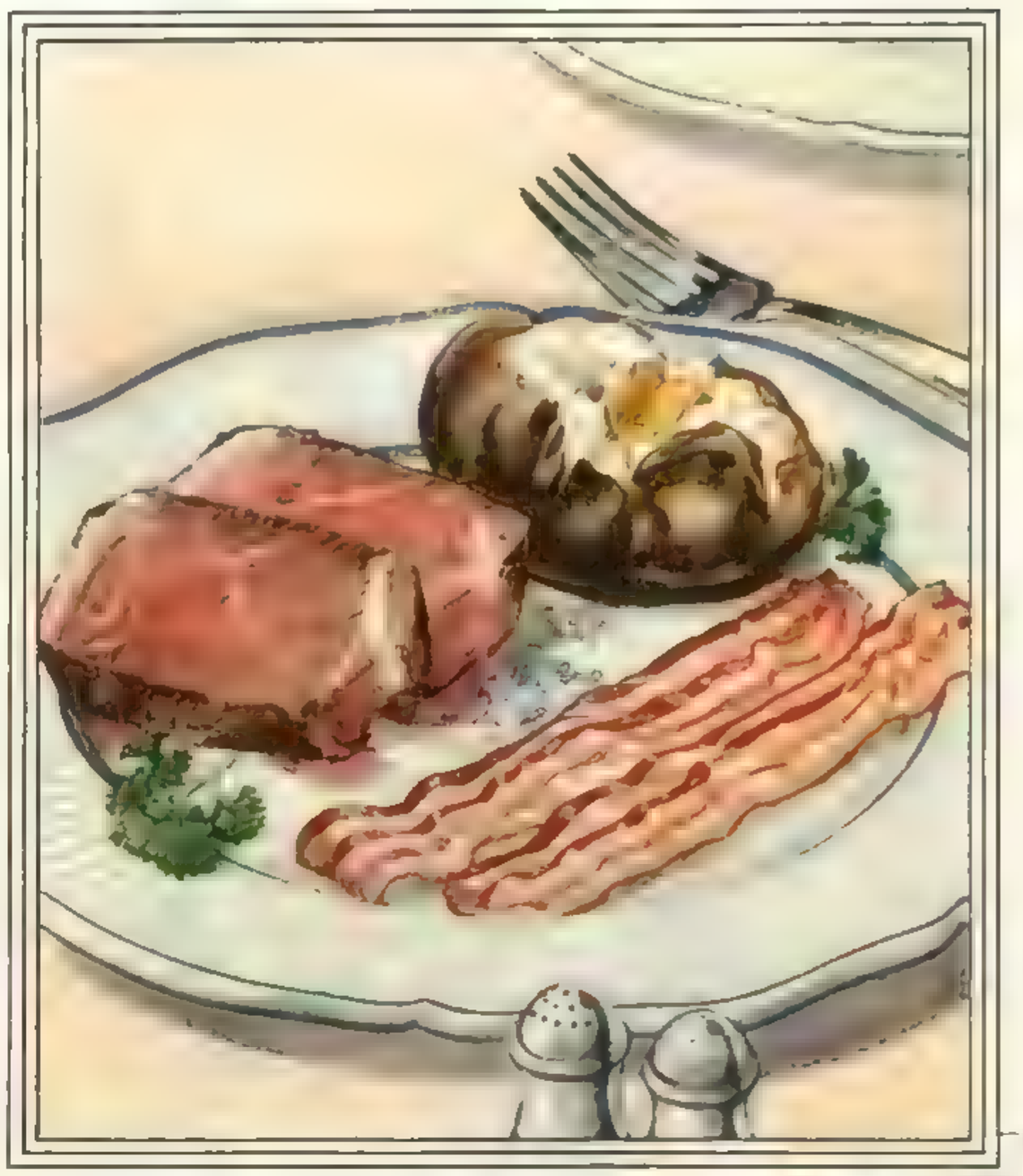
This procedure was ridiculously irregular; no verdict for damages could now be upheld by the court of appeals because the demonstration I had just given came under the head of testimony, not oratory, and should have been offered in its proper place, but I had no desire to risk it in its proper place. All that counsel for the railroad company need do now was make formal objection to what I had done and wait for the verdict to be overruled. I had taken it for granted that they would have sense enough to do that, but they had been thrown into a panic when they saw the jurors standing up and astounded by the sensational exhibition. The moment I jabbed the first pin into Ike's leg the lawyers were on their feet hysterically sending deputy sheriffs scurrying in all directions to find their doctor and bring him back. He arrived breathless while I was scorching Ike's leathery hide with the burnt match. Pop-eyed with excitement, the lawyers whispered to him a full report of what had just happened. I could see that he was unshaken and still amused.

"Give me that pin," he said, addressing me, "and I'll show you whether that young scalawag is paralyzed or not." This was

(Continued on Page 32)

I Strode Into the Midst of the Listening Group and, Facing Judge Prender, Said: "I'll Accept That Challenge. Everybody Here Knows You're Talking About Me"

MEAT *takes its real place in the diet*



Authorities tell us that

meat is essential and healthful

Physicians tell us that the enjoyment of meat stimulates the appetite for other healthful foods served with it

WE have learned how *flavor* and *wholesomeness* go together. The aim should be a *balanced* diet composed of appetizing foods.

Our appreciation of meat increases with our knowledge of how meat food products affect our weight, our digestions, our energy and well being.

Dr. Logan Clendening of the University of Kansas, after summing up the nutritive values of meat, came to this conclusion:

In a reducing diet, meat helps to preserve the bodily vigor, without dangerous lowering of resistance.

"Man's digestive machinery is splendidly adapted for converting meat into all the necessary food elements." Meat is rich in proteins, essential as builders of muscle and other tissues.

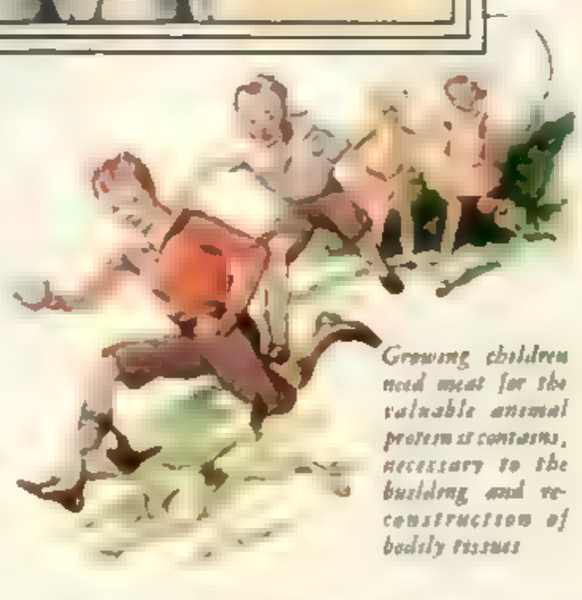
Scientists are recommending lean meat as the basis of reducing diets. The non-fattening protein in meat prevents dangerous lowering of resistance which often follows ordinary reducing diets.

Vitamins in some form are found in all meats. Livers, kidneys and hearts are particularly rich in vitamins. The curative value of liver in anemia is one of the recent and significant discoveries of medical science.

Finally, physicians tell us that the enjoyment of meat stimulates the appetite for other foods, and promotes digestion. Dr. Clarence W. Lieb says in this connection, "..Medical science has discovered nothing which should cause great majorities to deprive themselves of any part of the meat diet which they now enjoy."

The meat and other foods sold by Swift & Company are prepared and marketed by modern, scientific and sanitary methods. Their healthfulness and wholesomeness are safeguarded by the most rigid care.

Among the products thus brought to you are tender Swift's Premium Beef and Lamb,



Growing children need meat for the valuable animal protein it contains, necessary to the building and reconstruction of bodily tissues

Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon of distinctive flavor. Swift's Premium Poultry, Creamery fresh Brookfield Butter, Brookfield Selected Eggs and Brookfield Cheese. In all of them you will find appetizing goodness combined with high nutritive value.

Swift & Company

SWIFT & COMPANY

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A GIRL OF THE NINETIES

IV

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

IT WAS not until we had been firmly established in New York for more than a year that the Spanish-American side of my family began to make itself manifest. I think mamma fought a little shy of the connection at first, because it hurt her to see my handsome Spanish grandfather, Señor Don Louis, in his fallen state. He was a superb looking old gentleman, tall and very florid, with a mass of snow-white hair, long, snowy mustaches which curled up at the ends in a fierce military style, and coldly piercing blue eyes. We were all dreadfully afraid of his militant manner, in spite of the fact that he could occasionally unbend and, under the influence of a glass or two of good wine, play upon the guitar enchantingly and sing in Spanish little songs of his own composition.

When I was about twelve he came to New York to stay, bringing with him from Cuba a young wife and three little children, all younger than myself, but who, to my dismay, were nevertheless my uncles and aunts. The new countess had to set up very humble quarters in a small uptown flat.

Don Louis seemed like the calm portrait of some remote aristocratic ancestor. He might have been a painting hung on the wall of a degenerate generation, looking down with a detached, half-scornful smile on the insignificant squabbles of his descendants. And indeed he was in truth of a completely different generation, this being his third marriage. His first wife had presented him with two sons and a daughter; my mother, third daughter of the second wife, was one of thirteen children. And now the third wife had given the old gentleman three, making a total of nineteen children, most of whom were living. I rather dreaded my visits to that Harlem flat, and some of mamma's feeling about their poverty communicated itself to me, so that I never mentioned Don Louis to anyone. But in secret I sometimes brooded over his glorious past, when mamma, as a child, rode about his vast sugar and tobacco plantations on an unsaddled mule; a wild little girl who had apparently suffered none of the restrictions which were constantly put upon me.

I Owned Several Books, and It Was My Legal and Moral Right to Sell Them if I Saw Fit

Don Louis had been educated at Fordham College and spoke beautiful English; though with a strong Spanish intonation. Occasionally friends from the island sent their sons to the same university, under Don Louis' care, for Fordham, I learned, was considered by many Porto Ricans as the only chic and proper university available nearer than Spain. Some of the distant cousins who came to New York in this way seemed to me very funny, with their customs and foreign clothes. And one of them, when I was older, proffered me a very pretty Spanish courtship right in the heart of New York, even going so far as to serenade me under the window of our Fifty-fourth Street apartment until forced to move on in a bewildered fashion by an irate and unsympathetic New York cop.

But it was not from my uncommunicative Grandfather Sanchez that I learned of mamma's colorful younger life on the old plantation near Ponce. Don Louis had a sister, Madame Sauvage, who was more talkative, and she never tired of telling me as much of her past as I cared to listen to. This Great-Aunt Evangelina, from whom I got my third baptismal name, was rich, and it was to her that I owed many a treat.

This aunt lived in a grand old brownstone house which had been built in the days when servants were cheap and plentiful. It was five stories in height, with back-breaking stairs, a basement kitchen as dark as midnight, and servants' bedrooms in the attic. The vast rooms between must have been an endless bother to keep up. Aunty lived there alone in her stuffy grandeur, except for a succession of paid companions; usually young Spanish girls. She had had three husbands; the first a remote French ambassador to America who educated her in the ways of the world; the second, a brilliant Spanish merchant who had left her a large fortune; and the third, an American of conservative habits, who had increased this fortune by careful investments and then died. Although aunty was so afraid of horses that she could not endure to enter a horse-drawn vehicle, she for twenty years maintained a private brougham with two smartly liveried men on the box and drawn by a beautiful pair of dappled grays. Regularly every afternoon at three o'clock this carriage and pair would present itself at her door and aunty would descend. Then, leaning upon the arm of her companion, she would walk slowly up or down Fifth Avenue while the carriage followed her at a snail's pace.

I practically never knew her to get into the brougham, and the horses grew enormously fat from lack of exercise, since the conveyance was never offered to any of us for use, and one of her maids was frequently sent to look in at the stables lest the coachman take the poor animals out without authority.

This strange household, where the mistress sat from eleven in the morning onwards in her darkened drawing-room, receiving a constantly changing stream of guests as odd and often as exotic as herself, was a great source of interest and excitement to me all my young life. Aunty gave occasional parties where I met practically all the Spanish colony in New York, and these meetings led to invitations from other Spanish families. Over in the West Twenties, beyond Ninth Avenue, there were many beautiful homes where Spanish was the universal language, and I believe that to this day such a colony still exists there. But my great-aunt's guests were not always drawn from this source. She had a highly developed appreciation of everything that was decorative, and her house was full of bright, inconsequential people, light music, flowers, and an intriguing atmosphere of foreign naughtiness. Aunty Sauvage was the gayest person I have ever known, being forever ready to laugh at a joke on herself or to plan practical jokes on others. Going to her house was like a visit to some half-mad corner of Spain, and I went there whenever opportunity offered, not in any hope of achieving favoritism or of possible future gain but because the old brownstone house on Fifth Avenue was as complete an escape and diversion as the theater or an absorbing book. I always looked forward to the hours when I performed my

(Continued on Page 29)

"Now we'll go home . . . maybe!"

At midnight you and your wife say good-night, and go out to the car. While you've been inside playing bridge, your engine has been standing for hours in the cold night.

"Now we'll go home!" you say. You step on the starter.

"Maybe!" the engine answers, as the starter slowly grinds the crankshaft.

* * *

The new Mobiloil Arctic, which is recommended for most cars in winter, will retain absolute fluidity in the coldest weather, and give complete lubrication at *all* operating temperatures.

Find your car in the chart at the right. Then drain and refill with the correct grade of the new Mobiloil for your engine, *for this time of the year*, as shown in red.

Remember that the first few moments of cold starting and running with a heavy oil may easily bring more destructive wear than miles of ordinary driving.

The new Mobiloil is the result of years of searching study and experiment with every make and model of engine. Mobiloil engineers were the first to advocate a special oil for winter use. They have studied the engine in your car in the Mobiloil cold-weather laboratory and under actual winter driving conditions. Now, from this knowledge and experience, they tell you with assurance that the new Mobiloil for winter use will keep the first-year feel in your engine, lubricate efficiently and *last longer*.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Cadillac			A	Arc		A		
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet			A	Arc				
Chrysler, 6-cyl.			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		A		A
" and Imperial	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc				
8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
" Model T					E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Ar
" other models							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar
Nash, Adv & Sp 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Re	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

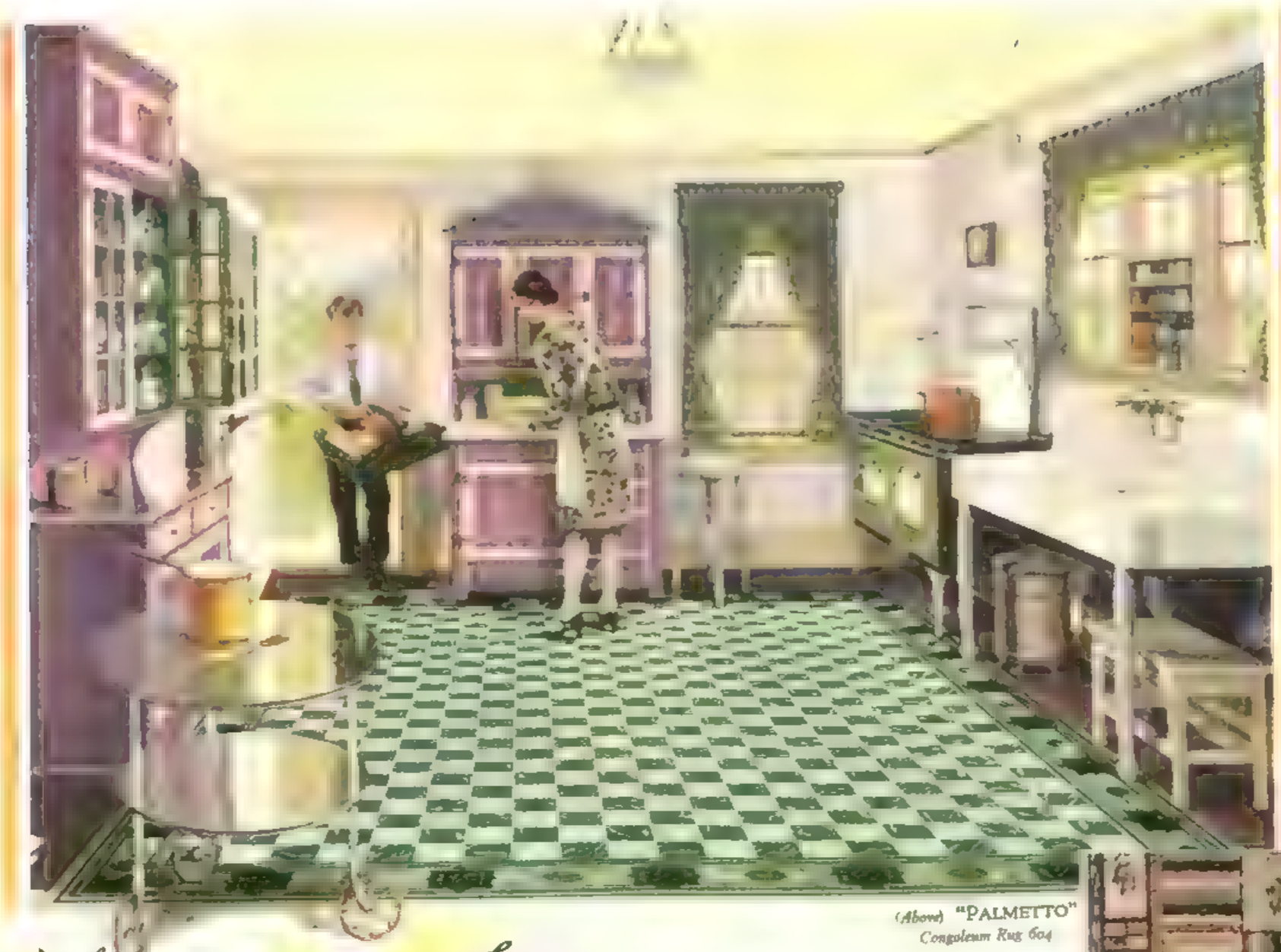
Change to the New Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant Now

You can further fortify your engine against the wear and strain of the cold winter months ahead by having your transmission and differential drained and refilled with the new Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant. Many transmission and gear lubricants separate out in cold weather. Others tend to harden. The new Mobiloil "CW" maintains its original composition and clings tenaciously to each gear tooth. This lightens the engine load and makes gear shifting easy in even the coldest weather.

the New

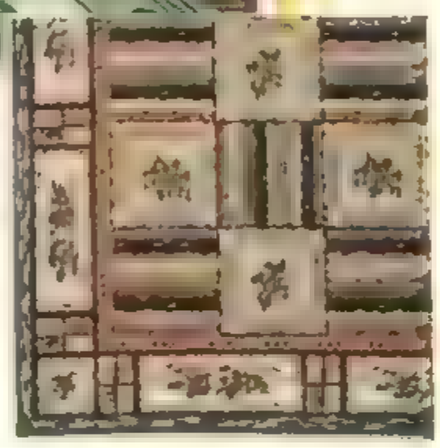
GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

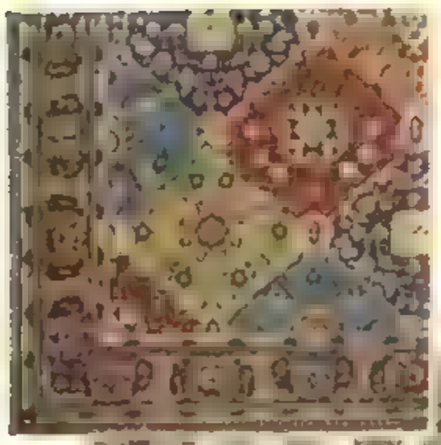


(Above) "PALMETTO"
Congoleum Rug 604

"Say, Mrs. Stewart, I'll bet this is the prettiest kitchen in town"



"CONCORD" . . . .
as lovely as the quaint hooked rugs of Colonial days, but ever so much more practical! It is Rug No. 605—an exclusive Congoleum pattern.



"PERSAN"
Congoleum
Rug 612

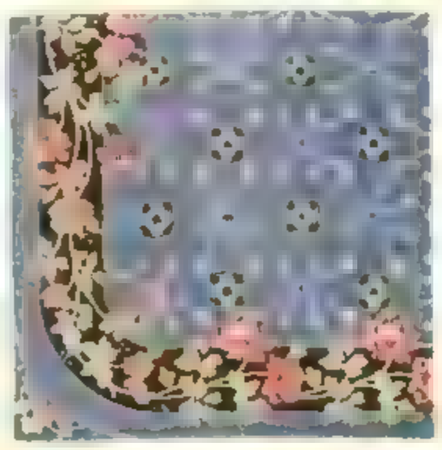
(Below)
"WINDSOR"
Congoleum
Rug 602

NO wonder Frank the grocery boy—a connoisseur of kitchens—is enthusiastic. All Mrs. Stewart's friends are complimenting her on her "different" kitchen. At first, *green and lavender* seemed like a daring color scheme. Yet how well it worked out in the end. For the lovely *Palmetto* design, a *genuine* Congoleum Rug, solved the biggest problem of all—the floor. It seemed almost designed "to order."

And so it goes. For every room, there are delightful Congoleum patterns that will help you get just the decorative effect you want. Each is the creation of a world famous artist. Such a variety of stunning designs—Oriental, French, Colonial, modernistic—you'll find it hard to like one better than another.

But distinctive beauty and style are only part of the pleasure of owning *genuine* Congoleum Rugs. These modern floor-coverings are absolutely waterproof—which means that they can easily be mopped clean in a minute or two. Another advantage, they are flat lying—never need fastening of any kind. And the marvelous *Multicote Process* of manufacture builds in that *extra durability* which is found only in *genuine* Congoleum Rugs.

"DU BARRY" . . . .
a true masterpiece of artistic rug design—reflecting the rare talent of Congoleum artists. This charming pattern (Rug No. 326) is made only in genuine Congoleum



CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Minneapolis Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Detroit Atlanta Rio de Janeiro *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

CONGOLEUM RUGS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Gold Seal identifies the one and only genuine Congoleum Rug!

The Congoleum Gold Seal Guarantee is a true friend of the American housewife. It says "Here is the greatest beauty and style—the biggest all round value in labor-saving floor coverings—*the one and only genuine Congoleum Rug*"

For your own protection, insist that the Gold Seal appear right on the face of the rugs you buy

(Continued from Page 26)

share of the duty of "sitting with aunty." Sometimes, though rarely, we were left alone, and it was then that she would tell me the thrilling reminiscences of her girlhood home: Of the grandmother who was buried alive and came back from the top shelf of her tomb to live ten years more; of Voodoo worship up in the hills; and of fabulous feasts at the plantation house, where she was the belle and invariably the heroine of some love adventure. I could never get enough of these stories, and to boot, she allowed me to play with her jewel box and handle her magnificent trinkets as she talked.

She died when I was about fifteen, passing away quietly and without pain or any preliminary illness at the age of eighty-one. On her last evening she had been entertaining a crowd of young people, and had retired after midnight, apparently in perfect health. When the maid brought in the morning chocolate at nine, she was dead. At eleven o'clock she was lying in state, with huge candelabra at her head and feet, when up the stairs, two steps at a time, came some young Italians, their mandolins in hand, a song on their lips, and as was their habit, burst unceremoniously into her room, eager to share a newly discovered melody with her.

"How shocking!" said my father.

But mamma shook her head with a little smile. "No," she replied, "the old lady would like it if she knew."

After the death of my grandfather, Don Louis, which occurred about two years later, our connection with the Spanish side of the family ceased altogether. We still occasionally saw the numerous uncles, my mother's brothers, as they drifted in and out of New York. But gradually we lost sight of them completely, as my father steadfastly discouraged their visits. In our apartment Spanish was no longer heard as a household language. Mamma began to lose her more foreign ways, and the country of her adoption gradually laid upon her some of the outward appearance of the ordinary American wife and mother. But in cutting herself off from her own people at such a late date, she found herself unable to accept with complete contentment the habits and customs of her husband's tradition, and remained all her days in a state of suspension, with no really solid ground beneath her pretty little feet.

I think some of the estrangement between the two sides of my family had its beginnings during the Spanish-American War. Of course the island of Porto Rico was heavily involved. Many of my numerous distant cousins were fighting against America, and those who were currently at Fordham University were hastily withdrawn and given shelter in Don Louis' tiny flat.

On the other hand, my father, together with his friend, Frederic Remington, went to Cuba for their various papers; for daddy was still with Harpers, and Mr. Remington was then working for Hearst.

During this somewhat elusive war I tried to pretend that my position was exceedingly dramatic. My father was with the American forces in Cuba, writing about the deaths of my mother's cousins! I tried to cook up some proper emotion about this circumstance—not, however, with any profound success. It is always difficult to be convinced about the seriousness of something in which people you know too well are taking any active part. I felt it couldn't actually be real war, this, but merely something in which daddy was interested for literary reasons. And as a matter of fact, Harper Brothers later published his History of the Spanish-American War. My father was also largely responsible for the Reciprocity Treaty with Cuba, and, I have always understood, wrote the first draft.

In strong contrast to our New York winters were the summers we spent in New England. The Richard Watson Gilders had a farm near Tyringham, Massachusetts, and suggested that my mother bring her two children to the adjoining house to board. We did this for two successive summers, living the rigorously simple life on a typical Massachusetts farm, fourteen miles removed from a railroad. The Oldses' home, in which we boarded at the extravagant price of five dollars a head a week, was primitive in the extreme, but the buxom widow who was its chief executive and her two stalwart sons were fine, simple people of the best New England type. Their farm was a practical one, with cattle, corn, horses, pigs and all sorts of fruit, and was the real source of their livelihood. They did not need our board money and took us in merely to oblige the Gilder family, their next neighbor.

I preferred playing around the Oldses' yard, helping the half-grown Olds boys with their chores, to taking part in the activities of the Gilder children; for the little Gilders terrified me, as children of my own class frequently did. Dorothea Gilder, the oldest girl, who was nearest my age, was seriously studying the violin, and I was too shy to make friends with her. She was forever practicing, and I had a wholesome fear of interrupting her. Francescia and Roddy had no use for me, and so, when I was forced by my mother to go over and play with them, I usually took refuge with Mr. Gilder's sister, Miss Jeannette Gilder, who rode and shot like a man, but who was kind to me and always willing to bear my shy, silent company.

At this period, mamma, who had a horror of my growing up conceited, had painfully impressed on my mind that I was a homely child, and this made me additionally self-conscious in the presence of the three handsome little

(Continued on Page 36)

What an Event Those Simple Meetings Seemed! They Furnished a Basis for Farmhouse Conversation From One Pair's End to Another

A hint to Puzzled Husbands

Give her the Gift she's always wanted...a Frigidaire

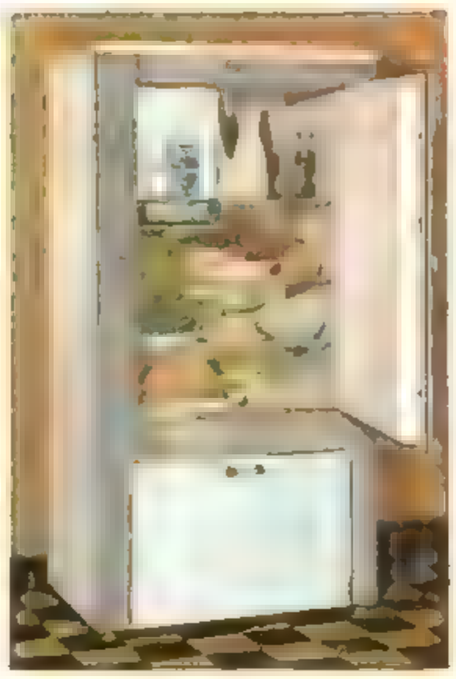
For Christmas Frigidaire offers Porcelain-on-steel on *every* household model . . . regardless of size . . . gleaming, lustrous Porcelain-on-steel . . . *inside and out.* Rust-proof Frigidaire Porcelain-on-steel that's as easy to clean as a china plate. And every new model is extra-powerful and incredibly quiet. Each is equipped with the famous new "Cold Control." Each offers value that only Frigidaire can give. You couldn't select another gift that would please her quite so much. Mail the coupon for our big new illustrated catalog and the Frigidaire recipe book . . . *today.*

When the occasion demands ice cubes and more ice cubes, just turn the lever to "Colder" and they are frozen with incredible speed.

With a turn of the lever on the "Cold Control," the temperature in the freezing compartment drops . . . quickly. This makes possible many new and delightful desserts that require extreme cold.

The Frigidaire "Cold Control"

Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment . . . without attention. The "Cold Control" permits control over temperatures in the freezing compartment and speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts.



VISIT the nearest Frigidaire display room and see the Frigidaires offered for Christmas delivery. They embody radical and outstanding improvements. They are the greatest Frigidaires, the most amazing values, in all Frigidaire history.

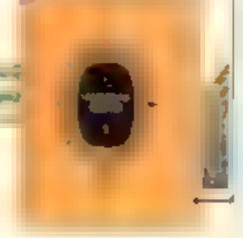
The cabinets are strikingly beautiful in finish, line and color. They are of Tu-Tone Porcelain-on-steel outside . . . gleaming white Porcelain-on-steel within. They won't rust. They won't absorb grease. Every inch of surface is as easy to clean as chinaware. The shelves are removable, spaced to hold large quantities of food and elevated to a convenient height. No stooping is necessary.

Then, to double the greater service that Frigidaire has *always* offered, every model is now equipped with the marvelous new "Cold Control" . . . a device that speeds the freezing of ice cubes and provides positive freezing temperatures for unusual desserts that require extreme cold.

And, though extra-powerful, the Frigidaire mechanism is incredibly quiet. You don't hear it start, stop, or run. And it is completely enclosed in a separate compartment in the *bottom* of the cabinet in the coolest part of the room . . . out of sight and out of the way.

With all of these added features, not one cent has been added to Frigidaire prices. You'll find any model you select remarkably easy to buy.

The Frigidaire Recipe Book shows the wide variety of frozen dainties made possible by the "Cold Control." The coupon will bring you a complimentary copy of this book at once . . . also a copy of our illustrated Catalog. Send for these books today.



A special small cash payment...liberal terms.
Just a few dollars down . . . a small part of what you usually spend at Christmas time . . . will put Frigidaire in your home. You can pay the balance on General Motors liberal terms . . . arranged to suit your budget. Call at the nearest Frigidaire showroom and inspect the models on display. In the meantime, mail the coupon for our interesting, illustrated catalog, giving complete information about the entire line. We will also send a copy of the Frigidaire Recipe Book . . . showing the wide variety of unusual salads and desserts made possible by the "Cold Control." Send for these books now . . . while there's still time to arrange for Christmas delivery.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,
Dept. B-1051, Dayton, Ohio

Please send me a copy of the Frigidaire Catalog, also a copy of the Frigidaire Recipe Book . . . both free.

Name

Address

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a MILLION *in use*

THE SHYSTER

(Continued from Page 24)

terrifying. I felt as though someone had struck a gong in my stomach with a hammer and the reverberation tingled in my toes. I didn't dare refuse. One gesture of retreat and all would be lost. Advancing boldly, I gave him the pin and looked him in the eye mockingly. I had considerable faith in the toughness of Ike's hide; moreover, there was still a way out for me—I could plead innocence and surprise. But I didn't want to finish with Ike under arrest. I wanted a gaudy verdict that would bring me more clients, and when the verdict crashed I intended to make political capital of it.

The doctor took the pin and pressing it against the heel of Ike's right foot drew it slowly upward toward the toes, keeping the pressure uniform. As the pin crossed the tender part of the instep Ike's knee came up about nine inches. But to the amazement of everyone it didn't come up precipitately. And still more amazing, Ike kept a straight face. At the first sign of movement the doctor smiled cynically, but now the smile faded. He was puzzled. And the jurors were looking at him. He tried the other foot. Again the knee bent and the leg drew up—but slowly.

"You feel that all right, don't you?" the doctor asked, accusingly.

Ike shook his head negatively. No doubt his jaw had been so cramped by the effort to keep a straight face that he couldn't speak.

"You didn't feel that?" the doctor demanded, after staring at him seven or eight seconds

"No," Ike answered firmly.

"Well, sit up, and I'll show you something you can feel."

Ike had the presence of mind not to obey but to look appealingly toward me. I walked to his cot and began lifting him to a sitting posture.

"Somebody's fainted here!" Buck yelled from the crowded bench on which he was sitting. "Hey! Somebody's fainted." There was much stirring and craning of necks. The doctor rose and stepped on a chair in order to see over the heads of the crowd.

"Excuse me, lady," I heard Buck say. "I thought you'd done fainted. Excuse me, judge," he was addressing the court now. "I thought somebody'd done fainted."

The judge and everyone else grinned. Then we turned our attention back to Ike. And Ike had fainted. He was slipping through my arms, a crumpled heap on the cot. The doctor looked at him, again grinning cynically, and then said to me: "I rather think I've shown you enough, anyway, to prove that this man isn't paralyzed."

"Doctor," I said, "you've shown me that his feet aren't entirely dead yet but just give them time. That's all."

With this highly irregular and confused close the case went to the jury. Forty minutes later the foreman reported a verdict for damages in the sum of fifty thousand dollars, the full amount asked. I was dazed. All I had counted on in the first place was an opportunity to make a speech that would be repeated far and wide among the cattle raisers. The verdict, I had assumed, would be set aside but the case could still be settled since the company really had been at fault. Now, however, the whole outlook was changed. The company's lawyers had actually permitted me to introduce testimony during my speech and then by recalling their doctor had in effect reopened the case. The higher court might reasonably hold that both sides had had an equal chance and refuse to reverse the case in spite of the irregularities. No doubt the higher court would cut down the award but that could be done without ordering a new trial. Suppose they cut it from $50,000 to $10,000; that would be a terrific cut and nevertheless much more than I had hoped to collect.

My mind was fairly roaring with the recollection of cases in which the higher courts had upheld verdicts resulting from disorderly trials when both sides were at fault.

On the way home that night, I said to Ike: "You mustn't expect fifty thousand dollars. We'll be lucky to collect ten thousand."

"I ain't expecting ten thousand," Ike answered. "You know dern well them fellers ain't a-going to give nobody ten thousand. They ain't got it. Second place, if they have, it'd be cheaper to keep it and give me the railroad. Then wouldn't I be in a fix? What we want to do is grab some quick cash. Buck and me have got to go to St. Louis. We got to go."

"Why?" I asked. This dire necessity was news to me.

"We been penned up long as we can stand it," he answered simply. "We got to go somewhere where we can have a night out and yell some. I sure would like to yell right this minute. Reckon it'd be safe?"

I assured him it would not be safe. Silence for ten minutes; then Ike asked:

"Buck, what was you a-scared of? What'd you want me to faint for?"

"I seen him reaching for a ruler," Buck answered. "I know them doctors. They don't care what they do to you. He was a-going to hit you on the knee with the sharp side of that ruler. And if he'd 'a' done it you'd 'a' kicked yourself in the eye. I know, 'cause that's what I done one time."

"Well, Buck, why the hell didn't we do some ruler practice in the first place?"

"I tried it, Ike. It ain't no use. When they come after you with a ruler you got to play 'possum."

I remembered now that the doctor had been reaching for a ruler, and realized all over again what a narrow escape we had had

After pondering the numerous and alarming possibilities of this case, I decided to send Ike and Buck to St. Louis at once. On the day after the trial I put them under oath to obey Doctor Frisbie's orders without even knowing what they might be, then I herded the three of them to the railway station and heaved a sigh of relief as the train pulled out. Ike was supposed to be going to a hospital; Doctor Frisbie was supposed to be going along to employ a specialist; Buck was supposed to be going because he couldn't be restrained. Actually the doctor accompanied them only to see that Ike performed no gymnastic feats until he had crossed the state line. I warned him that there was a much better chance for him to land in the penitentiary than to collect fifty thousand dollars. He and Buck were authorized to draw on me for not more than one thousand dollars and that as slowly as possible.

Three days later the railroad company's lawyers presented a motion for a new trial, and the judge promptly granted it. He could have passed the buck to the court of appeals and I had hoped that his fear of me would prove lively enough to suggest this safe course, but he wasn't that sort of person. He suspected fraud and he knew the higher court would have only the printed record while he had personal knowledge of the parties. I think he was shrewd enough to fear me, but duty dictated that he should grant this motion and face the consequences. I respected him, but my course could not be altered now. I wanted to get rid of him. Control of the sheriff's office would never mean what it ought to mean with such a judge on the bench. I immediately announced my purpose to drive him off the bench and out of public life.

Business simply poured into my office now. Doubtless many of these suits would never have been filed but for the fact that my growing fame stirred possible litigants to action. Numerous small claims for damages resulting from unduly late arrival of cattle trains were now brought to me as though there had never been any other way to settle them. Previously nearly all of these had been adjusted out of court in our district. The judge had to announce an extra term to catch up with his growing docket; formerly he had been able to give this time to some other more populous district. My ability to get prompt action from the sheriff's office helped tremendously in forcing cases to trial. I also got advice from the politicians of our clique about the leanings of prospective jurors; and if a panel happened to be incomplete so that deputies had to go out and pick up talesmen on the highways they made it a rule to find my friends and not my enemies. The judge was more or less aware of all this and showed it. Whenever he had occasion to rule against me in the course of a trial his words came like bullets. I observed the ill-concealed hatred and took advantage of it by goading him into indiscreet language whenever a case seemed to be going against me; he made more erroneous rulings during two months than during the preceding two years. I was piling up the material for more reversals than he had ever suffered from appellate courts. Every day in every way the game was becoming rougher—and the rougher it became, the better I knew how to play. My fame as a jury picker spread until several law firms in distant cities began to solicit my cooperation as associate counsel if they had a case or two pending in our district. Some of them merely wished to prevent the other side from employing me. And the judge knew this, also, but the public didn't.

One day a pleasant, dapper little man came to my office and introduced himself as Ralph Spellman, claim agent of the Canada, Gulf and Pacific. Lockbridge, the former agent, had just been fired. Likewise the doctor, and the lawyers who had defended against Ike's suit. Spellman told me frankly that there was turmoil in the general offices; certain officials were under severe criticism and couldn't burden themselves with the defense of men who had failed so ingloriously as these men had in Ike's case. He had been directed to get rid of that case if possible, because a verdict for fifty thousand dollars would make a bad showing in certain forthcoming annual reports. Would I settle for one thousand dollars? I would and I did. It was like finding the money in the street since I wouldn't dare try that case again. But I pondered the generosity of that most unusual claim agent and within an hour I reached a conclusion. He wanted me to bring Ike back into the jurisdiction of the local court. Detectives would then shadow Ike until both he and I were in serious trouble. Perhaps Ike was being spied upon at that moment. If so, they must have plenty of evidence; once inside the state he would be arrested.

I examined the books to see how much I owed Ike and discovered that his half of the thousand dollars still left him in my debt. Then I wrote him a letter, inclosing a check for $300, and warned him that I believed detectives were on his trail; on no account must he return to the state. He would know best what the detectives had seen; perhaps he had better move very suddenly.

By return mail he answered:

> We sure had a swell time. Wisht you'd been along. Ice cream, beer, dancing every night. Me and Buck are Wyoming bound. Or may be Montana. Tell you later. Boyd what it takes to make a lawyer you got it. Some day Yull be President but don't leave this letter laying around. Git word to my ma. She's sickly and worries. Let me know when all this blows over.

Ike's mother died two weeks later, and I learned that a railroad detective waited several days for Ike to appear. I had outguessed them, just in the nick of time. However, my scalp was the one they wanted, and I guessed that too. Ike was just a pawn. There was a certain amount of danger in the game I played, but that case had done wonders for my practice and I considered it worth the risk.

Business rushed prosperously through the fall and winter terms and by spring I had so many cases pending that I began looking around for a partner. Now, for the first time, I realized what my sudden departure had meant to Judge Brinstead. It wouldn't be easy for me to find a partner. However, the urgency of this need ended suddenly one bright May morning when I stood in the court room announcing ready for trial in a damage suit against my favorite target, the Canada, Gulf and Pacific. A scholarly-looking man who wore a pointed beard, rimless glasses from which trailed a black ribbon, marvelously tailored clothes, and the first spats I had ever seen, rose solemnly and answered for the defendant, while the two local lawyers remained seated. The stranger was of the company's general counsel.

"Your Honor," he said, "we ask a change of venue in this case and all others pending before this court against the same defendant, the Canada, Gulf and Pacific Railway Company, on the ground that a fair and impartial trial cannot be obtained under present conditions in this county."

Then he began to read from a printed brief, showing the number of cases in which excessive awards of damages had been reduced by the appellate courts, the number of adverse verdicts, the fact that the company hadn't won a case during six months, that a certain fifteen men had served on juries four times within a year, a certain thirty-two men had served three times, a certain fifty-six men had served twice, while several hundreds of men qualified as jurors had not served at all. Then he presented a copy of the brief to the judge and another to me.

"Do you wish to be heard now or later?" the judge asked me. I knew that there was scarcely a possibility that the facts set forth in the brief would be inaccurate. And they were overwhelming. The only thing to do was defy them and wait for the next campaign. It would open within a month. Better to make political capital of this; get rid of the judge and elect one more to my liking.

"I will not be placed in the position of demanding trial here in the face of charges against the fair name and honesty of my neighbors," I replied. "This motion presents a question of fact, not law, and Your Honor knows this county as well as I do. If Your Honor is willing to set the seal of credence and approval upon such charges you will grant the motion. There is nothing to argue."

"Motion granted," snapped the judge, and without even looking at me he began to read from his docket the numbers of the cases to be transferred to other districts. The railroad lawyers promptly bowed themselves out. I could see that this whole matter had been discussed previously in chambers.

As soon as the rumor spread through the courthouse Bob Sparks came in, looking very worried, and asked: "What's up?"

"Nothing much," I answered nonchalantly. "We're just going to beat the judge by about three thousand instead of one thousand votes. Let's go down to your office and talk."

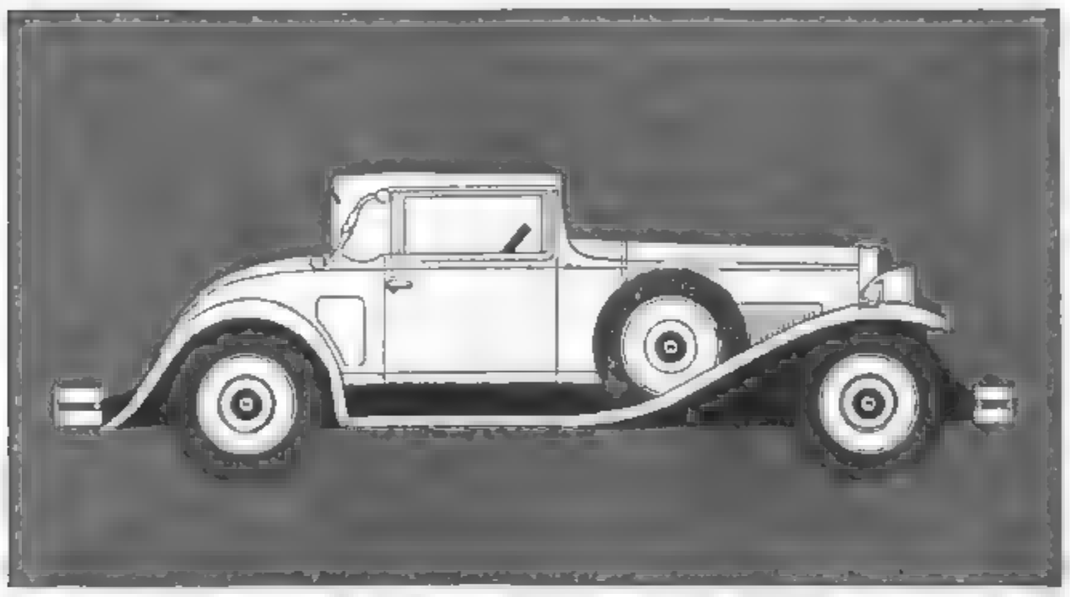
So many of my cases had now been transferred that I would have plenty of time for politics and I was eager to begin organizing. We summoned Slim and others of our clique and remained in session until six o'clock in the evening. Then we adjourned to the hotel to have supper together. While we were eating I saw Judge Prender walk into the lobby and a crowd gathered around him.

"Find Judge Slaughter," he called out to the clerk.

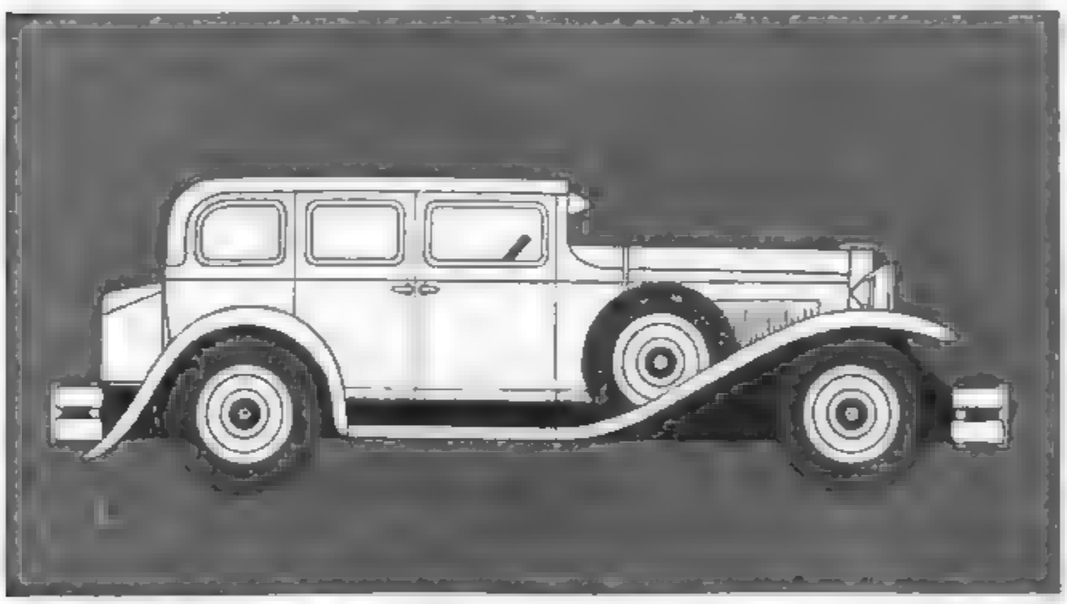
Two bell boys scampered to obey, and presently returned with the judge. Incidentally he was still carrying that brief in support of the motion for change of venue. I strolled out to listen.

(Continued on Page 34)

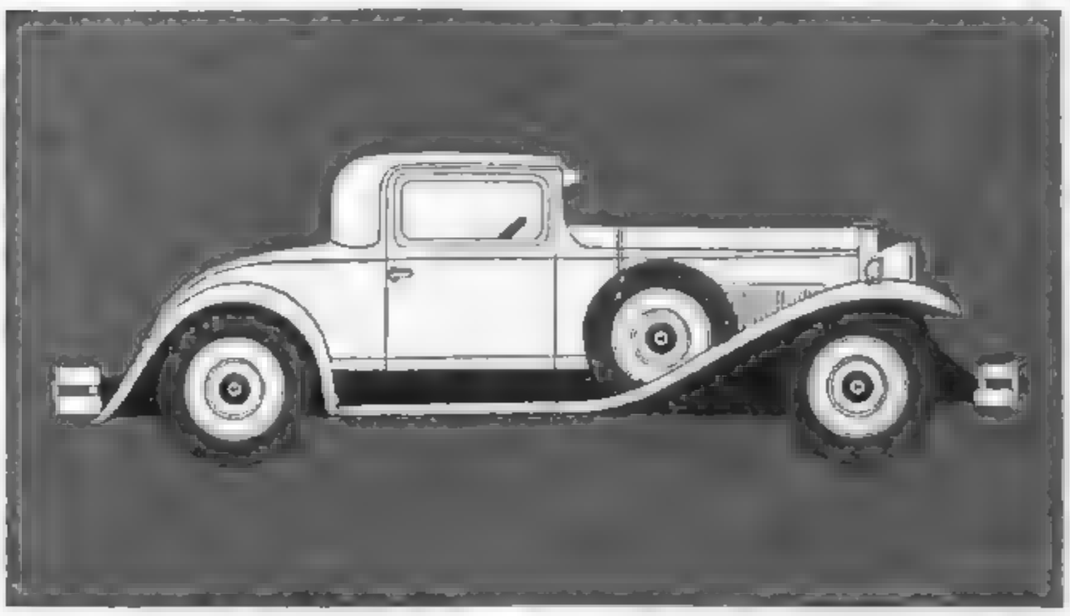
The new 1930 Hupmobile Six is its own star Salesman



1930 Hupmobile Six Convertible Cabriolet . . . . . Standard equipped $1075



1930 Hupmobile Six Five Passenger Sedan . . . . . Standard equipped $1060



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ONE RIDE EQUALS ONE SALE

Now the evidence is coming in. From dealers. From engineers. From new owners . . . "The most sensational demonstration I ever had" . . . "Fleet as a racer, powerful as a locomotive, smooth as a dynamo" . . . "Your new Six sells itself by its own spectacular performance" . . . Why not? It's faster . . . Because the famous time-tried Century Six engine has been stepped up to a full 70 M.P.H. More powerful . . . Because new refinements in valves and cylinders put the energy of 70 horses at your finger tips. It's smoother . . . Because long springs, improved shock absorbers, and scientific distribution of weight float you like a summer breeze . . . More comfortable . . . Because doors and seats are wider, cushions softer . . . Take a test ride today . . . This is not only an invitation . . . It is a challenge to your sense of values.

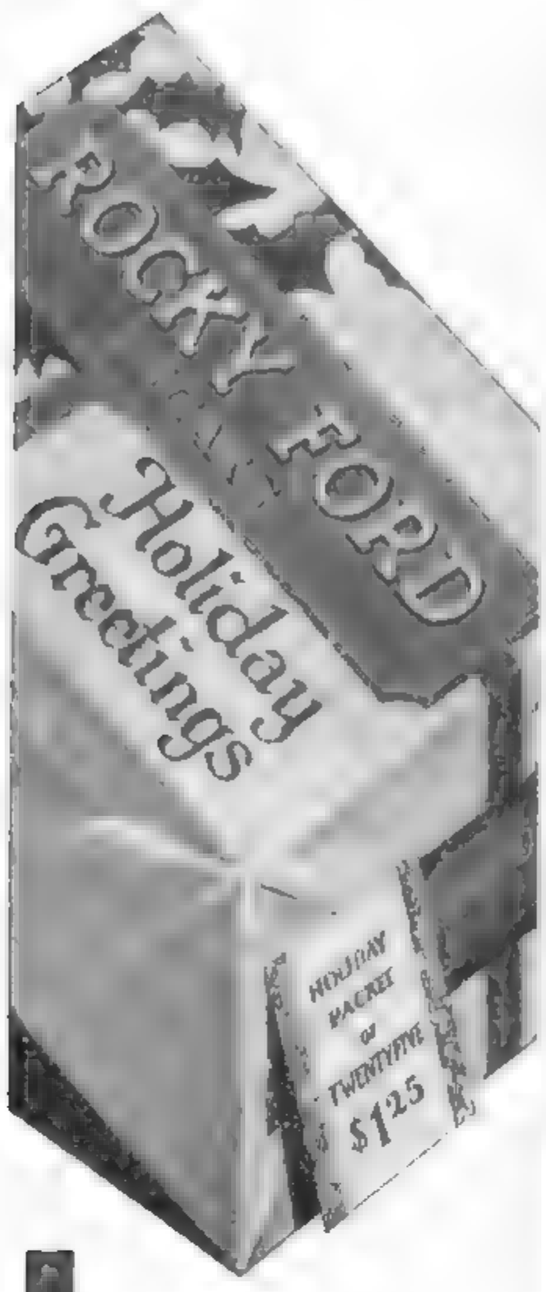
70 HORSE-POWER

70 MILES PER HOUR

PRICES QUOTED F. O. B. FACTORY

CUSTOM EQUIPMENT SLIGHTLY EXTRA

$1060 F.O.B. FACTORY



It takes only a dollar and a quarter to warm the masculine Christmas heart

25 ROCKY FORDS, in a sprightly holiday packet. 25 messengers of cheery good-will that will make any mortal man as merry as a cricket on the Christmas hearth. ROCKY FORDS, the finest 5¢ cigar that the Christmas smoker ever held a light to. Imported Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Can the most hopeful giver ask any more for such a modest fee?

Rocky Ford CIGAR 5¢

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF... A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

(Continued from Page 32)

Judge Prender cleared his throat importantly; he was about to make a speech, although apparently he would be addressing only his old friend.

"Judge Slaughter," he began, "I have just received a telegram from Washington announcing the sad death of our friend and revered fellow citizen, the congressman from this district. This is neither the time nor the place to express our sense of bereavement; we must consider the public welfare first. The people of this district feel that you should succeed to that high office. Your able and honorable conduct as judge has brought you the hatred of certain unprincipled rascals whose chastisement is overdue. In giving you the promotion you deserve we shall serve notice upon them that they have gone far enough."

I strode into the midst of the listening group and facing Judge Prender said: "I'll accept that challenge. Everybody here knows you're talking about me. You needn't beat around the bush. Judge Slaughter announced from the bench today that the people of this county are so crooked that he can't trust them to try cases. I'll meet him on that issue in a campaign for any office from dog catcher to President. I was born and reared in this county. He can't libel my neighbors and expect me to remain silent. I announce right now as his opponent for any office he runs for."

Judge Slaughter smiled. "Young man," he said, "you know very well that I didn't say the people of this county are dishonest jurors. You and the sheriff and a few other politicians are the only persons accountable for the motion I granted today. I shall act upon the advice of my friend, Mr. Prender; therefore we are now opposing candidates, I assume, and I bid you good evening." He and Judge Prender ostentatiously turned their backs and walked away.

I was pleased—and confident. Judge Slaughter couldn't make a campaign speech, and, being of the old school, would scorn to defend his decisions upon the stump. Off the bench he was an amusing figure; his plain black broadcloth suit had quality, but all of its creases were in the wrong places; he wore excellent tailored shoes without tips, but his white cotton socks unsupported by garters hung down ludicrously. He needed a shave; and on the rare occasions when he didn't his face looked as though it had just been scalded and peeled. Since losing the hair above his forehead he had dismissed the whole subject of hair; in the rear it grew down to his coat collar. Nevertheless, on the bench there was dignity in his disarray. Off the bench he was rumpled and funny; clean, very clean, but not forceful—rather a dear old grandpa. I knew I could claw him to shreds in a rough-and-tumble campaign. Then the next judge would be more wary.

As for Congress, I was not interested; fortunately one wouldn't have to be present every moment. In a little while I could resign. Slim and Sparks and I organized our forces, put out a complete ticket, and I opened the campaign with a rip-snorting speech charging that Judge Slaughter had been intimidated, possibly bribed, by corporate interests that now needed his services in Congress, where they would be still more valuable. Again and again I challenged him to meet me in joint debate, knowing that he might just as well attack a volcano. The crowd roared approval.

Rumors came to me that meetings were being held every evening in Judge Prender's office; the opposition ticket being the subject under consideration. That also pleased me. I wanted pompous old Prender to lead the fight with unintelligible flights of oratory about "our glorious traditions." But they planned better than I had thought possible. Young Stanley Wallace took charge as campaign manager, and Prender became a candidate for district judge. That was a blow, because no one could beat him. All he had to do was announce. Moreover, his announcement proved his assertion that he believed the issue to be "decent government or surrender to the rascals." Almost their entire ticket was made up of men who could honestly declare that they were sacrificing their private interests to meet a crisis. This was not so good; still, they had no one who could meet me on the stump, and my stinging challenges to Judge Slaughter were getting results. Immediately after the announcement of their ticket the whole district blossomed with billboards, placards and page advertisements in the newspapers. I made a note of this to attack them for the size of their campaign fund. Ours was also large, but we weren't spending it so noisily.

To my amazement Stanley Wallace challenged me to meet him in joint debate; he was not only going to manage Judge Slaughter's campaign but speak for him as well. I knew he had won some prizes in college declamation contests, but this wasn't going to be a college boys' contest. I accepted at once and we met the following Saturday afternoon on the courthouse square before an audience of about two thousand. He spoke first—and I may as well report now that neither of us said anything about national issues, then or later. He began by reporting with much sarcasm the little speech I had made on the day I returned home to open my law office, the speech in which I dedicated my best services to the community.

"And now," he said, "I will tell you how he has served us. He began by milking the Chisholm family dry defending young Howard Chisholm, who belongs in an institution and would be there but for the itching palm of Boyd McLean."

To my amazement he then read a list of the fees I had collected from Howard's father, uncles and aunts. Next he reviewed the Somersett case, concluding with: "Simms was murdered; Boots went to his grave slimy with the perjuries brewed by a crooked lawyer; poor old Jeff Somersett, who was probably not quite right in the head, hanged himself, and for all of these noble services to our community Boyd McLean emerges with a ranch well stocked with cattle.

"Next he served Ike Singleton. Ike had a sound claim for damages and the jury awarded him fifty thousand dollars, but Boyd McLean had mangled the case until no appellate court could affirm it, so the judge, in order to protect Ike's interests, ordered a new trial. Now Boyd charges that the judge is a corporation tool. Strange that that accusation should occur to him, when he settled the case for one thousand dollars. Either he thought the case was no good in the first place or he sold Ike out to the railroad company. He not only sold Ike out but he didn't give him the money. All Ike got was three hundred dollars. I challenge Boyd McLean to show proof of another cent paid to Ike out of that thousand dollars."

At this point it dawned upon me that my bank account hadn't been as private as I had supposed. But there was another shock in store: my office hadn't been private either.

"The trouble with Boyd," Stanley resumed, "is that he lacks moral training. And the reason he lacks it is not far to seek. I want to show you his Bible and some of his other books."

He exhibited one of my strips of false book bindings. With devilish shrewdness he had taken from my book cases the one representing the Bible, Emerson, Ruskin, and I have forgotten the others—anyway, not law books. He was holding up that flimsy strip of camouflage for the amusement of the crowd, and saying: "You see there are no pages in his books."

His charge that I had sold Ike out was much more effective demagogic politics than would have been a charge that Ike and I had conspired. However, he went on to charge that I controlled the sheriff's office and had forced Judge Slaughter to transfer cases. He was crossing himself up; I couldn't be both for and against the railroad company at the same time. I was tugging at the leash to get at him.

Wallace concluded with an eloquent tribute to Judge Slaughter that I did not learn until long afterward had been lifted bodily out of one of Daniel Webster's speeches:

"There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, duty performed or duty violated is still with us for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness, as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power nor fly their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther onward we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us whenever it has been violated and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it."

I rose to answer him, and as I saluted the chairman, ran the fingers of my right hand through my hair, a characteristic gesture. Some bumpkin in the crowd with a full-moon, brick-red face and bull voice yelled: "Never mind combing your hair. Stanley has done combed it for you." The crowd fairly howled.

"My fellow citizens," I began again, and this time a fog-horn voice on the other side bawled: "Throw one of Jeff Somersett's bulls, Boyd," followed by "Wha! Wha! Wha!" His laugh suggested an animal choking.

Again the crowd roared. I faced them resolutely and tried again. But it was no use. The crowd had been stacked, a trick as old as politics, but I had not expected it here. I turned to Stanley Wallace and demanded that he appeal for order.

"Not I," he answered firmly. "I'm playing your kind of politics this time. I'm going to give you all the dirt I know—and I know a lot."

For fifteen minutes I tried to get a hearing, but there was not a chance. I left the speaker's stand realizing that my back was to the wall in this fight. They were not only trying to defeat me for Congress but wreck my law practice. I must win or fold up my collapsible library and leave. I realized now that I had worked too fast. If only I had gone a little more slowly —— But no use crying over spilled milk. Win or get out.

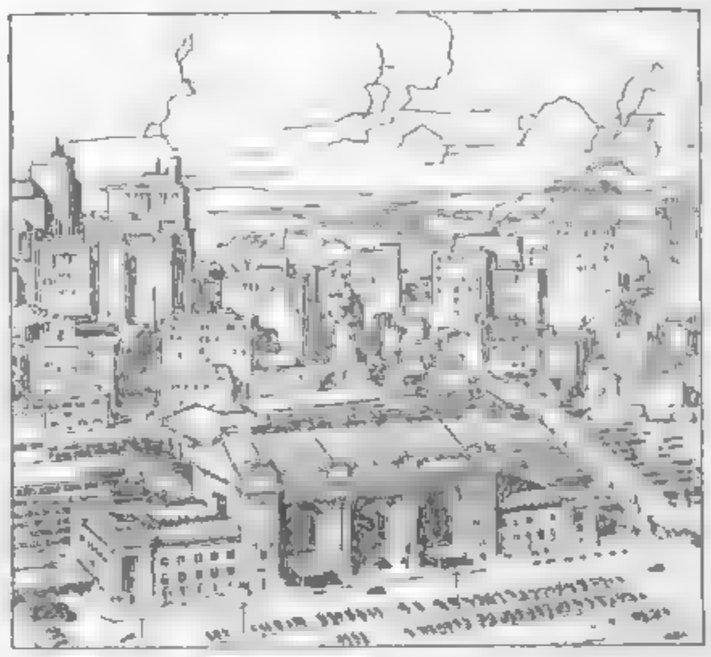
(TO BE CONTINUED)

YOU ARE PAYING FOR A PACKARD

WHY NOT OWN ONE?

The important thing to consider in purchasing a car is the cost of *owning*—not the cost of *buying*.

Operation and maintenance costs are not less because first cost is less. And even if first cost is twice as much, final cost is no greater if the car is driven twice as long. Analyze ownership costs in the light of these facts and you will find that you can enjoy the luxury of Packard transportation—at no greater expense than for cars priced down to half as much.



PROVED BY OWNERS IN KANSAS CITY

Seven out of ten who buy Packard Standard Eights in Kansas City give up other makes of cars to do so.

They have discovered that driving and upkeep expenses for a Packard are practically the same as for any other car down to half its price.

And they have learned that the higher first cost of a Packard is completely offset by the fact that a Packard can be, *and usually is*, driven far longer than a lower priced car. As a matter of record, Packard cars turned in to Packard dealers in Kansas City have been driven on the average *twice as long*, lacking thirteen weeks, as other makes taken in.

Let us examine ownership costs more in detail, as between a Packard Standard Eight and a twelve to fifteen hundred dollar car. They are no different in Kansas City, comparatively speaking, than in any other American or Canadian city.

Gas, oil and tires—the principal operating costs—figure virtually the same for each car. Garage cost is the same. License and insurance are a few dollars higher for the Packard—but Packard upkeep expense is lower. Packard cars, because of quality manufacture and the protection of centralized chassis lubrication, seldom need repairs. If they do, Packard simplicity permits quick and easy work, at a minimum of repair expense.

Depreciation is the major cost of car ownership. And simple arithmetic proves that net depreciation on a Packard is no greater than on a car priced at half as much, if the Packard is driven twice as long.

If you have been buying and trading in a twelve to fifteen hundred dollar car every eighteen months or two years, the chances are you have been paying for a Packard without realizing it. Why not, then, enjoy the luxury and distinction of Packard Eight transportation?

Once a member of the Packard family, your satisfaction will be complete and permanent—if ownership records are indicative. In Kansas City, for example, less than eight out of every hundred Packard owners have ever changed to other makes of cars *for any reason*.

Let your Packard dealer show you how easily you may have a distinguished Packard Eight. He will gladly accept your present car as cash, and arrange the balance so that you may purchase out of income, if you prefer.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT · MICHIGAN

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Now *for the rich-warm colors*

This is the season of *rich-warm colors.* Never have tans and browns been so favored as now with men who know the art of being well turned out.

Smith Smart Shoes are styled to contribute the perfecting touch to the correct tan or brown ensemble. They are made in a variety of rich-warm tones to harmonize exactly with the color of your suit; in smooth or grained leathers to agree with its texture. And they are so *well* made that they pay a continuing compliment to your good judgment, as well as to your good taste.

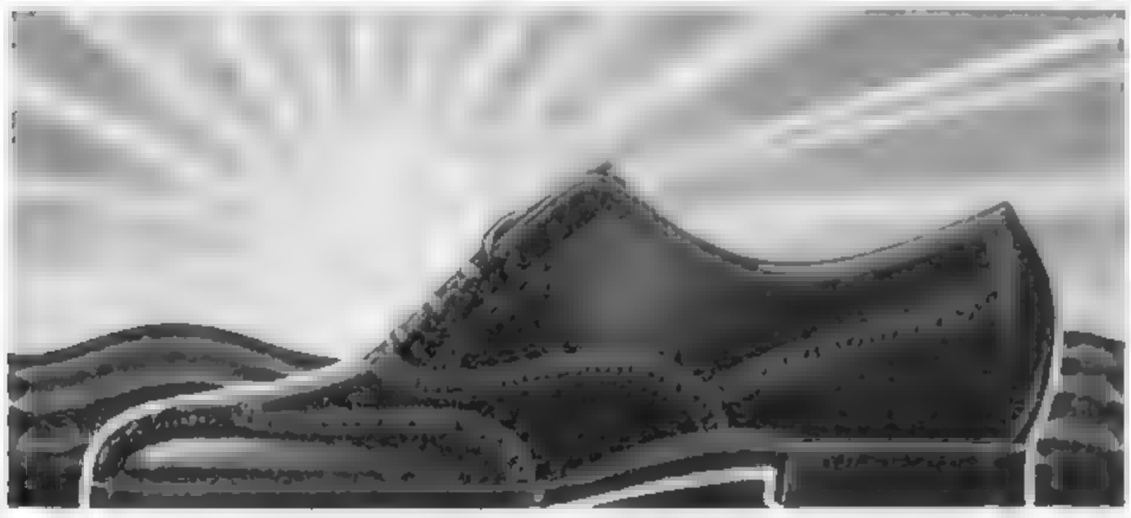
The new, authoritative *Style Book* of Smith Smart Shoes suggests the proper shoes, linen, hosiery, and other accessories to wear with every ensemble. Please send for it—and for the name of our nearest dealer.

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY, *Chicago*

Makers of Smith Smart Shoes for Men and Women—Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for Men

TEN DOLLARS • Some styles to Thirteen Dollars

The Ascot . . . No. 770, Aztec Brown Calf; No. 870, Imported Black Calf



Smith Smart Shoes

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

A GIRL OF THE NINETIES

(Continued from Page 29)

Gilders and at ease with their serious-minded aunt, who was no better looking than I conceived myself to be.

Another unbeautiful person offered me a good deal of silent companionship through the long, warm, dusty summer days in that hidden corner of the Berkshire Hills, and this was Mr. Grover Cleveland. Somebody told me he had recently been President of the United States, but I was unconvinced. He wore shabby clothes, an old felt hat with a hole in the brim and smelled comfortably of tobacco and warm woolen tweeds. He lived in a small house close to the then tiny village of Tyringham, and went fishing every day. He had a quiet, pretty wife and a child whom I scarcely knew. Indeed, they remained very much aloof, and neither mamma nor the Gilders saw a great deal of them, being held back in all probability by their own awe. No such timidity restrained me, however, and I was aware of the fact that young Mrs. Cleveland could bake an excellent pie and wore a clean white apron about the house exactly as Mrs. Olds, our farm lady, did. And I also knew that mamma thought this apron shockingly undignified, but that the townspeople regarded it as a sign of merit.

This section of the Berkshires was as yet practically undiscovered ground for the summer visitor, and still abounded in game and fish. Mr. Cleveland fished all day and every day, and often I accompanied him, clinging to his heels like a devoted puppy, as tireless and as dumb as if I had been a young animal. It comforted me to be near the great placid man who occasionally recognized my presence with a smile, and who took my interest in fishing as my only sign of intelligence. He taught me to cast a fly tolerably and to troll for big-mouthed bass and pickerel as the autumn came on. There was a distant lake called Stockbridge Bowl to which, on two or three occasions, we made long pilgrimages in a buckboard which creaked and sagged beneath his weight, while I sat perched high on the opposite end of the seat, a barefoot, dishevelled little tramp, in momentary danger of being bounced off into the rocky dust of the byway, but supremely happy at being allowed to go along.

When we arrived at the Bowl we were met by the guide who had charge of Mr. Cleveland's own boat. This had been built to order for him, and contained a swivel chair much like an ordinary office chair, which could tilt about in any direction. It was fastened to the wide flat bottom amidship, had ample arms, and the seat was comfortably upholstered with leather. By ten o'clock he would get hungry and open up the enormous meal which his wife had provided. Hence my familiarity with her culinary talents.

I really loved to fish, especially in his company. Here at last was an outdoor sport in which I could take part without exhaustion ensuing. It required a species of skill which I found easy to grasp, and above all, it offered tangible evidences of one's achievement. Mr. Cleveland was a great angler, meticulous about the weight of his tackle, never stooping to the slightest advantage, and always playing the game fairly. Every fish was played to exhaustion. The guide never helped until the final gaff, and if ever fish had a sporting chance, it was those which Mr. Cleveland pursued. To see him play a bass or a pike was as pretty a sight as one could admire of a fine summer day, and I strove desperately to imitate his style. He taught me the names of flies, the merits of line and rod, how to cast little frogs without losing them, and how to snub the different sort of fish. Before the end of the summer I could make a neat overhand cast of thirty feet or more without a fault, and I am indebted to this distinguished instructor for one of the greatest pleasures of my life. In late years, when it has frequently been my pleasure and good fortune to fish the Florida waters with their magnificent stock of varied game fish, I have often thought of Mr. Cleveland, and wondered if he knew the joys of that fisherman's paradise. But I never heard him speak of it, or of any other fishing than that which we did together, except to discuss with a man who once accompanied us, the salmon fishing in Canada and the respective merits of the Silver Doctor and the Parmachene Belle

I don't suppose that any of the Clevelands ever thought again of the sallow, silent little girl who tagged along so persistently but unobtrusively all summer. The contact never led to any further friendship, nor did I see them after we left Tyringham; so that my memory of Mr. Cleveland is wholly as a fisherman. He was very silent by habit, and of course conversation was forbidden in the boat for fear of scaring off our victims, except when we trolled. Mamma managed to come along one day, but her effort at sportsmanship was a palpably false attempt, and she never accompanied us again.

The day she came was a continuous mortification and misery to me, for I could not endure to see her doing something badly, and her unawareness of her own inadequacy only made matters appear worse in my eyes. Once, when I was even younger, Colonel Roosevelt had watched me fail at a show-off parlor trick and given me an excellent piece of advice: "Never do anything in public until you know you can do it well," said he.

This made a deep impression on my mind, and the sight of mamma doing quite the opposite caused me considerable mental agony. She was no more interested in fishing than I was in flirtation—or than Mr. Cleveland proved to be, for that matter.

Another source of great joy during these Tyringham summers was the music at the Gilders' house. Miss Jeannette Gilder organized a children's orchestra, a real *Kindersymphonie*, and I was elected to the traps, which consisted of a kettledrum, cymbals, a bird whistle with water in it, a triangle and a gourd. Dorothea and Francescia had their violins, the governess played the piano, and several other children whose names I forget played piccolo, cornet and viola. We rehearsed an hour a day, all summer long, and in the last week of vacation presented a performance of the symphony we had learned to a select audience of parents and villagers, to whom the music could have been no novelty, since it had been absolutely inescapable all through the neighborhood for weeks past. Curiously enough, I cannot recall either the names of these symphonies or their composers, but I am sure they were German classics especially arranged for child players. In one of them we dropped our instruments simultaneously and sang in harmony:

"Alle vögelein sind schon da,
Alle vögelein, alle!"

Although for two years past I had been reading German in a desultory fashion with my father and Miss Emily, I had a terrible time with the mouthy names of the pretty birds who were "all there." But as far as the music itself was concerned, I had no trouble learning my part. Indeed, I had the entire thing by ear before the end of the third rehearsal and never missed the wallop of a drum or the toot of my whistle at the correct moment. I have always had a remarkable musical memory and perfect pitch, a gift which had been both a curse and a blessing, for my ability to get things by ear deprived me of the necessity of learning any instrument properly and left me satisfied with an approximation of what I heard, at a time when I should have been mastering technic. For example, when I was about six and a half years old I heard my first Paderewski recital in Philadelphia. On my return home I went straight to the piano and with one hand picked out the

(Continued on Page 38)

IN buying oranges, people are learning to depend upon the brands. Experience has proved that this is the safe way. It is also the safe way when you are buying lamps. The name MAZDA upon lamps always indicates highest quality.

Because of their tested quality, Edison MAZDA Lamps give you the *full value of the current consumed.*

For your convenience, Edison MAZDA Lamps are packed safely in cartons. It is best to buy them six at a time in the cartons, so that you will always have spare lamps handy when they are needed.

Empty sockets are unsightly and often responsible for dangerous eyestrain.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

1879-1929 . . . 50th Anniversary of the invention of the Edison Lamp

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!

Grouchy William Smith is dead!

(Long Live Smiling Bill)

moral:

a million barbers can't be wrong!

Some say it was a miracle. Others say it must have been "two other fellows."

But the truth of the matter is this: the original William Smith went 'goofy' every time he shaved. A mean shave *always* makes a mean man!

So by changing his shaving habits he automatically changed his disposition . . . and overnight grouchy William Smith became 'Smiling Bill'!

The magic in the new Valet AutoStrop Razor lies in the fact that it *automatically strops* the blade before each shave—just as barbers do! This instantly smooths out the scratchy needle points that cause shaving torture . . . and makes each shave swift . . . clean . . . and cool as a mountain breeze!

It's the only razor that strops, shaves and *cleans* without removing the blade.

Try it . . . and watch the magic transformation!

The SILVER STANDARD $5

Complete with strop and ten blades.
(Other De Luxe Sets $5 to $25)

New million dollar

VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York ~ AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 84 Duke St., Toronto, Canada ~ Also, London ~ Paris ~ Rio de Janeiro

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whole aria of Chopin's Impromptu in A Flat which Paderewski had played.

The two musical summers with the Gilders gave me my first practical application of my feeling for music, and I stored away in my mind the functions of each and every instrument, and its relation to orchestration. But I never learned to read the score. It was like learning the multiplication table by heart without ever seeing it on the printed page. But after this experience, all music seemed more interesting and full of meaning.

I never made my little books during these vacations and writing was temporarily forgotten. I had never before had real woods and fields to play in, and they offered an endless source of new experiences. Once, when out on a cross-country expedition, I was caught in a heavy shower, and the raindrops turned to tiny frogs as they hit the dust all about me. I cannot account for this phenomenon, but I saw it with my own eyes, and ran home in great excitement to tell about it, but nobody believed me except Mrs. Olds, who had seen a similar rain once when she was a girl. But far commoner things were equally strange and thrilling to me—the behavior of sheep in search of salt, the way that the commonest weed grew, or the habits of the domestic animals, all were a revelation to the city-bred youngster. As for the state fairs that came in the autumn, words fail me now, as then, in expressing the delight they afforded.

An immense preparation always took place the night before such events, when huge luncheon baskets were made ready, and the patchwork quilts, the jars of preserves and the fancy layer cake which Mrs. Olds had concocted for exhibition in the Ladies' Hall were packed with infinite care. Mrs. Olds made wonderful quilts out of hundreds of small bits of silk, fastened together with beautiful feather stitching, and composed of defunct dresses, old sofa coverings, and discarded hat ribbons from all over the neighborhood. The fruit grown on the place was carefully sifted for its choicest specimens, and these were preserved and sealed into glass jars in the hope of winning a cash prize or at least a gold-lettered ribbon. The cakes entered by the Berkshire ladies were cut and sampled by the judges on the very first day of the fair, and awards meted out according to merit; and how I longed to be a member of that committee!

While these household triumphs were being stowed away for safe transport, the two boys would be busy rounding up the animals they intended showing. The oxen and the big yellow cows were scrubbed and groomed, and the pigs were crowded, squealing and protesting, into their temporary corral on the back of the transformed hay wagon. Then, when all was ready, Clem, the youngest boy, would go away on foot after an early supper, driving the cattle over the long, slow trail across the mountains to Great Barrington, twenty-four miles distant.

He was not due to arrive much before daybreak, and it was necessary to get in early on the first day in order to secure a good place in the show.

Then the next morning at the crack of dawn we were up and scurrying about in the crisp autumn air, piling our goods into the wagon along with the pigs and the younger calves which could not walk so far. Sometimes, when there was a big crowd going along, we had the second team hitched to the buckboard, and this would be driven by Mrs. Olds, in her best black silk and her funny little hat, trimmed with red roses, while Alf, the older son, drove the heavy grays. And what a ride that was, over the autumn-bedecked hills, with early frost giving a tang to the bright sunshine! How perilous the steep descents over the rocky roads, how interminable the climb to the summit, when the horses must be allowed to rest every little while on the thank-you-ma'ams! We'd meet neighbors on the way and exchange gossip. And over beyond Stockbridge we began to run into friends of the Oldses who lived far away on the other side of the county and whom they saw only once a year, on this festive occasion.

What an event those simple meetings seemed! They furnished a basis for farmhouse conversation from one fair's end to another. It was the great social gathering of the year. Automobiles were not as yet in general use, and indeed the two or three which appeared on the exhibition ground at Great Barrington were there as curiosities, around which the farmers and their families walked with critical eyes, looking askance at the new contraptions and voicing their belief in the machine's ultimate impracticability. The real center of attraction was the horse and cattle show, and it was given the most serious attention. The midway was a maze of temptation and delight, with certain shows forbidden to us children.

The fair lasted for a week, growing in noise and volume of excitement right up to the very end, when it finished in a blaze of glory with a day of horse racing and a drunken brawl. Wise Mrs. Olds knew what would happen, and headed us all homeward on Friday afternoon before this orgy began, and in truth by then we were glad enough to go, being exhausted, mentally and physically, by an excess of strange foods, dust, din and tinsel, but bearing the ineradicable impression of a great meeting, of a gathering of the clans, of having witnessed a ceremonial of profound social significance, the like of which does not exist today, owing chiefly to the modern facilities for easy transportation. Those people lived at distances which it was a serious undertaking for a horse to cover. It was often the matter of a day's journey from one friend's or relative's house to another, and when these people met once a year on their only playground, that meeting had a significance which is hard to convey to one who has not seen it.

Good roads and cheap automobiles have made the Berkshire Hills little more than a great park, dotted with fine summer residences, but these modern improvements have wiped out the real country fair and changed the annual event at Great Barrington into a noisy conglomeration of parked cars. And the tall-hatted showmen, with their "little girls straight from the harem of the sultan," the solemnly dignified, frock-coated cattle judges, and the Ladies' Hall, gay with its luscious display of feminine handiwork, are no more. But when I saw it, the fair was still the prideful display of New England's thrifty triumph over the barren soil. And the same pride in domestic things which had so impressed me in Grandma Wilcox's house, here received a new impetus, which to me was made all the stronger by the fact that a bouquet of flowers I myself had gathered and arranged and carried all the way to Great Barrington in a pickle jar full of water which slopped over my knees at every bump won a red ribbon and fifty cents real money!

The two summers spent at Tyringham were unspeakably happy ones. They restored my health in a great degree, and for the first time I touched a life which was wholly and unspoiledly American. Cities are inevitably cosmopolitan, and even New Haven had its share of foreign element. But in the Berkshire Hills a foreigner was practically unheard of, and mamma was looked upon with curious interest. Even negroes were a novelty to be discussed at some length, and the people loved and believed in a simple, stern God, very much as the original settlers had, while the resorts of Lenox and Stockbridge, growing fashionable in a mild sort of way, were as remote to the farmers as Newport or the French Riviera.

But this idyllic experience was short-lived. At the end of the second summer spent on the Oldses' hospitable farm, we came back to the city to find grievous changes, and I was never to be a little girl again. *(Continued on Page 40)*

RIDE A BIKE

"Oh, gee! Dad, I want a Bike like that for Christmas!

"LOOK . . . . Dad! . . . . Mother! . . . . Gee! it's a peach . . . . just like Butch's father gave him. Oh boy, could I have fun on that! . . . . and do all mother's errands and ride to school with the other fellows. Gosh, I've got to have it, Dad!"

"All right, Son; it's yours for Christmas. It'll be good for him, Mother . . . . toughen up his muscles and fill his lungs with outdoor air. Remember how we used to ride when we were kids? Brings back memories, doesn't it?"

Let's hope *your* dad and mother realize how much a fellow needs a bike and give *you* one this Christmas.

Your local DEALER will show latest models

Read what doctors, coaches and great athletic champions say about cycling for health. See their pictures. Just write your name and address on a postal and say: "Send me Cyclelogical Ways to Happier Days." Mail to—The Cycle Trades of America, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th Street, New York City, Room A-205.

BOYS, *write for this* FREE BOOK *Today!*

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As we approached Fifty-fourth Street we saw that even the physical aspect of the city was different. The horse cars had been taken off Madison Avenue, and workmen were busy laying rails for an underground trolley. When we entered the flat it was dreary and untidy, and my father met us with a long face. He looked helplessly at my mother and broke the bad news. He had lost his job with Harpers.

V

THE losing of his position with Harpers was a serious matter for my father, since editorial work was about the only thing he was fitted for, and editorial jobs were, and still are, a mighty scarce commodity. Then, too, daddy was a far from practical editor, being more inclined to publish material which pleased his own superfine literary taste than to cater to the public mind. He had a contempt for the American public as far as its artistic and literary preferences were concerned, and molding his editorial opinions to meet any particular political bent was out of the question for him. In the end his erudite stories and editorials, which were never sufficiently concerned with contemporary life or current thought, were the real basis of his catastrophe. Col. George Harvey, a strong man of decided opinions, and a staunch Republican to boot, had taken over Harper's Weekly, and his first reform was to get rid of what he considered dead wood, apparently beginning with my father.

But the actual difference of opinion which brought matters to a crisis between my father and Colonel Harvey was a dispute over the insertion of a corset advertisement in the back pages of Harper's most respectable weekly journal. This advertisement called for a picture of the corset, which was not even one of the dubious new straight-front models, but the good old conservative hour-glass sort of thing; and the drawing in question represented the corset quite, quite empty and alone. Perhaps its very emptiness was the more suggestive in that age, but at any rate my father considered it highly objectionable, and protested its appearance alongside of one of his own poems. I remember his showing this advertisement to mamma by the light of the kerosene lamp in our parlor—a lamp, by the way, which was itself modestly arrayed in a frilled costume of crimson crêpe paper lined with petticoats of white, from the midst of which the light shone as well as it could, under the proverbial bushel.

"Disgusting; it's really, simply disgusting," mamma agreed with him. "To think of Harper's printing a drawing like that!"

"Well, after the publication of Trilby in the magazine," said my father grimly, "anything might have been expected. The house has become completely demoralized, I tell you!"

Du Maurier's Trilby was the forbidden book of the day, a companion to Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles. And Harper's Magazine had rashly carried it, practically unexpurgated, in serial form. In the hour of his defeat Trilby was certainly a great comfort to my father; it stigmatized the ancient house of Harper Brothers beyond redemption, and served as a moral impetus to his enforced departure from the dusty environs of Franklin Place. I well remember the dark and gloomy building which housed the publishing concern at the time. It was hidden in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, its stone staircase winding moldily to offices as cobwebby and stale as those of Old Scrooge; in fact, the entire building might have been written about by Dickens, instead of actually existing in an environment which already declared it obsolete and filled its ancient rooms with the roaring commerce of a newer age.

But dad's dismissal cut deeper than his wounded vanity and offended delicacy. Our expenses had to be cut down, and as a beginning the German governess was dismissed. Education had always appeared to mamma in the light of a luxury, and an exceptionally wasteful one where girls were concerned, and so our governess was the first of our extravagances to be dispensed with. I can't say I was sorry to see her go. However, mamma, who could not endure confessing to poverty, did not tell her why she was sent away. Instead, the excuse was made that we were going to Buffalo for a long visit, in order properly to attend an exposition which was to be held there. Mamma said that our plans following our return were uncertain, and in that, at least, she spoke the truth.

When my father found it difficult to secure another position, he abandoned the effort in short order, and decided to freelance as a writer of fiction and poetry, and on the day of this decision he ceased giving me cash with which to meet the grocer and butcher bills. Mamma went with me at the beginning of the new régime, and with a grand air explained to the tradesmen that it was more practical and convenient to pay monthly.

I stood by, trembling, as she opened these accounts, for I wondered if the obsequious butcher and the pompous, scraping groceryman did not see right through her airs and know that a trap was being laid for them. However, they actually appeared to be flattered by her command, and promised to let me have their attention when I came to give the daily orders. Needless to say, mamma chose shops where we had not dealt previously, and I suppose she was comforted, if she thought that far ahead, by the knowledge that at least the deserted tradesmen were owed nothing, and consequently could give only good reports of us.

Henceforth I must deal exclusively with these higher-class, more expensive shops and take what they offered, whereas formerly I had wandered from stall to stall along Third or Second Avenue, economically choosing what was best and cheapest, and forever driving bargains over every smallest article. It had been on this basis that I had contrived to feed my family on fourteen dollars a week and still eke out a few pennies' allowance for myself. But now all personal revenue was abruptly shut off, and besides, I was faced by far larger bills for everything—a circumstance which my mother was at a loss to account for. She simply could not seem to understand why we were spending so much more. But annoying and disappointing as it was to have my pocket money cut off, I would have forgone it a thousand times rather than experience the sense of guilt with which I embarked upon my marketing each morning. I felt the grocer's eyes must be boring right through me, and my own guilty knowledge of our financial condition would often lead me to choose the poorer fruit and vegetables, since I felt that in doing so I was mitigating my crime to some extent.

In the course of the next few months my father sent out several manuscripts, exquisitely neat in his beautiful handwriting, and ghastly difficult to decipher. He scorned the use of the typewriter for his own work, on the grounds that it marred the literary quality of his writing, and was, furthermore, a useless expense. Shakspere had written longhand, and so had Poe. That was precedent enough for him. When I once protested that this habit might prejudice the editors against his work, he reproved me gently, saying that any intelligent editor would feel honored to receive such a beautiful and dignified script. Whether this was so or not, I can't be sure. I do know, however, that they returned the manuscripts with great regularity. Occasionally an essay or a poem found its mark, but these sales were never sufficient to meet our bills. Uncle Ansley, the munificent, was called upon to pay the rent. The increasingly irate tradesmen were left to me to cajole. Mamma supplied the excuses, but it was I who imparted them, and for a surprisingly long time they sufficed. But my father was not destined to become a successful writer. He had created a world of prejudice and conceit about himself, and stubbornly retired into it. He had a firm conviction that the world owed gentlefolks a living, and that, infallibly, he would somehow receive it. His part was to maintain the gentility—that and very little else. And it was an actual fact that during these months of poverty, with the landlord constantly at our door, with the servant unpaid for weeks back, and the tradesmen kept in abeyance with the greatest difficulty, he and mamma invariably dressed for dinner in full evening regalia before they sat down to the simple meal in that shabby dining room—a meal which, although I had assisted at its preparation, I was not permitted to share. Until I was nearly fifteen I never came to the table at night, but ate an early supper with my little sister; this though I had wangled the purchase of every mouthful that was served!

All this time mamma's principal occupation seems to have been polishing her finger nails. I never knew a woman who took such exquisite care of her person as mamma did, and I would not have allowed her to soil her pretty hands if we had been starving. She accepted this elimination from responsibility as a natural right, even after our Ellen, no longer able to work for us without wages, gave us a tearful, affectionate notice and departed.

For the first time in our lives we were really in trouble and had nowhere we could go to escape it. Formerly there had always been the York Square house, with its unfailing if reluctant welcome. But the rich Buffalo relatives were less hospitable, grandma's new little house could not possibly accommodate us, and no one held out a welcoming hand. In Madison, Connecticut, the ancestral home of my father's family, there was another and older homestead, inhabited by a wealthy great-uncle, but he already had a large family of dependents on his hands, and besides, was, I think, rather tired of lending my father money.

Moreover, my mother had once paid a visit to this small New England village and come away with a loathing of everything about it. The kind of temperament which took pride in manual labor was utterly foreign and incomprehensible to her, and I am quite sure she would have refused help from that quarter even if it had been offered, for it certainly would have involved removal to the country. And when it came to mother's family, most of our Spanish relatives were as badly off as ourselves.

Eventually, mamma and I made an attempt to earn a little money. We manufactured six ribbon-covered coat hangers and I took them, secretly, to the Exchange for Woman's Work, where they hung, attracting only the attention of ordinary house flies, for the next six months. Occasionally I baked a cake and took it to the same refined outlet for female labor, and with more success. The cakes sold for as much as a dollar each, and, since the materials which went into them were all charged at the grocer's, this money might be regarded as clear profit. I was inordinately proud of the achievement and turned ninety cents into the household immediately, after spending ten cents on candy at Miss Brennan's Homemade Sweet Shop on Fifty-ninth Street.

This sweet shop, by the way, was an epochal institution. From the time I was ten until I was nearly fifteen one of the chief ambitions of my life was to be able some day to go in there and buy all the candy I wanted. I think that a dime was the most I ever had to spend at any one time, but my hungry eyes would travel the length of every case in the shop on each occasion, from the sixty-cent bonbons near the door, down to the twenty-cent French mixed and licorice whips at the rear end of the store. Of course my pennies had always to be spent at the farthest case, except when mamma had sent me out to gratify her craving for sweets, when I would be instructed to bring home a quarter of a pound of the more expensive kind. But invariably on each visit I planned what I would do with five dollars in that shop. The longing to satisfy this desire was terrific and I never forgot it. Curiously and delightfully enough, this dream box of candy was actually sold to me by Miss Brennan herself, many years later. Good soul! I wonder if she has departed to a heaven where new flavors are discovered every day.

The situation in which our family found itself could not go on forever. Such crises must soon topple one way or another, and so, just when we really did not know which way to turn for money to live on, my father met Mr. Archer Huntington.

I do not know the circumstances of this meeting, but at the time Mr. Huntington, an immensely wealthy man, was interesting himself in South America and was planning the Hispanic Society, whose fine buildings, the founder's gift to the city, now adorn one of the hills of Washington Heights. As I recall it, the principal object of this foundation was to promote a better understanding between the Americas; to establish an office for reference on South American countries, their resources, their customs and their possibilities for trade development. It was, in addition, to provide a museum for the art of South American peoples and to send out expeditions which would endeavor to secure data about the unexplored portions of their countries. The leadership of such an expedition was offered to my father, and the news of his acceptance was hailed with delight by us all.

The generous advance of money which Mr. Huntington made to my father brought us indescribable relief. Father was going away, and though I loved him dearly, I even then realized that his stubborn pride in refusing to do any work other than his feeble literary efforts had been cruelly unfair to the rest of us. And now at last he had accepted work which would at least provide us with the fundamental necessities of life.

Much to their astonishment, the butcher and the grocer were paid. I'm afraid my manner must have been a little offensively opulent when I carried them their long-overdue money and demanded receipts. I contrived to act as though they had been unjustly suspicious and I was setting them in their places, the presumptuous things! But they were paid, paid—oh, thank heaven, they were paid! Now I could go ahead and charge canned pears and the best eggs to my heart's content! Mamma could have a new bottle of perfume and get her hair curled at the hairdresser's, instead of sticking curling irons into the kitchen stove just when I wanted to cook something. Hurrah! Hurrah! So contagious was the excitement that even my little sister jumped up and down and clapped her hands, asking if we would now have ice cream every day?

My father departed amidst tearful and affectionate farewells. And that was the last we saw or heard of him for more than two years. The few hundred dollars which he had left with my mother soon evaporated. She bought a new ruffled dressing gown, which took a good bit of it. And then it developed that Mr. Huntington had not arranged any allowance for us during my father's absence. When mamma tried appealing to him, she discovered that the Huntingtons were in Europe, and that their secretary had no instructions about paying us anything. And then I learned of something which sent me flying to my room to lie in the dark with my head spinning while I tried to think. My mother was momentarily expecting the birth of another child.

I don't really know how we got through that episode, but somehow we did. I was as abysmally ignorant on such subjects as any nicely brought up child of my age, and

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A BROKEN KNEE BUT BILLS PAID BY INSURANCE

ONE DAY IN JANUARY, last year, Charles R. Thurston, of Battle Creek, Michigan, in going downstairs in his home, fell, breaking his right knee. A surgical operation was necessary, and Mr. Thurston was disabled many months before he could resume his duties as druggist. Fortunately, he was insured under an Ætna Accident Policy, which not only paid the operation fee and the hospital bills, but also paid him $37.50 a week during the long period of his disability. (Claim 24-PA-816.)

Touring along the highway in Georgia, K. B. Deane, from Toledo, Ohio, was seriously injured when another car pulled out of line and crashed into his machine. Many miles from home, Mr. Deane found that it pays to be insured under an Ætna Accident Policy. Ætna paid the bill at the local hospital where he was taken, and assisted in his recovery in every way possible. Also, during the many months of disability that followed, Ætna paid Mr. Deane a weekly indemnity of $50. (Claim 31-PA-10.)

The body of C. R. McLaughlin was found inside his automobile submerged in twenty feet of water in Horseshoe Lake, Mississippi. The car had skidded from the road and slid over the steep embankment. The driver, unable to extricate himself, had been drowned. The cause of the accident was undetermined. The widow of the insured was paid $30,000 by Ætna. (Claim 39-PA-425.)

"Insured by Ætna" means unfailing, immediate help in time of distress. The above claims, like all just ones, were settled by Ætna promptly. Though the names given are fictitious, all other details are correct and recorded fully in the Ætna files.

There is an Ætna policy or bond to protect you against every insurable risk. From coast to coast 20,000 trained Ætna representatives stand ever ready to assist you when in trouble. Let the Ætna-izer in your community help you establish a complete and economical program of protection.

The Ætna Life group consists of The Ætna Life Insurance Company, The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

Some of your

The Producing Units of International Shoe Co.

44 Specialty Shoe Factories~
each making just one particular type and grade of shoe, together producing 50,000,000 pairs a year.

14 Tanneries~
each specializing in one particular type of leather, producing 25,000 sides and skins a day.

1 Rubber Heel and Sole Plant~
producing 125,000 pairs of heels and 30,000 pairs of soles a day.

1 Cotton Mill~
to produce 7,000,000 yards of lining fabric a year.

59 Auxiliary Plants~
producing welting, dyes, chemicals, shoe boxes, shipping cartons, trunks, gloves, etc., to the value of more than $30,000,000 a year if purchased from outside sources.

savings were found in a shoe box

THE PEOPLE who bought fifty million pairs of International Shoes this year saved a lot of money. They saved it not just because they paid less for their shoes, but because their dollars bought better style and longer wear than they could otherwise get for the same money.

There is no mystery about why this is true. It is true because International has undertaken to eliminate from the price you pay every penny of cost that does not definitely add to the value of the shoe itself.

Take even the humble, pasteboard shoe box, for example. It's a little thing to you. It adds nothing to the looks of the shoe. It doesn't make them wear any better.

Yet this humble box, like the package of any product, represents one of the costs of distribution which must be added to the final price. And International, by making the boxes, saves you the additional amount that would have to be paid if these boxes were bought from outside sources.

Obviously, this one saving, in itself, is small. But in significance it is tremendously important. It shows how far International goes to pass on to you every possible saving—even to a fraction of a cent. And it is typical of many other savings, great and small, which together present an imposing total.

On leather alone International, by tanning its own, saves millions of dollars a year compared to what it would have to pay in the open market. What's more, it's sure of the quality of every piece of that leather.

Thus the savings pile up—on lining fabrics here, on rubber heels and soles there; on so many different kinds and types of materials that it requires the operation of fifty-nine auxiliary plants to supply the extensive demands of International's forty-four specialty shoe factories.

These factories themselves make possible even further economies because International's varied production enables it to devote each of the forty-four plants to the making of just one type of men's, women's or children's shoes—and that alone.

With these unusual economies on the one hand and exceptional quality of materials and workmanship on the other, International is producing the greatest shoe values that money can buy.

INTERNATIONAL SHOES are marketed under the six marks of quality which are shown below. Together they comprise more than 1,000 styles of footwear for men, women, children and infants. They are sold by more than 70,000 leading merchants, distributed throughout every state in the Union. Regardless of the brand you select, the style you prefer or the price you pay, International Shoes represent the greatest shoe value you can buy.

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND
ST LOUIS

PETERS
ST LOUIS

FRIEDMAN-SHELBY
ST LOUIS

MORSE & ROGERS
NEW YORK

HUTCHINSON-WINCH
BOSTON

VITALITY SHOE CO.
ST LOUIS

INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

General Offices . . . St. Louis, U. S. A.

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the event was my first realization of the fictional quality of the stork. In her despair my mother made her announcement rather brutally. She was terribly worried about finances, and proud when it came to asking for help, and I suppose that, although I was barely fourteen at the time, I had already to a certain extent proved myself a reliable crutch in practical matters. Moreover, although I was pale and thin, I had shot up almost to my present height; a fact which gave me a false appearance of maturity. At any rate, I was the only female creature who was at all close to my mother, and she knew that my dearest delight was to serve her in any way I could. Her frivolous young Cuban stepmother was merely another child in the family. My own Grandma Wilcox was remote, frail and poor, and there was nothing to do except lean on me. It seems curious that none of our many friends could be appealed to in our trouble, but I think that the people we knew were always more acquaintances than real friends. We never had any intimates who visited familiarly in our house, nor was there any house to which we went without special invitation. And so there appeared to be nobody on whom a natural demand might be made. In such a crisis the neighbors in wild out-of-the-way places help as a matter of course. In cities there seldom are any true neighbors. And mother and father had both been so proud about concealing their monetary worries from the people they knew that none of our circle ever suspected how straitened our circumstances really were.

There was father's family, of course, rich and not ungenerous. But none of them had ever liked mamma, nor she them, and now she absolutely refused to appeal to them. Mamma had about a hundred and fifty dollars left, and, unless we heard from daddy, we did not know where any more was coming from. She determined to risk the money seeing her through, and of course I had to help her as much as I was able to.

I have said that in New York there are usually no neighbors, but we were fortunate in finding the exception to that rule. And in the end it was the lady in the flat below, a stranger, who lent the necessary assistance. Dear kind Mrs. Gillisippe, how good she was! Mother had snubbed her attempts at friendliness more than once, but it was she who, unasked, followed in at the doctor's heels and took the final responsibility out of my trembling hands. She shooed me out of the flat, telling me to take my sister and her own little boy to Central Park for the afternoon. It was a cloudy, damp day, and I walked the children endlessly about the moldy walks, wondering when I might dare to go home. A chilly wind came up and it began to grow dark, and at length I felt forced to retrace our steps, although I feared we were returning far too soon. Mrs. Gillisippe, flushed and tired, her hair plastered to her damp forehead in streaks, an improvised apron pinned across her ample bosom, greeted us at the stairhead and pushed the younger children into her own apartment, closing the door. Then she beckoned to me to follow her up the remaining flight of stairs.

"Your mother is all right, but she's pretty sick," she told me. "You will have to take mighty good care of her, Nina; for she really ought to have a nurse. She says she can't afford one, though."

I shook my head miserably. "And the baby?" I asked timidly. Somehow I felt that the baby would be a great, comforting compensation. But Mrs. Gillisippe's face grew graver still.

"The little baby was born dead," she told me gently.

Somehow or other I managed to listen to her instructions about mother. The good kind woman promised to help me all she could, and she kept her promise faithfully and generously. But just the same I found myself with no mean task on my hands.

I had to cook for the three of us, and we had only a coal stove, which I must clean and keep up. I swept and washed and dusted and turned my little sister out to play in the areaway in front, where I could keep an occasional eye upon her. Mamma needed a lot of waiting on, and sometimes I used to be so tired at night that I could not go to sleep for a long time. And of course I had to be up again early in the morning to bring mamma her chocolate. She was terribly depressed and cried a good deal, and the apartment, which was preposterously large and pretentious for us now, seemed a tyrant which never let me rest.

Four weeks of this went by and all this time we heard nothing from my father. Our little supply of cash was at the vanishing point, and the grocer and butcher, rendered suspicious by my increasingly meager purchases, could hardly be wangled into giving further credit. It was dreadfully unpleasant to go into their shops, and my very shoulders must have been seen to cringe guiltily when I gave an order. Mamma was still unable to leave her bed.

There was nothing in my world left to lean upon, and suddenly I found that I did not need to lean. I could balance myself quite nicely. It was a somewhat heady sensation, rather like learning to walk, and my first step was to take my little sister to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at the corner of our street and Madison Avenue. It hurt my pride somewhat to do this, but I knew it had to be done. With little Eleanor out of the way and in safe hands, my daily problems would be infinitely lighter.

"We have no money," I explained to the round-faced mother superior who interviewed me, "and I know this is an expensive day school. But I want to bring my little sister here every morning and leave her until suppertime. You must please do it to help us, and when daddy sends us some money, I will pay you. I need this help a lot, and I ask you in the name of the Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

I was pale and earnest, but I'm not sure that I was not also somewhat consciously dramatic. Eleanor was accepted forthwith as a pupil and I returned to my housework, a great burden lifted off my shoulders, and burning with a fierce sense of exultation in my own new-found powers of making life move my way.

The next thing to do was to secure some ready money. Mamma had long ago pawned what few jewels she had, and the furniture was too difficult to dispose of. Besides, the doctor had said mamma must not be worried, and if I attempted to sell any of the furnishings she would have to be told. But we simply had to have cash. It was only a question of days now when our last shred of credit would disappear. The grocer had already threatened to cut us off. The coal for the cookstove was running low. Tradesmen with unpaid bills were practically our only visitors. Our old governess came once in a while, but not often, as she was in a new post, and mamma was too ill to see other callers. And if others had come, I greatly doubt that I would have had sufficient courage to ask their assistance. So, upon looking over our possessions for something that could be converted into food, my choice finally fell upon my own books.

Since I was acting on my own initiative in selling anything, it never even occurred to me to dispose of my father's library. But I owned several books, and it was my legal and moral right to sell them if I saw fit. These were Through the Looking Glass, Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verse, from which I had learned to read, The Bab Ballads and the edition of Barrack Room Ballads in which Mr. Kipling had written for me when he was in America. It was the autographs in all of these books which made their value apparent, and they were my greatest treasures. I hadn't another possession in the world. So I tucked the four of them under my arm and set out for Fifty-ninth Street, where I knew there was a row of secondhand bookshops back of the Netherlands Hotel. And an hour later I was back home, the richer by eight dollars, but poorer in spirit than ever before in my life. Mamma had fifty cents left in her purse, and with my eight dollars this represented our entire fortune. I am not sorry, now, that I had this experience, but it was many years before I could walk past that row of book stalls with equanimity, and I avoided Fifty-ninth Street as if the plague raged there, because of the pain which the very sight of the street caused me.

However, that very pain was a growing pain. And at the time there was no opportunity to go on moping over my sacrifice. The days when mamma and I could renew our hopes of rescue at every blast of the postman's whistle were past. Something had happened to father—that was clear to us now—and we could not go on living on what ought to happen. We had to create a way out for ourselves. Mamma was far too ill and helpless even to think coherently, much less take any active part in finding a solution for our difficulties, and so the responsibility naturally devolved on me.

When at length the idea of what to do occurred to me, it came indirectly, and a hat of mamma's was responsible. I was tidying her wardrobe, and the hat in question was one which I had made for her myself. I was always handy at such things, having a great love for clothes, and for some time past I had been adept at remodeling the practical cast-offs which the Buffalo family sent us. This hat had been a cast-off when we got it, but no one would have recognized it now, for nothing remained of its original structure except the actual wires and velvet. From a floppy picture hat of maroon velvet I had evolved a smart little draped toque, shaped like a gunboat, and trimmed with three ostrich tips at just the right angle. It looked, if I do say so, exactly as if it had come from one of the best Fifth Avenue shops, and as I realized this fact I got the idea which was to prove a solvent for the nightmare in which I was living.

I looked at myself in the cheval glass with a newly critical eye. What I saw there was a too tall child, with interminably thin legs, a mass of heavy dark curls tumbling about narrow shoulders, and a short gray woolen frock. Tentatively I pushed back my hair and turned the ends up into a big knot at the back of my neck, as I had often practiced doing against the day when I should be old enough to wear it that way. Yes, I decided, the effect was to make me look considerably older. I reached for mamma's hairpins and completed the job, weaving as mature a coiffure as I could contrive. Then I hastily examined the contents of mamma's wardrobe and selected her dark-blue broadcloth coat and skirt and an ecru lace blouse. These I put on with care, stuffing out the front of the blouse with fresh, crumpled handkerchiefs to disguise the flatness of my bosom. Her high-heeled shoes were a little tight for me, but the agony of wearing them was compensated for by the added height they gave and the grown-up look which they contributed to my ensemble.

Then I put on the hat I had made, pinned a borrowed veil over my face, and possessed myself of mamma's pocketbook, into which I put my eight dollars, and surveyed myself anew with deep satisfaction. No, I did not look like a little girl dressed up; I seemed to be a young lady of eighteen or nineteen. The hat looked particularly well, and that was important, for the hat was to be my reference and the proof of my talents. When I was all ready I went in to see that mamma was comfortable before I left the house.

"Daughter!" she said, in feeble, instinctive realization of what was afoot. "Daughter! What is it now? Where are you going?"

I had difficulty in keeping the tremor out of my voice as I replied, but I resolved to steel my heart against any protest from the invalid. What must be done, must be done.

"Mamma, you lie quiet now until I get back," I admonished her. "You know I'm quite a good milliner, dear, and don't be angry, but I'm going out and try to get work as one. I'm going to look for a job."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Miss Putnam. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

IN THE SENATE

(Continued from Page 7)

large number of men in the Senate at the time of the nation-wide controversy over ratification of the Versailles Treaty and proposals that the United States become a member of the League of Nations, and had known personally every President from Cleveland on, enjoying personal friendship with both Roosevelt and Taft.

In view of these contacts it could not be said that I was unfamiliar with the navigation of the ship of state. But now I was to leave the promenade deck to penetrate into the mysteries of the engine room.

The value of my friendships in the Senate became immediately evident. It is the custom for the sitting colleague to escort a new member to the desk to take the oath of office. Because of Senator Crow's serious illness and necessary absence, Governor Sproul had requested Senator Walter E. Edge, of New Jersey, to act as my sponsor. At the last minute, however, the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, Republican floor leader, was good enough to volunteer to perform this service himself. Senator Edge yielded to him in obedience to that canon of seniority which explains so much that happens in the Senate.

After the ceremony I found myself the member of a body which contained more diverse types than any group of comparable size that I have ever known. No two of the ninety-six senators resembled each other, even remotely. Looking backward, I find myself thinking first of those who, because of death or political disaster, are no longer in the chamber. Senator Lodge, justly entitled to be known as The Scholar in Politics, was a reservoir of exact information on subjects relating to senatorial precedents and traditions as well as on English and American history and the intricate workings of the machinery of government. I have never met a man more familiar than he with the whole range of English literature. The Senate restaurant has an inner room where senators only are admitted, and in this room are several tables to which certain men gravitate in obedience to some unwritten law of political affinity. Over one of these tables Senator Lodge presided, and I found myself accorded a place at it along with such men as George H. Moses, of New Hampshire; William P. Dillingham, of Vermont; Frank B. Brandegee, of Connecticut; Frederick Hale, of Maine; Medill McCormick, of Illinois; and James E. Watson, of Indiana. The group frequently varied, but at all these luncheon gatherings, in spite of the frequent interruption of quorum calls and summonses to vote on pending measures, Senator Lodge's conversation on literary and historical topics was to me delightful. I remember referring once to an impressive utterance by a Speaker of the House of Commons during the reign of Charles I

(Continued on Page 48)

DEFINITE ADVANTAGES

The trend of prominent automobile dealers towards Durant goes hand in hand with the general trend towards 4-Forward Speeds. Durant pioneered in this vital engineering advancement. And Durant alone offers the important advantage of a 4-Forward Speed Six under a thousand dollars.

The recent heavy capital investments in Durant dealerships possess profound public significance. They emphasize the confidence of leading merchants in the executives who now control Durant—a confidence based on proved ability to produce motor cars that build lasting good will.

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FACTORIES—LANSING, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., LEASIDE, ONT.

THE SIX SIXTY	. . . . .	109 in. wheelbase—	$685 to $875
THE SIX-SIXTY-THREE	. . . . .	112 in. wheelbase—	$845 to $1025
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A GOOD CAR

THE SMARTEST GIFTS SHOWN

LE PARFUM IDEAL—a fragrance delicately sensuous, seductively mysterious, as lovely as a half-remembered dream. And most attractively boxed, in a coffret of flowered silk, $12.50. Other sizes $1, $1.50, $3.50 and $6.75.

AU MATIN—a Perfume and a Face Powder achieve an exquisite kinship through a bond of rarest fragrance—breath of flowers at dawn. In a charming silk-lined Gift Set, $10.

QUELQUES FLEURS—Houbigant's fragrant expression of eternal, modern youth. The Perfume that has enslaved the smart sophisticates of two continents. In an exquisite silk-lined gift box, $7.50. Other sizes at $1, $2, $4 and $15.

QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL—a Gift of exceptional attractiveness. The silk-lined Chamois case including Perfume and the hexagonal single Compact, $3.00. Items separately, $3.50.

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BY THE SMARTEST SHOPS

AU MATIN—ecstatic fragrance of the French modernes—breath of dawn's awakening flowers—latest creation of Houbigant—favoured in critical Paris. $10 the Modèle Originale. $18 the Grand Flacon. $20 the Grand Flacon with Atomizer.

QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDEAL in the most luxurious flacon that ever imprisoned a fragrance. A Louis XV gold embellished bottle serves as a befitting shrine for the supreme perfumes Houbigant. Encased in an individual leather coffret, $25

ESSENCE RARE—the world's most perfect fragrance—the ultimate in parfum elegance—the supreme gift! Enshrined in jewel-like splendour, $25 to $125 the flacon

QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL in a silk-lined Chamois case that plays treasure chest for these incomparable perfumes and for Houbigant's new gold-toned Triple Vanity containing compact powder, rouge and lipstick, $6.00.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

WHILE YOU SHAVE...
AFTER YOU SHAVE...

FEEL ITS
DOUBLE-
ACTION

From the first sweep of the razor through your beard right through the whole day you have an extra feeling of comfort, when you shave with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

For Squibb's now contains a newly perfected ingredient—a unique balm for the skin which acts *two ways*—gives you a *double-action shave*.

First, this soothing balm protects you by a shielding coat of softness, and then it *restores the vital oils essential to the skin*.

Without these delicate oils, your skin is parched and irritated. The first action of all soap is to remove them—to rob your face of its natural suppleness and comfort. But the double-action shave, by restoring these oils, keeps your face naturally comfortable—naturally healthy!

Just shave with Squibb's once and feel the extra, all-day-long freshness of your face. Feel the new comfort it gives you.

Buy Squibb's Shaving Cream at your druggist's tonight. Only 40c for the large-size tube.

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SQUIBB'S
SHAVING
CREAM

(Continued from Page 44)

that I had recently come across in a book. I had forgotten the speaker's name. Senator Lodge immediately supplied it and commented most interestingly upon his life and work. On another occasion, when Margot Asquith, during her tour of the United States, was entertained at a luncheon given by Senator McCormick in his offices, Senator Lodge and I were fellow guests and sat on either side of her. She spoke of a Kentucky feud shooting then reported in the newspapers, and seemed both amazed and shocked that such affairs could occur. I ventured to suggest that, as a woman of Scotch descent, she might recall similar feuds among the clansmen of her native land, and quoted briefly from Aytoun's Execution of Montrose, a ballad I had learned in childhood. The reference was unfamiliar to her, but Senator Lodge not only capped the quotation but carried it on with verbal accuracy and great appreciation through many lines. On the floor Senator Lodge always spoke to the point, and often with force. One does not remember him, on the whole, however, as a great debater.

No member of the Senate in my time approached in eloquence John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who declined reëlection when his last term expired in 1923. When conditions were to his liking Senator Williams occasionally burst into speech which for clarity of thought, purity of diction and cogency of presentation entitled him to rank high among American orators. His sarcasm, when roused, could be devastating, as many senators who crossed him well recall.

Playing to the Senate Gallery

A unique figure in the chamber at that time was the veteran Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, then in his eightieth year. When I was presented to him after entering the Senate, he drew me aside to tell me that he well remembered a relative of mine who had appeared before the committee holding hearings in the Ballinger-Pinchot case, of which he was chairman, and had often wanted to see that man again to apologize for what he later felt was rudeness in interrupting his argument. I told him I was the man he had in mind but that there was nothing to apologize for. He insisted, however, on making the belated apology and we developed a friendship which continued until his death. Medill McCormick, politically experienced, mentally brilliant and by nature thoroughly equipped for the work of the Senate, was another whose friendship became to me a cherished possession. His untimely death following upon his defeat in the Illinois primaries in 1924 added one more to the long list of United States senators who during my time went to their deaths with hearts broken by political reverses. Frank B. Brandegee, of Connecticut, with one of the keenest minds in the Senate, was at his best in the committee room or in conference. His power of analysis was amazing, and the dry New England humor with which he reënforced his points made him a man to fear, if you differed with him and were susceptible to the shafts of ridicule.

These men and many other valuable public servants like James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York; Carter Glass, of Virginia, and David A. Reed, later my colleague from Pennsylvania, never lost sight of the issue before the Senate or suffered themselves to make voluble speeches for the sake of impressing constituents at home. There were, however, men in the Senate then—and I observe that there are still such—of whom this cannot be said. To a lawyer fresh from the courtroom nothing could be more amazing than the absence of any compelling rule of relevancy or of any felt obligation to stick to the point before the Senate. I shall never forget the bewilderment with which I first listened to hours of talk on subjects not related to any matter on which the Senate was about to act, the speaker being obviously satisfied to gain applause from the galleries or to pose in the pages of the Congressional Record—mailed free to constituents—as the champion of some cause which he thought would be popular at home. Fairly early I learned to distinguish between senators who went about their legislative labors as if no spectators were present and those who seemed to derive their greatest satisfaction from the presence of a listening throng. Some members of the latter class, on entering the chamber, immediately raised their eyes to the gallery, apt to be occupied by a number of the most attractive women in Washington, and appeared to be either elated or depressed by the result of their searching scrutiny. The habit invariably recalled my rowing days and the coach's injunction, "Eyes in the boat!" addressed to those of the crew who were fond of casting glances at feminine figures along the bank.

Although I was not unfamiliar with senatorial methods and responsibility, I learned with amazement the tremendous amount of work apart from activities in the chamber and in committee which falls on the shoulders of a senator, particularly one from a large industrial state.

The services rendered a state by a United States senator are twofold: First, the legislative duties, and, second, the more personal coöperation with the constituents. Both are, in many instances, interwoven and somewhat complex, and demand attention, time, study and, what is most important, performance.

Pennsylvania with its more than 9,000,000 inhabitants demands much. Its interests are varied and great. Industrial, commercial, mining, financial, railroad, shipping, agricultural, labor, professional, educational and other fields of human endeavor are important factors in its relations with the Federal Government, and its proximity to the District of Columbia helps to bring a closer contact.

The office of a senator from Pennsylvania or other similarly large state must handle a great volume of business. During the period that a Congress was in session my mail ranged from three hundred and fifty to five hundred letters daily, and on occasion mounted to a thousand or more. These letters called for some form of reply—information to be supplied or service rendered. My offices were almost constantly filled with visitors, the majority coming to discuss important matters. The local and long-distance telephones were in constant use.

A Government Clearing House

The senatorial office thus becomes something of a clearing house. Tariff perplexities, taxation problems and revenue complications come to it continuously. The busy manufacturer or merchant, intent upon his own creative efforts, can afford to give but little of his time to the study of departmental practices. In the emergency he turns to his senators. So, too, it becomes a duty to aid former soldiers in their dealings with the Veterans' Bureau. In a like way, a senator is consulted about special cases in the immigration office and in the issuing of passports. It is quite safe to say that a senator's office is brought into touch with every branch and department of the Government daily. I recall a request once made for my coöperation in having a branch revenue office established in the town of Red Lion, York County. Few persons, even in Pennsylvania, knew that the community was then and is still one of the largest cigar-manufacturing centers in the United States, the volume of business running into millions of dollars annually. When the facts were brought to the attention of the Treasury Department the branch office was established.

Appointments to places in the Federal service, furnishing data and information on a multitude of subjects, and the courtesies that can be extended to constituents visiting the capital on business or pleasure are part of the routine. They are aside from the subject of lawmaking. Many of the things a senator's office handles have no official connection with the business of government. Not a few are of a deeply personal character, touching the joys and sorrows of human existence.

So heavy is the volume of such business that the adjournment of Congress permits but a slight reduction in the staff. During my incumbency pressing matters called me to the national capital at least once each week during the recesses, and every day I was in touch with the office by telephone.

Nor do the legislative duties come to a close when the gavel sounds the end of a session. Committee work goes on. There are inquiries and hearings and the gathering of information upon which the new Congress can act. There are confidential relations existing with the executive branch of the Government, and senators are frequently summoned by the President or called upon by members of the cabinet in the discussion of policies. Nominations for Federal posts and government enterprises within the state are the subject of conversation. There are appeals for pardons and requests for paroles, all of which demand attention.

The Senate's Powerful Position

These activities are, as I have said, apart from the specific function of helping to frame laws, though they indicate the diverse employment of a senator's day. The legislative side is, naturally, more important, since it has to do with the welfare of the entire nation, and not infrequently of the world.

It has been said that the Senate is the most powerful factor in our governmental system. It shares in all of the three powers of government—legislative, executive and judicial. It must concur with the House of Representatives before laws can be passed. It must approve treaties before they can become binding. It must give its indorsement to presidential nominations of Federal officers before they are valid. The House of Representatives does not share these last two powers. The Senate sits as a judicial body in impeachment proceedings, and in its capacity as an investigating group it enjoys wide authority, as contemporary events on the national stage now demonstrate.

These and other activities, and such part as I had in many of them, will be discussed in later articles.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Pepper. The second will appear in an early issue

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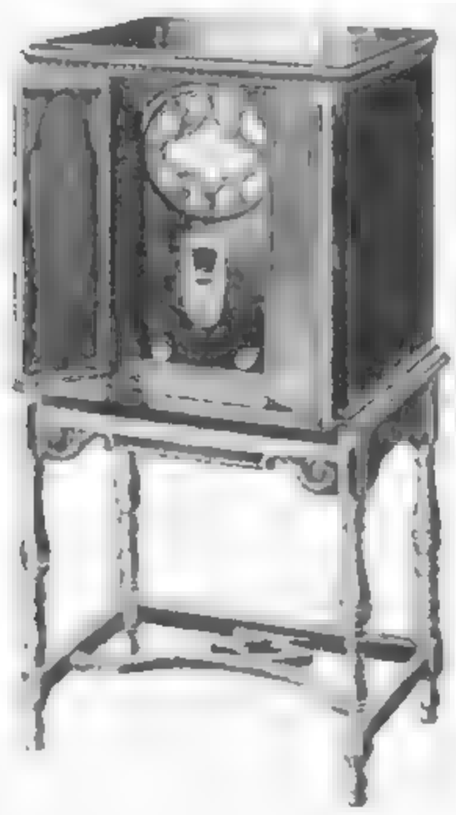
will flood your home with Christmas cheer



A GIANT pipe-organ right in your living room on Christmas morning — huge rolling waves of gorgeous music — golden top notes — mellow middle tones — resonant bass — every note clear, true and lifelike in the absolute character of the original.

You can never know this wonder, till you hear the new Majestic. You can never have this thrilling experience with any other radio set.

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And this COLORFUL TONE of Majestic's is *always* there, in all its *beauty and power* — whether on an organ recital, a popular dance melody or wild jazz number, a symphony orchestra concert or a brilliant quartette singing some well-loved song; whether on a local program or some far distant station you never heard before.

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MAJESTIC BEAUTY as illustrated in this authentic Jacobean period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic chassis and super-dynamic speaker . . . Tune in Majestic Theater of the Air over Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Headliners of the stage and screen.

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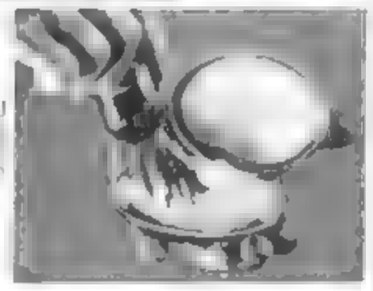
"I'm now addicted to Mint Julep Shaves!"

Once you open a box of BRISK, [illegible] back to a tube stick or powder.



Take the flat, oval box of BRISK in one hand—your moist brush over BRISK

"If using BRISK shaving cream means falling off the wagon, I'm taking a headlong plunge," writes R. A. Porter of South Orange, N. J. "I'm 'on' the mint julep shave for life!

"I've heard the claims of all the various shaving creams and tried them all, but nothing ever did the work like BRISK. Man—just to put it on your face is like a cool breeze on a sunburned skin! But the way it helps the old razor—you'd never think a whisker had any resistance at all. I now shave in half the time it formerly took and never have any cuts, scratches or soreness."

Lubricates the Razor Stroke

BRISK lathers instantly and freely in hot or cold water—and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave. BRISK absorbs two to three times the amount of water that old fashioned shaving cream does. Hence it makes two to three times the amount of lather—and a lather that *stays most on your face until you finish your shave!*

The rich, moistureful lather quickly "cuts" the beard oil and soaks the hair soft for easy, clean cutting. Moreover, it lubricates the cutting stroke of the razor. You know how a bit of soap on a saw eases its passage through a log: well, that's how BRISK smooths the path of the razor. The razor does not "pull" or bump along over your face, but glides sweetly over the skin cutting down the hair cleanly and closely and almost without effort.

Every stroke of the razor does a clean job. No need to go over and over the same spot and "butcher" your face to get a close shave.

Starts the Day Right for You

The man who starts out with his face feeling and looking fit starts out in a winning stride. BRISK gives you the kind of shave that starts the day right for you and keeps you in pace all day long. BRISK is new, even unto the package. It's a flat, oval tin box made for men only. And it holds an amazing lot of shaves because you have to use so little compared to other shaving creams. Get BRISK now at any good [illegible]

Boy! How the whiskers go down before your razor when BRISK paves the way

BRISK has four brothers. ZEST, a refreshing after shaving lotion, 75c; TRIM, a hair [illegible] shaving powder, 50c; STIP, a new type "stoptic" that closes cuts pronto, 25c.

FREE—A liberal trial box. Clip coupon.

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I want to treat my face to a mint julep shave. Please send me a free trial box of BRISK.

NAME
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THE SHAGGY LEGION

Continued from Page 5

"Guide!" The burly train boss scoffed. He swept an arm to the westward. The deep-rutted trail, wide and well defined, led on over the green prairies, to disappear into the sky as a fine white line in the distance. "A blind man can follow that without a guide."

"Yeah," Coleman agreed. "But we'll be turning off to travel three-four hundred miles through country that don't show even a wheel track. Listen, Flack; they signed you on as wagon boss because you can boss a bull train. But when Injuns show up, you can't tell whether it's a war party or a squaw march out on a berry-picking spree; or if it is a war party, whether they're out to jump us that very living second or are coming in to palaver and beg. The reason they signed me on as scout and guide is because I know all them things as sure as you know a red ox from a white one. I don't tell you how to boss your bull train and manhandle your whackers. And you're about through telling me how to guide a train and deal with Injuns. Long as we both leave it at that we're doing what Majors, Russel & Waddel hired us to do."

The firm of which Coleman spoke was the biggest and most far-reaching of its kind. With tens of thousands of freight wagons on all the overland trails, Majors, Russel & Waddel had become a power on the plains.

Coleman turned and moved slowly away. The train boss scowled after him, spitting the chewed stick from his mouth, its end frayed to a fibrous likeness of a paintbrush.

"Instead o' me not layin' a lash on an Injun without he says so," Flack growled, "it's more'n likely that I'll drag a bull whip off'n him some day without no man's leave."

Rapaho Gil and old Jim Bridger merely chuckled.

"Yeah," California Joe remarked amiably. "It wouldn't s'prise me any to speak of if you was to try that out some day."

Comstock merely grinned.

Flack glared at the quartet and the several bullwhackers who had gathered round. He snarled swift orders to the latter. In an amazingly short space of time, Flack had brought order out of disorder. The wagons were arrayed in an oval, an opening left at one end, two wagons posted in such fashion that only a space of seconds would be required to wheel them by hand into the open space and block it. Flack was, as Coleman had conceded, an efficient train boss.

The bull train was made up of twenty-four heavy freight wagons, each drawn by four yoke of oxen. A big freighting concern had contracted to send this train, loaded with provisions, liquor, mining machinery and sundry other merchandise, to the mining towns of Bannock and Virginia City in far-off Montana. In the main, bullwhackers were a hard and quarrelsome lot. The boss bullwhacker of a train, invested with absolute authority by his employers, nevertheless must be a man who could enforce that authority by personal physical coercion if occasion arose in handling such a hard-bitten breed as the bullwhacking freighters of the plains.

Flack, a ruffian by training and inclination, gloried in the fact that he could handle the toughest crew of freighters that ever signed on with a bull train. Like the bucko mates of the old Yankee clipper ships, Flack seldom overlooked an opportunity to demonstrate his ability. His brutality was a byword on the plains. But the trains he bossed moved on to destination without the mutinies that sometimes resulted in the destruction or delay of other outfits. He was, therefore, a valuable man in the eyes of those who dispatched bull trains laden with valuable merchandise for distant parts.

A half dozen pilgrim outfits—men moving their families into the West—had attached themselves to the train for greater protection—the Carroltons, an Ohio family with one prairie schooner drawn by six mules, and four other families with their stock and wagons.

Old Ike Williams—a relic of a still earlier West, contemporary of Bridger and Rapaho Gil, but temporarily a freighter, since he had spent his all in a glorious spree in the settlements and now was returning to the mountains by bullwhacking for this train—sauntered over to the post and renewed his long acquaintance with the pair. Williams and Gil drank deep and heartily.

"How long's that storm been brewing?" Gil inquired.

"Flack and Coleman? Ever since the start," Williams testified. "How!"

"How!" Rapaho Gil echoed as they drained their cups again. "Flack'll crawl his hump then before many moons. Then what?"

"Well, Rapaho, you and me's both witnessed many a big chief start for the happy huntin' grounds swift and unexpected," Williams said. "Here's to the early days."

The trio quit the post and squatted on their heels outside of the stockade that surrounded it. Presently Coleman joined them there.

"How's trade?" Coleman inquired.

"Dead both ways," Gil testified. "The demand for robes is falling off and the price is down. Three dollars top is all I can get for the best squaw-dressed buffalo robes today, agin five to seven dollars average twenty-thirty year ago."

Coleman nodded. He knew the history of the fur trade in the West. When first the fur brigades had come to scour that virgin land the supply of beaver had been reckoned as inexhaustible. But by the middle 30's the beaver had been wiped from the streams and the fur trade had collapsed from its own greed. One factor—a sudden world-wide demand for Indian-dressed buffalo robes—had saved the fur trade of the West from following the trail of the beaver into oblivion. Several big companies and numerous individual traders had held on. As formerly all trade had been reckoned in terms of beaver skins, the buffalo robe for almost thirty years now had been the basis of all bargaining.

"And on the other hand, it's a sight more difficult to get robes than it was," Bridger said. "Every tribe on the plains is all worked up about the whites violating Injun hunting grounds. Chiefs and medicine men is laying themselves out to prevent robe trading. They say thar was half a million or more a year traded off for close to a quarter century, which is only helping to kill off the buffalo. The robe trade's following the trail that the beaver traveled in the 30's."

Coleman knew all that. He had heard that the American Fur Company alone had shipped round seventy thousand robes a year. With every company and every trader in the West engaged in the robe trade, the annual total must have been tremendous.

The oxen, mules and the few horses of the train grazed on the prairie two hundred yards from the wagon corral. Rapaho Gil's herd, under the care of the Arapaho youth, fed slowly along some distance behind the post. Many of the freighters and pilgrims slept in the shade of the wagons. Coleman, Rapaho Gil, Bridger and Ike Williams talked of this and that.

Flack left the wagons and moved toward the four men who sat outside the post. A number of freighters manifested signs of sudden interest. The wagon boss had been in an ugly mood since his recent altercation with Coleman. He had chewed a stick with unusual venom. Having battered and booted his way the length of all the overland trails, it was unlikely that Flack would overlook Coleman's words. He took no back talk from any man. The freighters sensed something purposeful in his stride. They were about to witness another of those merciless affairs in which Flack, after mauling his adversary to earth with sledge-hammer fists, proceeded to put the boot to the victim's face. His complete jobs always afforded ample evidence of the fact that it was unwise to indulge in back talk with the toughest train boss on the plains.

To the watching freighters it appeared that the four men outside of the stockade paid no need whatever to Flack's purposeful approach. Had they been closer, they might have noted that Coleman was eying the advancing train boss narrowly and without humor, while the eyes of the three old mountain men glinted with speculative amusement.

When Flack was still a dozen yards away, Coleman tilted suddenly forward as if crouched to spring. But it was merely that his attention had been transferred to something far beyond Flack. Rapaho Gil leaped to his feet, as did Bridger and old Ike Williams.

Rapaho yelped and Williams loosed a Comanche yell of warning.

Flack halted and started truculently, suspecting a combined attack. But Gilroy was scooting round the corner of the stockade. Coleman was heading for his horse.

"Get the stock in!" old Ike Williams roared at Flack. "They're onto us!"

Rapaho Gil, lifting his voice in long-drawn yell, was making signals to the Arapaho youth. But the boy's sharp eyes had discovered the menace and even then he was heading the ox herd toward the sod corral. Flack turned and stared. Three miles or so away he saw a swarm of antlike moving specks. Behind them there was a fine dark line, as if the green prairies ended there.

He loosed a bellow of warning to the freighters, who already were on their feet, and started running toward the grazing mules and oxen. His big voice boomed across the prairie, giving orders as he ran, and between commands he swore volubly about "Gilroy's Cheyennes" that were hazing a buffalo herd down upon the train.

Several whackers were mounting mules that had been kept saddled as wrangle mounts. They followed Coleman and gathered the grazing stock, heading the animals toward the wagons. Several refractory oxen tried to quit the bunch and break back or out to either side. Bull whips popped with sharp reports as the freighters poured the leather to such troublesome beasts.

Coleman looked over his shoulder. The advancing dark line was still a mile away. A dull rumble jarred in his ears. Plenty of time. Already the leading oxen were entering the opening left in the end of the oval corral of wagons. The riders crowded the whole herd through and rode inside themselves. The two wagons were wheeled into place to block the gap.

Freighters and pilgrims were catching mules and oxen and tying them to the wheels of the freight wagons. Coleman looked across and saw that Gilroy, Bridger, Comstock, California Joe and the Arapaho boy had succeeded in crowding the last of the trader's stock into the sod corral and putting up the bars. None too soon, Coleman thought. He stationed himself in the narrow gap between the two Carrolton wagons.

The forefront of the stampede was but little more than a hundred yards away. The running horde of buffalo poured down upon the wagons in an irresistible rush. It seemed that no power on earth could prevent that resistless sea of stampeded beasts from overwhelming the camp. Coleman's big Sharp buffalo gun was pressed to his cheek. He squeezed the trigger and the bellowing report rang out above the thunderous rumble of countless churning feet.

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A bull went down as the heavy ball struck him at the juncture of throat and chest. Others stumbled over the prostrate animal and piled up in a struggling heap.

Carrolton fired from between the next two wagons. Freighters were emptying their guns into the front of the rushing horde. Coleman unlimbered his big Navy revolver and emptied its six chambers at the point where the herd was splitting round the pile-up occasioned by his original shot. A terrific double roar crashed just above his head, almost deafening him, as Sue Carrolton, leaning from the front of the wagon, fired both barrels of her father's fowling piece. Carrolton's long Kentucky rifle spoke again from the far end of the wagon. The herd was splitting in the face of this concentrated fire. A few scattered buffalo, catapulted from the herd by the pressure of the mass behind, ran straight for the wagons in blind panic. A great bull brought up against a Carrolton wagon with a splintering crash. Coleman's Sharp roared as the bull strove to push on through. The sound of another heavy impact off to the left heralded a similar accident.

Terrified oxen bawled within the wagon corral and made frantic, surging rushes in their endeavors to break out. Freighters fought them back. High above the tumult, Flack's voice boomed profane commands.

But the herd had split. A hundred yards away it divided into two rushing torrents and boiled past on either side of the wagon camp. Coleman, reloading swiftly, heard the sharp tamp-tamp of a ramrod and looked up, to see Sue Carrolton reloading the fowling piece. He leaped upon the footboard beside her.

"They're split now! Likely they won't close in again!" he called above the uproar.

The girl nodded. Cheeks pale beneath their tan, her eyes were wide with excitement. The freighters were keeping up their fire. Coleman singled out an occasional animal in the passing ranks and dropped it with the big Sharp. He waved a hand to either side and the girl's eyes traveled with his gesture. For as far as she could see on either hand the plains seemed a moving sea of brown. For twenty minutes the shaggy horde rushed past. Then Sue Carrolton stood with Coleman and watched the billowing brown sea roll into the distance across the prairies.

She trembled with excitement. It was her first glimpse of the shaggy horde. A buffalo stampede was nothing new in the lives of the freighters, however. Stampeding a buffalo herd down upon a wagon-train camp in the hope of sweeping horses, mules and oxen away with the rush of it was a favorite pastime of the savages. Failures to steer stampedes on a straight course for the destined target far outnumbered successes, but the Indians seldom overlooked an opportunity to try the thing again. In the aggregate, losses inflicted in this manner were tremendous. Flack's train, even though the wide front of the stampede had run true, had been fortunate enough to weather it without the loss of an animal.

"Thought the soldiers just had another big peace powwow with the Northern Cheyennes!" Flack stormed. "This is what comes of it!"

II

SUE CARROLTON heard the freighters attributing the stampede to Indians.

"But how could they know we were camped here?" she inquired of Coleman, her eyes sweeping the empty prairie.

It was most difficult for those unversed in plains travel and Indian customs to realize that every wagon train that traversed the regular overland trails was under constant surveillance. Without the savages having revealed the least sign of their presence, scouts signaled every movement of every train, even where the view was unrestricted to the far horizon. Evidence of it was afforded by the fact that small outfits were suddenly attacked and overwhelmed. Larger caravans traveled without molestation or even alarm for so long as they went into corral at night, sent scouts ahead and out on either flank to guard against ambush at strategic points and made adequate provision for guarding their stock at every stop. But let the train boss of the largest outfit relax his vigilance after days or weeks of immunity and it was big odds that a few savages, mounted or afoot, would swoop like darting hawks and stampede the carelessly guarded stock, or that a war party would launch a vicious surprise attack upon the incautious train.

All this Coleman explained to Sue Carrolton. "That's why Flack's a good train boss," he said. "Flack don't savvy Injun sign or can't tell a war party from a squaw march, but he does know that Injuns spring from nowhere to run off stock at any moment. So at every camp he never fails to keep things well in hand."

The girl's eyes narrowed at this praise of Flack. She did not like the ruffianly train boss. Coming from a fighting strain herself, and reared among those whose lives were ordered by the blood code of warring feudal clans, she subscribed to the law of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Shooting down a member of some rival clan from ambush in retaliation for the death of a kinsman, even though the ambushed party had taken no personal part in the demise of said relative, seemed right and just to her. Accustomed to men of violence and swift action, she nevertheless despised the sheer animal brutality which led Flack to crush men to a bloody pulp at the slightest provocation. Also, she knew that the burly train boss looked upon Coleman with unfriendly eye.

"He don't mean any good to you," she warned

"He don't mean good to any man," Coleman said. "No reason why Flack would be fond of me, nor hold against me more than the dislike he shows for all folks."

The girl, with her more intimate feminine insight into such matters, had not failed to observe Flack's admiration for herself. She had not the slightest doubt that her own preference for Coleman was at the bottom of Flack's ill-concealed animosity toward the plainsman.

"Keep an eye out for him," she counseled.

Coleman nodded. It had been his constant habit since infancy to keep an eye out for everything.

Half a hundred buffalo carcasses dotted the prairie in the immediate vicinity. The freighters cut off such meat as they desired. The pilgrims welcomed this addition to scanty larders and each family dressed out several quarters of meat to be stowed in the wagons. Gilroy's squaw and children were busily engaged in salvaging meat in preparation to drying it. The oxen had been released again to graze under guard.

An hour before sundown Coleman moved over to the Carrolton wagons and pointed to the north.

"Here they come—the Cheyennes," he said to Sue.

The girl trained her eyes in that direction and made out a multitude of tiny moving specks that grew larger and more colorful as they drew near. She watched the vivid scene with interest. Half a hundred warriors arrived first, their ponies skimming the prairies. They dismounted round the post. Behind came a swarm of squaws and children. Half-grown boys herded a band of loose ponies, many of them bearing packs. The squaws led or drove a hundred or more horses behind which travois poles trailed on the ground, laden with personal belongings. Children from three to five years of age were tied to the saddles of ponies that traveled with the herd. The youngsters seemed to experience no inconvenience from the gait of the horses, even when they reared or shied. Older children rode with the grace and fearlessness exhibited by their elders.

The conclave halted two hundred yards downstream. Squaws caught and unpacked the horses. Travois poles served for lodge poles, and in an incredibly short space of time a village sprang up along the creek. Twenty-odd tepees stood there, the coverings of dressed buffalo hides painted in crude designs. Smoke soon ascended from the tepee vents.

The bucks had crowded round outside the post. To each in turn Gilroy passed a small drink of alcohol diluted with water, the usual trade liquor of the West.

No less a personage than Little Beaver, a noted war chief of the Northern Cheyennes, headed the party. He had been one of the leading figures in the recent peace conference wherein representatives of the Great White Father and the head chiefs of the northern plains tribes again had agreed to bury the hatchet for as "long as the sun rises in the east and the water runs downhill." Little Beaver had become an adept at promising with the easy facility which he had learned from the white men. Long experience had taught him that the white men made promises only to violate them. Consequently, he had adopted similar tactics. He promised readily enough; then, knowing that white men would be killing buffalo and invading new boundary lines within the week, he anticipated them and violated the treaty first by lifting a few casual scalps at the earliest opportunity.

"Thought you'd just made peace, and now you stampede a buffalo herd onto the first train that passes through!" Flack growled.

Little Beaver did not like the expression on the countenance of the wagon boss and he asked Coleman to interpret the speech.

"The wagon chief asks if Little Beaver was at the peace conference," Coleman hedged.

"Little Beaver was there. There is but one trail. That is the white man's road. Little Beaver has set his feet upon it. It is smooth and easy walking. Never shall his feet stray from that path and lead him into rough ground. Henceforth the Cheyennes will follow the white man's road." That was the expression by which all plains Indians conveyed the meaning that they intended to emulate the example of the whites in all things. "The Cheyennes are anxious now to live in big lodges of logs like the white men. We are weary of moving about and would stay always in one spot. We will plow the ground and raise corn and tame buffalo. We are anxious to start. The Cheyennes follow the white man's road."

Coleman interpreted this oration to Flack. Aside, to Bridger, he said: "He's an amiable old liar and will lift the hair of the first pilgrim he can catch off guard."

Several of the Cheyennes recognized Coleman. He assented to some proposition that these acquaintances put to him and the freighters watched curiously as he stepped back eight paces from the stockade while a Cheyenne marked a four-inch circle on the log wall. Numerous bets were placed. Coleman drew the heavy knife from his belt and hurled it without apparent aim or effort. It landed point-first in the circle and quivered there. He performed the feat several times.

"It's balanced to make one turn in twelve feet, two turns in twenty-four, and land point first," he explained to a freighter who had inquired. "Injuns balance their tomahawks to make a turn in so many feet when they heave 'em."

The Cheyennes demanded more liquor. Rapaho Gil shook his head.

"I will trade high wine for robes," he said.

However, he tendered the Cheyenne chief a drink. Haughtily, Little Beaver refused to partake.

"The fire water of the white men makes my people crazy!" he said fiercely. "They trade off their robes and their furs, and the next day have nothing." He swept his arm to indicate the dead buffalo scattered round the prairie. "The white men come into the country of the red men and kill our buffalo."

"There are so many buffalo that they will never grow few," old Gil answered in the Cheyenne tongue.

(Continued on Page 55)

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(Continued from Page 53)

"So in my youth the first white men said of the beaver," the chief returned. "We believed it then. But for thirty summers the whack of the beaver's tail upon the water has not been heard in the land of the Cheyennes. Soon the buffalo will follow the trail of the beaver, and the bellies of the Cheyennes will be empty with hunger. The white men must stop killing the buffalo that belong to my people."

He harangued his braves, urging them to trade only for ammunition. A few tentative trades were made for powder and ball. Loudly, one warrior demanded liquor. He snatched off the robe that covered him and tendered it to Rapaho Gil. The trader in return gave him two pints of the diluted liquor.

The prevailing price for years had been one pint of diluted alcohol for one buffalo robe. So universal had this practice become that for a quarter of a century buffalo robes had been known as "pints" to red man and white alike.

"No more," Rapaho Gil said regretfully to Coleman. "It's a quart for a robe now'days. Twice as much as I paid twenty year ago, and I sell a robe for half the price I got for one in them days. The robe trade is blowed up."

The Cheyenne quaffed half his liquor on the spot, tendering the rest to his fellows. A few more similar trades were made. Then the Cheyennes rode down to the camp that had been prepared by the squaws. A continuous stream of savages plied between camp and post, bringing in finely dressed robes and carrying the high wine back to camp. By midnight the whole Cheyenne camp was in a drunken uproar. Squaws and children screeched in abandon and warriors recited their valorous deeds without the usual audience. Before dawn the Cheyennes were robeless and the trader's stock of liquor was running low. In the morning a few squaws and braves came to the wagon camp to beg for sugar and trinkets. But when the bull train moved out, the majority of those in the Cheyenne camp still were sleeping off the effects of their nightlong debauch.

Some weeks later Coleman turned from the regular trail and led the train northward through trackless country. They had left the short-grass prairies far behind and now traversed sage-clad plains and foothills, with occasional higher ranges covered with a sparse growth of stunted juniper.

Coleman scouted the country ahead to pick the most feasible route. Also, he killed game when opportunity offered. Scarcely a day passed but what he dropped elk, mule deer, buffalo, antelope, bighorn sheep or bear, leaving the animals where they fell, to be picked up by the following train. And always, of course, he kept his eye peeled for Indian sign.

Sue Carrolton borrowed a mule one day and rode ahead with him. He pointed out to her presently an Indian trail.

"Not a war party," he said. "It's a Crow village on the move. The sign's more'n two weeks old."

"How do you know all that just from looking at the tracks?" the girl inquired.

"First off, this is Crow country. It was a big party—hundreds of 'em—and the travois marks prove it was a village on the move, or at least a big band traveling with their squaws and children and personal effects. A war party don't travel with travois or take their families along. And no other nation would move a village into Crow country. At least it ain't likely. But to cinch the point, the cast-off moccasins along the trail are of Crow make. The squaws of different tribes use different seam patterns and different trimmings in making moccasins. The last rain was two weeks back and this trail has been rained on."

"You know so much about those things," the girl murmured.

"Sure I do. It's my business to know. Any pilgrim can tell the difference between a village picnic and a regiment of soldiers. Well, I know a war party from a squaw march when an Injun village is shifting camp. Settlement folks know a church meeting from a horse race by the sound. And I can tell two mile off whether an Injun village is feasting, scalp dancing or wailing for their dead. Any pilgrim or bullwhacker can tell the difference between a horseshoe and a mule shoe at first glance. And me, I can just as easy distinguish between the moccasins of different tribes. Most folks can tell Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, and so on, apart. And a plainsman knows a Sioux from a Mandan and a Piute from a Cheyenne just as easy. That's all there is to it, Sue."

"Why do the Indians call you the Little Mandan?" the girl made inquiry, her eyes traveling over his six feet of length.

"Account of a grandpap o' mine—Hunter Breckenridge. Breckenridge is my first name—Breck for short. He lived among the Mandans for a spell and later among the Pawnees. He was quite a figure, they tell me, in the days of the fur brigades, and they called him the Big Mandan. My mother was his oldest daughter. She'd not quite turned fifteen yet when she married my dad back in Missouri and started out over the trail with the front end of the Oregon emigrants. I was born on the trail and my folks both died on the way. I was raised in a trading post on the Snake River. When the old-time traders and trappers told the Injuns who my kinfolks was, they used to come to see me, and called me Little Mandan."

"Some of my kin lived among the Indians, too—my great grandfolks," the girl told him. "Rod Buckner, the old man's name was. He married a white girl that was a captive in the Shawnee towns—White Fawn, they called her—and come west of the Mississippi when Boone and the woodsmen left Kentucky."

Both felt a certain sense of fellowship in thus having sprung from strains that similarly had thrust ever deeper into the wilderness. It seemed some way to cement a bond between them. Neither could put it into words.

The girl essayed it when she said: "And here's my folks and me still pushing on. Seems like you and me spring from a restless breed. What'll our sort o' people do when there's no new places left to go?" And she laughed lightly at her own flight of fancy.

Coleman, however, did not laugh. Instead, he glanced at her, startled by her voicing the thought that had been taking vague shape in his own mind for several years. Young as he was, he had seen the day when the greater part of the West was the undisputed domain of the red men. The Oregon emigrants and the California stampeders had held to the established trails, while everything for hundreds of miles on either side of those highways had been the great unknown to all save roving bands of trappers, who, of course, had known the country intimately even then. But now matters changed with increasing rapidity every year. California had been settled. Oregon was being settled up with great rapidity. The Mormons had settled Utah. The mining excitement in Montana had lured many thousands to that far-off spot. Rich strikes in Arizona and New Mexico had caused a rush of miners to those parts, the discovery of the Comstock Lode had drawn frenzied swarms of people to Nevada, while other gold seekers poured across the Kansas prairies to the mountains of Colorado.

A long line of settlements had been thrust the length of the Missouri. Settlers pressed south and west through Kansas and north through Texas. Army posts, pony express and overland-stage stations had sprung up everywhere. Freighting across the plains in all directions had increased to monumental proportions. And still they came in increasing swarms—settlers, soldiers, hunters, freighters, miners, gamblers and adventurers. Railroads were coming, too, pushing slowly across Kansas. There was talk of steel rails that would connect the Pacific with the Mississippi. They were even driving big herds of cattle up from Texas to Baxter Springs, Kansas, and Southwest Missouri.

"What you thinking about?" Sue Carrolton inquired.

"That what you said was true—about soon there'd be no new place left for restless breeds o' folks like ours to go," he said.

The girl laughed gayly. "I didn't say soon," she corrected, waving a hand to indicate the vast scope of country round them. "We haven't seen a human in ten days. This country right here is new, and will be for a long time yet."

Coleman shook his head and related to her the opposite thoughts that had been cruising through his mind.

"It's coming sooner than you think," he prophesied. "I was born out here and I've seen this country filling up."

"Then what?" she asked. "When that time does come?"

This time it was Coleman who chuckled at his own flight of fancy. "Then you and me'll have to back-track along the trails our kinfolk blazed out for us," he said. "We'll head east, maybe, as they headed west. That'll be new country to us, Sue. I never yet set foot as far east as the Mississippi."

Even as they conversed, Coleman's eyes roved over the country ahead and to either side. No detail escaped his eye. Constant wariness was as natural to him as to a panther in some country that swarmed with hunters. A lifetime of experience had taught him that the most peaceful-appearing landscape might harbor a thousand ambushed braves; that days and weeks of immunity from attack might mean but the lull before the cyclone. Those who permitted vigilance to be relaxed and allowed themselves to lapse into a sense of false security did not long wear their hair.

"Anyway, the Crows haven't discovered yet that we're traveling through their country," the girl remarked.

Coleman grunted dissentingly. Even then, he was observing smoke puffs that ascended from a distant range of hills. For three days now he had been observing them.

"They know." He pointed to a wisp of smoke that rose from a mountain in the distance. "The news has been signaled to every village. Crow scouts are watching every move we make. They're holding powwows and medicine chats all through the whole Crow nation. The braves of every village are in council. They just haven't decided on their course yet. We'll run foul of them before long. The very fact that a bunch of them haven't dropped in with their squaws to visit round and beg is proof that they haven't made up their minds yet. But they know all about us. Don't fool yourself."

They had been riding more slowly, the gait intentional on Coleman's part, as he had no wish to ride too far ahead of the train in company with the girl. Despite the uninterrupted absence of Indians for ten days past—or perhaps because of it—he knew that an ambush was an hourly possibility. The stunted sage afforded ample cover from which a thousand painted braves might spring at any instant. The Crows, firm friends of the whites since the days of Lewis and Clark, long had prided themselves upon the fact that the Crows never had taken a white man's scalp. But of late years, since the prospectors, taking advantage of Crow hospitality, had invaded their mountain habitat in numbers, while hunters shot down the buffalo in the lower valleys, there had been brushes of minor importance. The Crows knew that wherever a wagon train broke trail, highways of travel soon would follow. Would they permit this train to leave its tracks through their country unmolested? Coleman doubted it. He dropped back to within a few yards of the lead wagon.

"I've got to skirmish on ahead a piece," he said. "You fall back with the train."

Flack, as Coleman had stated, was an efficient wagon boss. Engrossed with his responsibilities in crossing through this virgin country, he had, apparently, laid aside his quarrel with Coleman. The freighters knew him better than to believe, however, that this amnesty was more than temporary. Watching Coleman riding ahead with the girl, Flack's jealous temper flared. He rode ahead on his mule.

"I heard somewheres that you was supposed to be scouting for this outfit," he said to Coleman with manifest truculence.

"Yes," Coleman assented.

"Well, sitting here on your horse and gabbing with a girl ain't scouting, way I look at things."

"No? Well, you ain't supposed to know much about scouting, whatever way you look at things," Coleman said. "But anyway, I was just about to skirmish on over that next low pass."

He turned his horse and rode on ahead. Flack scowled after him. Sue Carrolton had been treated to various demonstrations of Flack's brutality. An involuntary shudder passed through her as she pictured Coleman being hammered and kicked to a bloody wreck as those others had been.

"I'll teach him his business if he stays with a bull train that I'm bossing!" Flack asserted.

"He knows his business," the girl retorted.

"Yeah? Then let him 'tend to it," Flack said.

The girl favored him with a scornful glance and dropped back to ride beside the Carrolton wagons, midway of the train. The wagons wound their slow way up the slope and crossed through the saddle in its crest. Far ahead was a tiny moving speck that Sue knew was Coleman riding on across the sea of sage.

She rode ahead with him again for an hour or two the following day. Watching the pair of them, Flack's temper did not improve. He was in an ugly mood when the girl dropped back to join the train. Round noon she looked ahead and saw Coleman, a toy figure in the distance, riding in the center of a five-mile-wide bottom. He reined in his horse and dismounted. When, an hour later, the bull train reached that point, it was to find him waiting there beside a tiny creek.

"Thought maybe you'd want to stop over here till sundown, rest and feed the stock and make a night march of it to the next water," Coleman said to Flack. "There's no water ahead for twenty-five miles or better."

"There'd ought to be water over that next rise," Flack objected.

"Yes. There'd ought to be, but there's not," Coleman returned. "I've been all through here. That next rise ain't the crest of a divide. It's the start of a twenty-mile sloping dry bench."

"We'll go on and see for ourselves," Flack said.

Coleman shrugged his indifference. He dropped back to the Carrolton wagons and said to Sue, "Pass me out your water keg."

He filled the small wooden cask at the creek, rode on to overtake the train, balancing the heavy keg before him, and handed it into the wagon. Then he rode on in advance. The wagon train attained to the rise, but instead of the usual dip beyond, the view consisted of a gradually rising stretch of country that merged with the distant sky. Flack knew then that he had been in error. The knowledge served only to increase his rancor toward Coleman.

Throughout the afternoon and on until close to midnight they crept across the arid bench. Then the weary animals could go no farther without rest. A halt was called and the train made a dry camp. The bawling of thirst-tormented oxen beat up against the ears of those who tried to sleep. In the early dawn Flack gave the order to break camp.

Coleman filled his hat with water from the Carroltons' keg and carried it to his horse, then made a second trip.

"Think your horse has special privileges over what the other critters have, so's he's entitled to use folks' drinking water?"

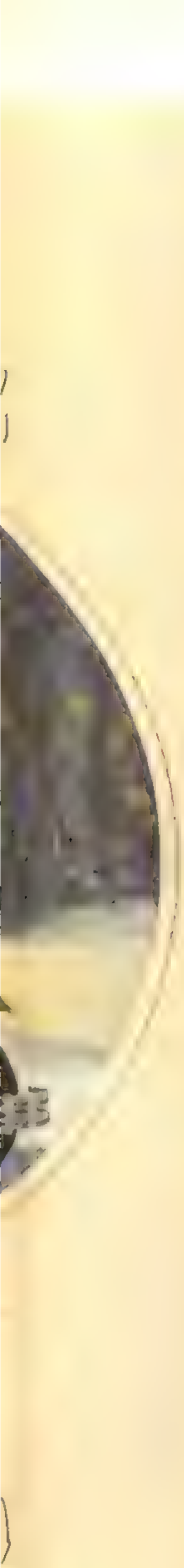
(Continued on Page 58

THE NEW BUICK

Five Passenger 4-Door Sedan, Model 47

Choose the Gift that Will Still be Giving When Another Christmas Comes

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL



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Christmas Buick Early

This tremendous public preference, together with your own observations, attests Buick's greater beauty, luxury and performance, as well as its greater attractiveness to your family.

Christmas is just around the corner. Holiday greetings will be on every tongue almost before you know it.

Decide to see your Buick dealer this week. Remember there are three new series, three new wheelbases and three new price ranges to fit your desires and purse. Learn how economically you can obtain a new Buick and arrange to have it delivered on Christmas morning. Make Christmas, 1929, unforgettable by choosing this gift which will still be giving when another Christmas comes.

Buick's Christmas selection includes fourteen luxurious body types, ranging in price from $1225 to $1995, f. o. b. factory, all available on the General Motors time payment plan.

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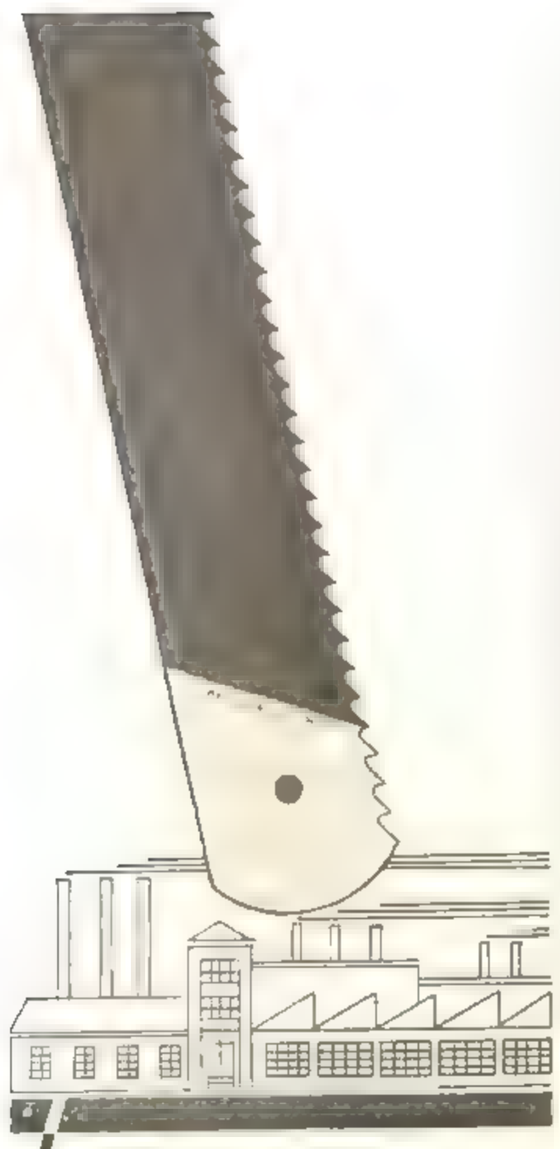

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"RED STREAKS" cut like lightning! "The Saw Makers"
Established 1832
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(Continued from Page 55)

Flack demanded, chewing savagely upon a juniper stick.

Coleman turned for a moment and looked at him. The wagon boss did not like what he saw in Coleman's eyes. Plainsmen, he knew, were an uncertain quantity. One might stand up and take his medicine with fists and feet, no matter how terrible the treatment. The next might have a scalping knife or a bullet in an opponent the second that trouble started. Flack, while endowed with abundant animal courage to carry him through the most savage physical encounter, was not equipped with that quality which permitted a man to face another with a naked knife or gun, with the life of one or the other as the stakes. Coleman must realize the fact that Flack could kick him into a senseless heap in a brace of minutes. Yet the train boss sensed the fact that Coleman had not the least fear of him. Did that lack of fear mean that Coleman was prepared to kill him if he forced the issue? Some way, the steely points of light in Coleman's eyes just now reminded Flack of the steel point of that knife which the plainsman hurled so accurately. Coleman shook the remaining water from his hat, placed it on his head and turned away.

Flack knew that the freighters had observed and commented among themselves upon the clash of wills existing between himself and Coleman. He could not afford to let matters stand as they were. The freighters would assume that he feared Coleman unless he administered a beating such as he dealt out to all others who crossed him. He must figure out some way to pass the whole thing off as a joke.

Bawling oxen were being yoked, mules harnessed and hooked to wagons. Some of the thirst-tortured animals were unruly. Coleman, having saddled, was in the act of mounting. Flack saw his chance. The long lash of his bull whip curled above the backs of an intervening yoke of oxen and the tip of the lash bit into the horse's rump with a vicious report. The startled beast gave a mighty leap, hung his head between his forelegs and pitched across the sage. Coleman, half in the saddle, managed to gain his seat and ride the animal out.

Flack laughed uproariously, "I overshot the mark!" he shouted. "I missed that ornery bull and touched up Coleman's horse!"

The freighters would know that it was no accident. Flack's skill with a bull whip was too precise. If he could pass it off to Coleman as an accident, without the latter making an issue of it, the joke would be on the plainsman. Flack could laugh it off and thereafter act in more jovial fashion toward Coleman, avoiding further clash of wills.

Coleman had brought his horse under partial control. Flack still laughed uproariously. Then the grin froze on his face as he observed that Coleman's attention was divided. Even while attempting to quiet the animal, Coleman's eyes remained on the train boss. The gray of them seemed hard as moss agate. He headed the horse, still prancing nervously, straight toward Flack. His right hand dropped to the hilt of that heavy knife in his belt instead of to the big Navy revolver. Flack essayed a grin.

"I overshot my mark," he laughed.

"I won't overshoot mine," Coleman promised grimly. The knife slid from its sheath.

Flack fancied that Coleman's eyes held something of the same wild light that he had seen in the eyes of outlaw horses. But even as he stared back into them in a species of fascination, Flack sensed a swift change in them. Coleman's gaze, instead of boring into Flack's eyes, apparently had become fastened upon a point some two feet above the latter's head. The wide-eyed stare was transformed into a narrowed regard while the tense knife arm relaxed. Stupidly, Flack wondered at this swift transition. Then Coleman's voice cut sharply across his daze.

"They're onto us!"

He gestured with the deadly knife and Flack turned to peer behind him in the direction indicated. The gray sage stretched away to the far horizon.

"Injuns!" Flack bellowed suddenly. A mile away and spread out over a broad front, hundreds of mounted warriors were riding swiftly toward the train. Fortunately, the train had not yet broken corral formation. Instantly, Flack became again the efficient train boss.

"Bulls inside!" he roared. "All stock to the center and take your posts!"

In an incredibly short space of time the stock had been led inside the wagon corral. Freighters and pilgrims alike were stationing themselves to repel the impending onslaught of the savages. Flack's big voice boomed everywhere above the turmoil.

The Indian advance was now within a quarter of a mile. The vague, moving tangle had resolved itself into a colorful panorama. Ponies of every conceivable color and pinto pattern stood out individually in the early morning light. Gaudily painted shields and resplendent war bonnets flashed in the rays of the rising sun. A woman screamed hysterically from an Ohio emigrant wagon. From within one of the Carrolton wagons the ailing mother coughed hollowly.

The savages came to a sudden halt three hundred yards away and the warriors pressed into huddled groups. Coleman estimated their numbers at more than half a thousand.

"Now!" Flack said. "We'll pour it to them while they're bunched up thataway. They ain't yet larned the range o' these new Spencers. Once we've poured a few volleys through that cluster they'll know better than to do anything worse than swoop round half a mile away and yelp."

"Wait!" Coleman said. Within the limit of his experience, Flack was right. The war parties of the plains tribes that haunted the regular overland trails usually contented themselves with feint attacks, stampeding of stock or lifting a few scalps from the heads of careless stragglers when a surprise could not be effected. They seldom pressed home an attack in the face of determined opposition. But such war parties chiefly were out for sport and easy plunder. This case was most decidedly a different matter. If the Crow council had decided that the crossing of this wagon train was a menace to their country, the whole Crow nation would rise to contest its passing. It would not consist of mere tentative skirmishes, but, instead, of desperate onslaughts, ambushes at every strategic point, mighty efforts to stampede, kill or cripple stock.

"Wait, Flack," Coleman insisted. "They ain't quite decided whether to fight or palaver."

"How can you tell that?" Flack demanded. "They're betwixt us and water, and they're out for hair."

"Yes, if it comes to an issue. But if the Crow council had been unanimous for war, they wouldn't have come riding at us across the open when we're in corral and ready to receive 'em," Coleman pointed out. "They'd have surprised us at daybreak without warning or ambushed us at some bad point while we were on the march."

Flack grunted skeptically. A lone warrior spurted from among his fellows, rode furiously to within a hundred yards of the train, flung himself on the off side of his pony and dashed away, righting himself to look back and indulge in derisive gestures.

"Young buck showing off his courage," Coleman said. A second brave emulated the example of the first. "I'll ride on out and hold a medicine chat."

Flack felt certain that any man who rode out there was taking his life in his hands. He would experience the opposite of grief if Coleman failed to return.

"All right," he growled. "You think you know."

Gripping her father's fowling piece, Sue Carrolton kept her eyes upon the savage throng. Beside her, in his hands an ancient flintlock, her oldest brother, Buckner Carrolton, not yet turned twelve years of age, cursed in excited whispers and threatened dire vengeance against the painted warriors of the Crows. The elder Carrolton, stationed with his long Kentucky rifle in the opening between the next two wagons, spat copiously sidewise without removing his gaze from the enemy. From within the wagon there came again that hollow, racking cough and Sue's quick concern and sympathy went out to the woman who reposed there on a corn-husk pallet. Then suddenly the girl's heart skipped a beat and seemed to turn cold and heavy within her. Coleman was riding out alone toward that savage throng. His horse was performing in peculiar fashion, with apparent aimlessness. The animal advanced obliquely, to the left for a few yards, then swung to a right oblique, veered again to the left and continued its zigzag course toward the enemy. Was Coleman asleep in the saddle, or was he sick and unable to control his horse? She did not learn until later that this zigzag advance of a lone rider was the universal sign by which one side or the other announced its desire for a conference among all plains tribes.

As she watched, a warrior swept forward alone on a splendid black-and-white stallion. A streamer of blood-red cloth dangled from his lance head. His bull-hide shield bore some heraldic device in bright greens and yellows. A gorgeous war bonnet of eagle feathers trailed behind upon the rump of his flashy horse. Was this to be a single-handed combat? She saw Coleman rein in his horse and lean from the saddle. He placed his rifle upon the ground, then removed the Navy revolver from his belt, along with his scalping knife. These were deposited with his rifle. The Crow chief also had leaned to place upon the ground his musket, bow, quiver of arrows, tomahawk and scalping knife. Then the two rode on to meet midway between the savages and the corralled wagons of the bull train.

III

"THE grandson of Big Mandan is known to Black Elk," the war chief of the Crows greeted. "Always he has been welcome in the lodges of the Crows. Why does he now lead all these white men here to kill the buffalo of Black Elk and his people? The buffalo is following the trail of the beaver. Soon they will be gone. The white men must not kill buffalo in the country of the Crows. Tell them to turn back at once."

"These men do not come to kill the buffalo," Coleman said.

"It is the way of the white man to kill buffalo wherever he goes," Black Elk returned. "Why do these men come here? They are not wanted."

"Up in the country of the Blackfeet there are white man's mining towns, as Black Elk well knows," Coleman said. "The dogs of Blackfeet trouble them. We hasten through with supplies and the new medicine guns that shoot many times to help them fight the Blackfeet. We do not stop in the Crow country, but hasten through. We would gain the permission of the great war chief, Black Elk, to pass through with all haste."

Black Elk pondered the matter. He was loath to go to war with the whites. Also, since before the days of his father's father, the Crows had been the inveterate enemies of the Blackfeet. Any blow that the whites might inflict upon the Blackfeet would be most welcome. In the long ago, Big Mandan had led the wild trappers of the fur brigade against the Blackfeet. It was logical that his descendant would lead men to war against them. But there was the matter of the buffalo. The entire Crow nation was unalterably opposed to the abundant and useless killing among the herds by white men in Crow country.

"Black Elk has it from the Shoshones, who have it from the Utes, that the white-men-who-take-many-women on the shores of the big lake of salt possess medicine guns that are always loaded," the Crow chief said. "So much sooner will our buffalo be gone if your men turn those medicine guns

(Continued on Page 61)

Ray W. Semmler
goes to the theatre in #911

THERE'S a fine dignity about this Nash pattern No. 911 that makes it unusually well suited for overcoats that are worn on dress occasions—or that are worn to the office by the more particular type of business and professional men.

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Alemite AUTOMATIC System changes all previous conceptions of Centralized Chassis Lubrication. It works 100% Continuously and 100% Automatically every second your car is in motion

ALEMITE now announces an utterly NEW achievement in chassis lubrication. A method that supersedes all previously known methods of centralized chassis lubrication.

It is 100% AUTOMATIC IN ACTION. It is 100% CONTINUOUS in oil flow! And thus provides POSITIVE and SURE lubrication.

It marks the FIRST and ONLY system that requires *no thought or action on the driver's part.* And thus completely eliminates the human element of forgetfulness from its successful operation. It lubricates the car as you drive.

There are no levers to pull or push, no handles to turn—nothing to think about, nothing to remember. It works itself—all the driver does is drive.

Simply fill this glass reservoir with oil each 2,000 miles

It is the FIRST and ONLY system that supplies a CONTINUOUS oil flow to the bearings EVERY MINUTE the car is in operation. And thus eliminates the "intermittent lubrication" disadvantage of older type systems.

Under this new system, every road jar, every road movement of the car is utilized to force a CONTINUOUS supply of FRESH oil to vital chassis bearings—the ultimate engineering ideal.

It lubricates only when the car is in motion. *The motion of the car operates the system.* Thus the rougher the road, the more friction that exists, the more lubrication you get.

AND—it offers the motor car manufacturer and the public the ONLY COMPLETELY CO-ORDINATED SYSTEM of CHASSIS LUBRICATION yet developed in the automotive field.

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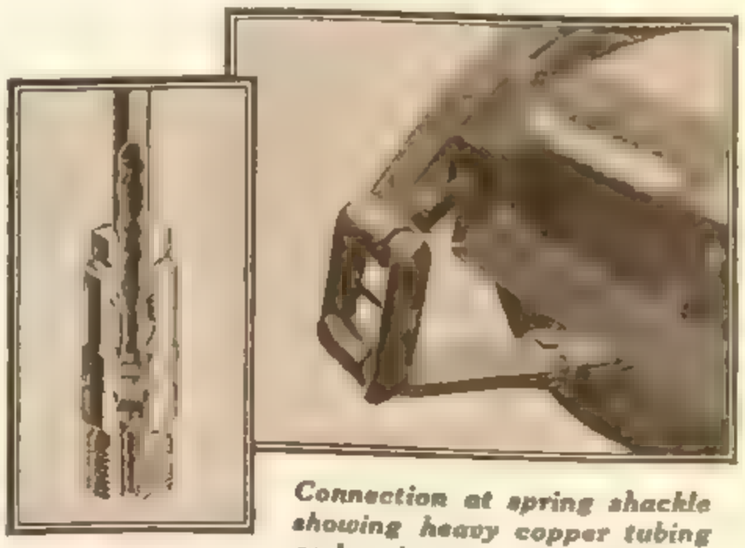
Now Nash Adopts Alemite Automatic

Nash engineers, after careful search of the field, have adopted Alemite Automatic for the new Nash "Single Six" in the Nash "400" series for 1930 as offering Nash owners the security of positive chassis lubrication.



Cutaway of resistance unit which measures flow of oil at each bearing connection

Connection at spring shackle showing heavy copper tubing and resistance unit, typical of that at all other chassis bearings

ALEMITE AUTOMATIC

CONTINUOUS CHASSIS LUBRICATION

Lubricates As You Drive

1931

(Continued from Page 58)

upon the herds. If Black Elk knew that the guns would speak against the Blackfeet and remain silent among the buffalo, the village-on-wheels might cross."

"No buffalo will be killed," Coleman said.

"Black Elk has never known a white man who did not kill buffalo," the chief said doubtfully. "How can the Crows know that these men are different?"

Coleman struck himself on the chest with his closed fist. "Coleman says it! Coleman is known to Black Elk as a great warrior whose lodge is black with the scalps of his enemies. They tremble at his name. Black Elk knows that his tongue is not split and that his words are straight! Would Coleman be such a senseless one as to kill buffalo in the heart of the Crow nation when the mighty Black Elk, chief of all the Crows, says it must not be? No! Coleman says no buffalo will be killed."

There was much further palaver.

"A man walks on two feet and has but one tongue in his head. A snake walks in the grass on but one foot and has two tongues in his mouth," Black Elk said at last. "I have watched your mouth and I have seen but one tongue in it. That is good. The Crows do not want war with the white men. Always they have slept under the same robe. Coleman says the white men will not kill our buffalo. Black Elk says the village-on-wheels may cross through. It is written."

The watching freighters and pilgrims saw the two men separate, each riding to rejoin his own faction.

"You can march on to water now," Coleman said to Flack.

"Break corral and get strung out on the march so's they can have a better chance at us?" Flack demanded. "Not me!"

The cloud of warriors turned and rode off across the sage.

"Well, we'll try it. Got to reach water," Flack said.

Sometime after noon the train descended to a shallow valley and went into camp on the shores of a sparkling little creek. It was at this stopping place that Mrs. Carrolton gave up the struggle and within the hour the new infant followed her. They were buried together beside this singing creek in the heart of the Crow nation. Carrolton seemed dazed, as if he scarcely comprehended his loss. Time after time he wandered to the wagon and peered into it as if to assure himself that the recent ceremony in the light of a blazing fire had been but a dream. Sue, dry-eyed now, comforted the younger children.

The stock was turned out to graze for the night. "I don't trust no damn Injun," Flack declared to Coleman. "Likely this is just a play o' theirs to get us off guard, then spring something. I'll have night guards to ride herd on the stock, as usual."

If he had expected Coleman to take issue with him on that point, he was mistaken. "Well, I would think so!" Coleman agreed. "Stock stealing is the breath o' life to an Injun. The Crows as a whole will stand by what they said. But there's no chief that can control all his wild young bucks. A parcel of them might take a notion to run off our stock at any minute. But they won't attack. We're safe from that."

Flack grunted his doubt as to their immunity from attack by Crows. Coleman followed his usual procedure in bedding for the night. A hundred yards or more from the wagon corral he stretched himself out with his saddle at his head. Against it, ready to his hand, was propped his big Navy pistol. His rifle he took to bed with him, sheltered from the weather by his buffalo robe. He slept undisturbed by the usual sounds. But on several occasions during the night he waked, listening, after the fashion of some wary animal. It was not until an hour before dawn that anything occurred to excite his suspicions.

Then he opened his eyes, every sense alert, with a distinct feeling that all was not well. In common with all plainsmen and Indians, Coleman never failed to heed such obscure warnings. He could not have explained it in words, but the fact remained that in a large percentage of such awakenings there was some underlying cause. A stray scent drifting to his nose, a stealthy footfall reaching his ears or some similar message, traveling over the paths of his physical senses while he slept, had penetrated his consciousness and roused him to instant preparedness. Minutes passed, but his tense watchfulness was not relaxed. His eyes probed the darkness, his ears were attuned to catch the slightest sound alien to the sleeping camp.

The ox herd had bedded down a hundred yards away and the night guards sat sleepily on their mules. Several oxen had risen from their beds to graze again. Coleman could hear their occasional slow movements, the stamp of a restless saddle mule. Then an ox snorted, a loud blowing sound denoting sudden suspicion. There was a swift rumble, the cracking of joints as every animal in the herd rose to its feet as one.

"What the hell!" the voice of one of the guards drifted from the night. "Ride round 'em, boys. They're going to make a run." Coleman heard the guards calling out soothingly to their charges. There was an ominous quiet about the herd, as if every animal in it, suspicions roused as Coleman's had been, stood tense and alert. The slightest alien sound, scent or movement would serve to start them running now.

It might be that a grizzly had wandered along the creek, Coleman thought. Undoubtedly the Crows had scouts observing the camp. Perhaps one had ventured too close or had crossed upwind. A vague movement attracted Coleman's gaze, as if perhaps there had been merely an eddying current to stir the surrounding darkness, a deeper shadow imposed upon the steel-blue background of the night. A crouching figure, silent as a cat, moved upwind toward the herd. From his prone position, Coleman could see the few upright feathers sprouting above the savage's head in silhouette against the sky. Some unruly young Crow braves, intent upon stampeding the stock, he decided. A shot would stampede the herd. Coleman's hand sought his knife. But if he took the life of a Crow, even when the latter was engaged in attempting to steal the stock, it would mean war. Stock stealing was a recognized and honorable occupation among all Western tribes. Coleman held his hand and spoke to the crouching savage in low tones.

"Black Elk will be angry if his young men frighten the white man's stock," he said in the Crow tongue.

Even before he had finished speaking, the savage had leaped erect with a fierce grunt, hurling a few words at his unseen foe. A bowstring twanged sharply and an arrow hissed above Coleman's head. This was no Crow that addressed him. Coleman did not speak the Blackfoot tongue, but he divined on the instant that the marauders were not Crows, but raiding Blackfeet who had slipped into Crow country. His knife arm described an arc through the air. The night was rent by a sudden wild shriek. Dark figures sprang into view in the blackness and leaped toward the herd. The yelping gobble of the dread war whoop rose above the thunderous rumble of hoofs as the ox herd left the bed ground. All had occurred within ten seconds from the time that Coleman had spoken the first words to the stalking savage.

Bowstrings twanged sibilant accompaniment to the war whoops. Muskets roared and crimson flashes cut brilliant streaks across the dark background of the sage. Coleman, on his knee now, with his big Sharp rifle pressed to his cheek, fired at a dark figure just behind one of those crimson flashes.

A death screech rewarded him. Then he was running, pistol in hand, in the general direction that the stampede had taken. He saw the flashes as one of the night guards emptied his pistol. Behind him, faintly, he heard Flack roaring orders. After running for half a mile without having sighted an enemy, Coleman dropped suddenly flat as a slender form loomed just ahead. A low bubbling gurgle reached his ears. The figure lurched sidewise and fell to the ground with a crash of mangled sagebrush. Coleman knew then that the slender form had been that of a wounded ox, facing him. He advanced and pulled the arrow from the side of the stricken beast. Then he turned to make his way back to the wagon camp. It was growing light now and there was need for haste.

The white tops of the prairie schooners loomed vaguely as some ghost city in the gray dawn. Coleman found the camp prepared to resist attack.

"Thar's how much a Crow promise amounts to!" Flack roared.

"Blackfeet," Coleman returned shortly. "Raiding party out to steal Crow horses or take a few easy scalps and make a run for it. They chanced across us instead." He exhibited the arrow that he had drawn from the dead ox. "Blackfoot make and markings. There'll be a party of Crows flanking us all the way through their nation, three-four mile off where we never set eyes on them. Their scouts would have heard the ruckus and read the sounds right. Won't be long before Crows will be swooping in. Give orders that not a man fires on them."

Even as he spoke, a rise of ground half a mile away suddenly swarmed with mounted warriors that popped continuously over the sky line and raced their ponies toward the camp.

"I'll go out to meet them. You can send men on out to help the night guards round up the stock. I'll get the Crows to lend a hand."

Coleman went out to meet the advancing Crows. He mounted an extra horse that one of the warriors led. With Black Elk at the head of fifty braves, he rode round the train toward the spot where the two slain Blackfeet lay. Already Flack and another freighter had discovered the nearest body and stood there, looking down at it curiously. Flack shivered slightly as he observed the handle of the knife, its heavy blade buried to the hilt in the dead warrior. The Crows dismounted and stripped the scalps from the Blackfeet.

Then, accompanied by several freighters, the party swept on at full speed on the trail of the stampede. The Crows fanned out over a wide front to cut the trail of the Blackfeet. Here and there along the way, small groups of oxen and occasional mules were discovered and freighters were detailed to gather them and start them moving back toward camp. Several badly wounded animals were dispatched. Some six or eight miles out from the train, at the base of a high range of hills, the weary night guards had gathered the bigger part of the herd. Black Elk detailed a score of braves to scour the surrounding country in search of strays that might have quit the run during its course.

The main band of Crows, led by Black Elk himself, took the trail of the Blackfeet and followed it into the higher hills, only to find that the raiders had separated, after the usual custom of the Blackfeet when pursued, each one shifting for himself, and had been lost in the maze of canyons that led back up into the peaks. In the early evening the Crows returned to the wagon camp, where the last of the scattered stock had been gathered through the efforts of the warriors detailed for that purpose.

The Crows made camp a few hundred yards down the creek. Huge fires were kindled and throughout the night the savages hopped, shuffled and chanted in the frenzied throes of the scalp dance round the two wisps of hair wrenched from the Blackfeet. The steady throbbing of the tom-toms boomed until high dawn.

The Crows now looked upon the members of the wagon train as allies. Particularly, they viewed Coleman as a mighty brave. Black Elk was heavily indebted to him. Coleman, of course, had slain the two Blackfeet, but neither he nor others of the

(Continued on Page 63)

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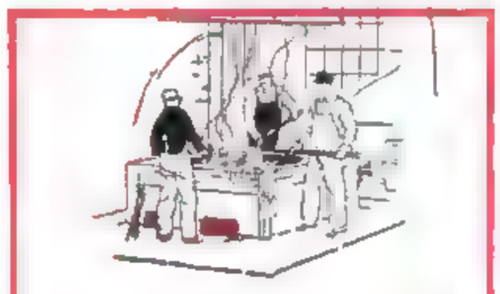

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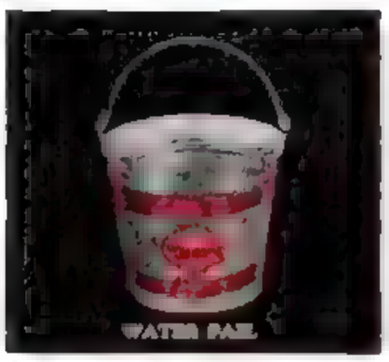

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(Continued from Page 61)

freighters had touched the bodies. Black Elk himself had been first to fling from his pony and strike the dead with his coup stick before wrenching off the scalps. An Indian received no credit for an enemy killed at long range. Victory was accorded only to the first man who reached a fallen foe and struck him with a weapon held in the hand. Thus Black Elk was entitled to boost two more coos that he had counted upon his enemies. Naturally, his regard for Coleman was high.

Thereafter, parties of mounted Crows flanked the route of march. At every stopping place, Crow squaws and children materialized as if by magic to beg for sugar and for trinkets. Still adamant in their refusal to allow buffalo killing in their country by white men, Crow hunting parties brought meat in abundance and supplied the train.

The Crows observed that Coleman rode on occasion beside the wagon wherein Sue Carrolton rode; that he sat with her round the camp fire of nights. They spoke of her as the squaw whom the grandson of Big Mandan would soon take to his lodge. Also they observed that the burly wagon boss coveted this girl and that his heart was bad toward Coleman. Among themselves it was agreed that Coleman, a great warrior, soon would be wearing Flack's scalp at his belt if the wagon boss opened hostilities.

Something of that same feeling had taken shape in Flack's own thoughts. He knew that most men had to nerve themselves to the point of killing a fellow human. Coleman, he divined, had no need to nerve himself—was always primed, in fact, to kill a man as readily as he might slay a wolf, if the need arose. He recalled the haft of that heavy knife protruding from the side of the Blackfoot brave in whose heart the blade had been buried. Save for the timely appearance of the Crows that first morning, it was highly probable that that knife would have found its mark in his own body. There had been no indecision in Coleman's eyes on that occasion; instead, a cold fury and the intent to kill. His dislike for Coleman smoldering, Flack, nevertheless, refrained from any further clash of wills.

The Crows wondered why Coleman did not take the blue-eyed squaw to wife at once.

"She wails for her dead," one brave suggested. "When her period of wailing has ended, he will take her to his lodge."

"It is not that," another submitted. "Coleman, though a great warrior, is poor. He owns but one horse. The wagon chief is rich. He has many cattle. The wagon chief will buy the blue-eyed squaw from the head of the lodge. He can pay the biggest price. He will get her. You will see."

The Crows pondered this and did not find it good. They had scalp-danced every night over the two tufts of Blackfeet hair. Black Elk, their greatest war chief, could boast two more coos because of Coleman's run-in with their hereditary enemies. Flack found no favor in their eyes.

The two reached the edge of Crow country at last. Coleman had ridden on ahead as the outfit started to break camp. Black Elk and several braves appeared suddenly from the mouth of a gulch. They led a number of ponies, several of which were packed with finely dressed buffalo robes and furs. Formally, they tied the ponies to the wheels and tongues of Carrolton's wagons.

Carrolton had been in more or less of a daze since the loss of his wife. He seemed oddly vague, as if some vital part of him were missing. Now he gazed uncomprehendingly at Black Elk as the Crow chief addressed him.

Chuckling, old Ike Williams stepped forward to act as interpreter. His heavy earrings sparkled in the early morning light. His mind slipped back to that time when the mountain men, himself among them, had vied with one another as to who could do the most for the mite of an infant in the trading post on Snake River, grandson of Hunter Breckenridge, the Big Mandan, wild hawk of the fur brigades. It was Williams himself who had rustled an Arapaho squaw whose infant had died and whom he had induced to cross South Pass and accompany him to Snake River to nurse the orphaned infant. He chuckled again at the recollection.

"The Injuns don't love Flack overmuch," he explained to Carrolton. "They think he'll make a bid for Sue and that you'll take his offer."

"Sue? Flack!" Carrolton said with sudden spirit. "That coyote could never have my gal. Tell the Injuns that and shoo 'em off so I can yoke my bulls."

"They're off'rin' you the ponies and the robes and other plunder to purchase Sue for Breck Coleman," the old mountain man grinned.

Carrolton snorted angrily. The girl flushed scarlet beneath her tan. "Just what variety o' varmint do them miscreants think I am—to barter off a gal o' mine for ponies?" Carrolton demanded truculently.

"It's the Injun way of getting theirselves a wife," Williams said. "They mean all right. If 'twas me, I'd take the ponies."

Carrolton had wondered about Sue and Coleman. He looked at the girl's flushed cheeks and dancing eyes.

"She can wed the man she picks on without anyone a-bribing me with horses. Tell 'em that for me!"

"They wouldn't savvy. It ain't within the bounds of Injun understanding that a man won't sell his daughter if the price is right—any more'n a white man could understand selling his daughter at any price. See? They'd think you was holding out for a better price. Accept the ponies and they'll be mighty pleased. An Injun's mind don't follow the white man's road in such matters."

Carrolton looked at his daughter. "Is it that way betwixt you and Breck?" he asked.

The girl nodded assent.

"Yes. Some day, if things come right. I can't go to him yet awhile. These youngsters has to have someone to look after them now, since ma's gone. It'll have to be me. But some day—yes, it's that way with Breck and me, I reckon, pa."

"Well, you tell them Injuns that I thank 'em kindly, but that my gal can go to Breck if she's a mind to and they don't need to bribe me with no ponies," Carrolton instructed.

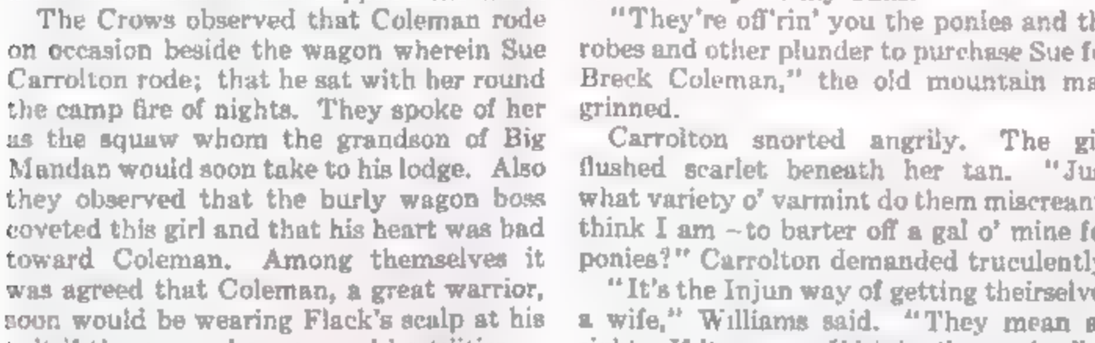
Williams turned to Black Elk. "The head of the blue-eyed squaw's lodge says the price is right," he lied glibly.

With exclamations of satisfaction, the warriors turned and rode off across the sage.

"They says to keep the ponies and other truck as a weddin' present for Sue," Williams explained amiably to Carrolton. The old mountain man returned to the task of yoking his oxen. To himself he added virtuously, "When thar's two parties dickering, neither of which can travel the other's trail o' reasoning, it's always a good idee to take the middle ground. All hands are mighty well satisfied with themselves now, and I ain't got any reasonable cause for complaint agin myself."

The train crawled slowly on toward its destination and eventually reached the mining camps. Sue Carrolton, mounted on one of the Indian ponies, rode in the lead with Coleman as the bull train pulled into Virginia City, the first capital of Montana, while the miners cheered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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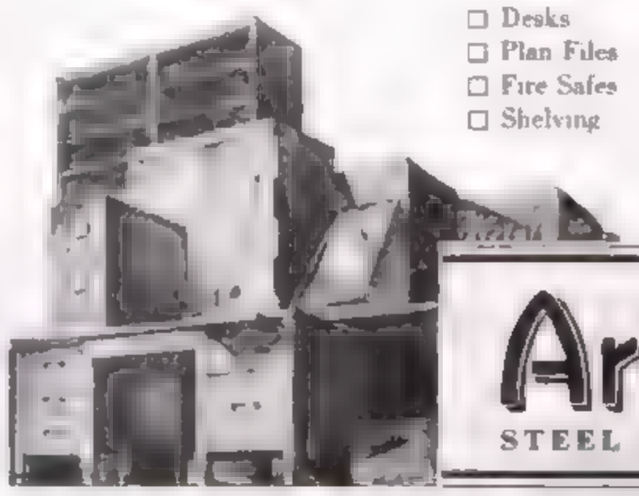

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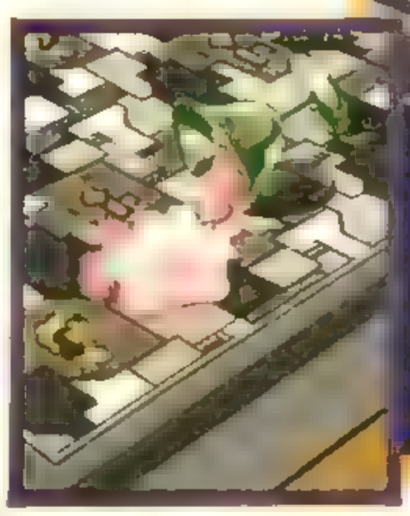

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SCRAPBOOK

(Continued from Page 19

He felt sorry for the Old Man clinging to a broken straw. He felt sorry for the team. Out there, hour after hour, sweating on a play that was a dud. Going to sleep banking on it. Counting on it for big yardage. And he was to be the goat. The fall guy. When the play didn't work, it would be all his fault. It would be because Baby Doll Perrin had dogged it. He could hear 'em now. Wondering if he had broken training. Wondering if he was yellow. Wondering why the Old Man had started him.

A bare foot slapped on the boards outside of his door. An assistant manager stuck his head into the room.

"The Old Man says lights out. He says you guys get some sleep."

He got up and turned the light out, but the full weight of his inadequacy pressed down upon him and made his sleep fitful. Toward morning he awoke and lay looking at the graying square of window with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. His hands and feet were cold and damp. He heard the clock on the gym strike, and then he imagined he could hear the tick-tock of its machinery.

In the morning he rose and stood on limp, weak-kneed legs before the basin in the corner of the room. He drew it full of cold water and put his head in it and pushed a towel feebly over his wet black hair.

At the breakfast table he consumed a glass of orange juice, two eggs, a cup of hot tea and three buttered rolls, moving his jaws automatically until his plate was empty. After breakfast he stretched out on the big blue divan in the training-house living room and watched Carlson pitch pennies at a crack with Pete Sky. Called upon to render a close decision for the gamblers, he got into a violent argument with Carlson. Changing sides abruptly, he wrangled endlessly with Pete Sky and walked away in the middle of it. Cranking the house phonograph, he played Moanin' Low. He turned the record over and played Ain't Misbehavin'. He looked over all the other records in the bottom of the machine and played Moanin' Low again. Carlson threw a pillow at him and came over and sailed the disk out of the window with a quick flip of his hand. Baby Doll followed the skimming flight of Moanin' Low to its dissolution against the South Stand ticket office, remarked absently that it looked like it was going to rain, walked over to the big divan and sank into a deep, snoring sleep.

The eleven o'clock luncheon bell woke him with its brazen clamor, and he went into the dining room and washed down two lamb chops and dry toast with hot tea. A century passed on sluggard feet and it was 1:30 and his feet were leading him irresistibly toward the dressing room. He put on his shoulder pads and jersey and joined the line waiting beside Pop Morse's table. Pop had hundreds of strips of adhesive torn and stuck by one end to the white tiles of the wall. One by one he jerked them down and made tight, protective crisscross braces running under insteps and around Achilles tendons.

Baby Doll walked back to his locker on tiptoe and put on the rest of his uniform. He found a big orange blanket and wrapped it around him and sat down with his back against a locker. Other men wrapped in other orange blankets crouched beside him and across from him. He saw hands twitching nervously at blankets, knotting and reknotting shoe laces.

He picked up a scrap of blue and white paper from the floor and read the message emblazoned on its glossy surface:

These sox are knit on specially constructed machines. The heel and toe have extra fullness, insuring greater comfort. The yarns are of the best quality obtainable. Wash often to keep that lively spring.

He read it again. It was something to do. It kept him from thinking.

Opposite him, Carlson was bending over, his head on his folded arms. Sounds came through the window over his head: "Get your winning colors! . . . Don't sit on the hard, cold seats, folks! Buy a mat for ten cents! . . . Program for today's game. Name and number of the players!" The blare of taxi horns, insistent, hoarse. The confused murmur of a crowd in motion.

Suddenly he knew his stomach was gone. It had left him altogether, and he wanted to be sick. If he had a stomach he could be sick. Maybe he would feel better.

Somebody still saying, "Take out the Number Three man on the pivot play. . . . Take out ——"

Suddenly, near his ear, Cap Murphy shouted, "Let's go! On your toes! Little pep there!"

He was moving through a dark tunnel fringed around with wavering heads. They passed the heads and streamed out into the crisp sunshine, into a roar that started near him and grew into a gigantic howl.

Once down the field and back. Stooping over. Having the ball smack him in the chest. Gulping in the stinging air. Making his legs churn pistonwise. Stumbling with the intensity of his effort. Scattering over the field. The plop of feet against inflated leather. Balls floating over his head and swooping down at him with tricky swerves. Bringing back his arms and shooting long spirals down the field to waiting centers. Then the sound of another kick. A roar from the north stands. Business of keeping his head from turning to look at State. Finally a slow, casual turn of the head and a swift appraising glance.

A little group formed in the middle of the field. He saw Pete Sky shaking hands with the State captain. A flash of brightness from a spinning coin shone briefly, and Pete stooped over and plucked a few blades of grass and let them fall to the ground. Then a man with new black football shoes over white golf stockings put a clean yellow ball down on the Rollicksburg forty-yard line.

They crowded together in a tight huddle, nervous, shifting arms around one another's shoulders. The Old Man knelt down on one knee and looked up at them.

"All right," he said. "This is it. If you're not ready now it's too late. I've worked like hell with you. I've taught you all I know. Maybe it isn't enough. Maybe it'll be plenty. That's up to you. Now you're going out there and show me what you've got. You've got good plays. You've got just as many legs and arms as they have. There's eleven men out there against you—no more, no less. You're just as big and tough and rough as they are. Whether you've got as much guts as they have is another thing. That's what you're going to find out. That's what the crowd's going to find out. Now go out there and take 'em. That's all."

The group around the Old Man disintegrated. Baby Doll ran to his position on legs that were suddenly bereft of all strength, of all muscle and sinew. They felt like straw legs. His knees felt curiously light, as if, when he lifted them, they would float gently up and smack him in the chest. The stands and goal posts and crowd were a blurred and misty back drop against which eleven figures in red jerseys stood out with a sharp distinctness. He took a step forward, his eye on the ball with its nose pointed skyward.

"Mustn't get offside," he told himself. "Wait for the ball."

Pete Sky swung his foot and the ball left its little mound and shot down the field in a flat trajectory. Baby Doll heard feet pounding. A great roar rolled down upon him. His brain abruptly was possessed of a feeling of clarity, of calm detachment. The feet making the pounding noise he realized were his own. The red jerseys converged toward a point. The ball disappeared behind a screen of State interference, and the screen changed to a wedge and moved up the field. Baby Doll threw himself at the flank of the wedge, felt the press of falling bodies, reached desperately at a pair of legs, saw the legs waver and go on. He had missed the man with the ball.

Another whistle and he climbed to his feet.

He moved back, his eyes on the lines forming in front of him.

The State quarter tried a reverse at August. The State back lined up and tried August again.

"Foxy boy," Baby Doll thought. "Pulls plays you don't expect him to. Tried August twice, hand running."

The State full dropped back. Baby Doll heard himself screaming at the backs of Rollicksburg jerseys, "Spearhead! Spearhead! Watch for a kick!"

The State full lifted a punt. Baby Doll saw, out of the corner of his eye, two red jerseys. Saw one of them go down. Misjudged the ball a little, juggled it, and clasped it to his chest, just as the remaining State end cut his legs out from under him.

Rollicksburg began a slow, dogged march in the general direction of the enemy goal. Pete Sky hit the Number Eight hole for no gain. Baby Doll started around right end and tripped over an outstretched, red-jerseyed arm.

Mac called for a run from punt formation and Baby Doll went back. Buck McGinnis shot the ball back to him. He lifted his knees high and bumped into his two guards as they hit the line in front of him. A wall of bodies seemed to jump into being before his nose and rise up to meet him. It was like ramming into wet cement. When the wall untangled itself the ball was only a foot nearer the State goal. Mac called for a kick. The ball came back to Baby Doll low. He got off a hurried punt, high and short.

A dozen times they followed the same routine. A dogged march down the field, suddenly abbreviated by an intercepted pass or an exchange of punts. A dozen times Baby Doll went back into kick formation to run with the ball. A dozen times he slammed into a place where a hole was supposed to be, only to find a clutter of bodies blocking the way. Then a sudden fumble, a kick partly blocked and the half was over.

Baby Doll ran through a gate in the wire fence encircling the playing field. He was filled with a stubborn feeling of resentment. He had played as hard as he knew how and he hadn't got anywhere. Now he was going to be bawled out for something he couldn't seem to help.

An assistant manager pulled his damp, clinging jersey over his head and wiped his face with a wet towel. He got a blanket and wrapped it around him and sat down in a corner by the rubbing table, next to August.

August was gravely studying a split finger nail. He looked up from his hand with the air of one handing down a carefully considered decision, and announced that the State end was a honey.

"Can't somebody bust that guy?" he asked plaintively. "That baby's hot."

The Old Man moved from player to player, pointing out mistakes, asking questions. He stopped in front of Mac.

"Ever hear of a play called Thirty-two?" he asked Mac.

Mac admitted that he had heard of such a play.

"Well, for the love of Mike use it next half. And use more spinners and reverses. Try a run from punt formation once in a while. It probably won't work, but then nothing else is working either. Maybe you birds might make a big mistake and work one before this thing is over."

The Old Man looked at Baby Doll for a moment and passed on to August.

Baby Doll closed his hands until his nails hurt the flesh of his palms. He knew what everybody was thinking. They were thinking he was dogging it. Thinking maybe he

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 65)

had been out throwing bum gin into himself. They thought he was lying down on them. The fact that the Old Man had skipped him when he made his rounds stung his pride. He told himself grimly that if anybody cracked wise about him, he'd walk right over and bust him one. Smacking somebody down would be one way of uncorking some of the hurt feeling that was banked up inside of him—banked way up in his throat, making it hard for him to swallow. He put on a dry jersey and washed his mouth out.

Somebody stuck a head through the door and yelled: "Three minutes!"

The team scrambled to its feet. The Old Man held up his hand for silence.

"I know you fellows think I'm going to hand you a big sob talk," he said. "You think I'm going to work out on you and get you so steamed up you can go back out there and take those fellows. Well, you're all wet. I'm not telling you anything. All I'm telling you is something you already know. And that is that this game ain't over yet. You got thirty more minutes to play, and by Godfrey, I want to see every man of you play every one of those thirty minutes! I mean really play! Now go to it!"

He was out on the field again; waiting for the band to sit down. Again the whistle blew and again the weary business of flinging himself in front of trampling red-stockinged feet. The State quarter tried a pass. Sam Sikorsky batted it down. State punted and Mac called for a return punt on the second down. The State line boiled over into the Rollicksburg secondary defense and rolled up to Baby Doll's feet. The State quarter tried another pass and Pete Sky grabbed it out of the air.

Mac took the ball and started around left end. Baby Doll led the interference. The State end ran straight forward three steps and poised with his legs spread and his neck drawn down into his shoulder pad like a turtle. Baby Doll crashed into him with what he fondly believed to be a vicious body check and felt a knee bore into his side—an unyielding knee, sheathed in iron. A flash of fire shot up his side and throbbed under his armpit. He lay prone and watched the end jump on Mac's neck and drag him down, legs still fanning the air.

He took a deep breath and his lungs seemed to push against a rusty iron gate that jarred on its hinges. He wondered if he'd busted a rib. He had never seen a busted rib, but he had a foggy idea that when you busted a rib ragged ends of bone came through the skin. Carefully he let his fingers explore his right side. It was sore and full of shooting pains, but there were no bones sticking out and his breathing was less painful. Maybe it was just a sprained cartilage.

Pete Sky came up and looked at him anxiously.

"O. K., fella?" he asked.

"O. K.," Baby Doll said. "That guy is wearing iron knee braces. The big boloney!"

Pete slapped him on the back.

"In there fightin', keed," he said. "All a time."

Mac called for punt formation and Baby Doll dropped back. For the moment he forgot that punt formation was his Jonah. He forgot that Joe Maxim had said that punt formation wouldn't work with Perrin carrying the ball.

He looked at Buck and held out his hands. He could see Buck's head over the ball, with his face upside down. The thought flashed through his mind that Buck's face was funny-looking upside down. Somebody ought to tell Buck he'd be a success in the movies if he could do all of his acting hanging by his feet.

Mac rattled off a string of numbers. Buck's head snapped up and the ball left its resting place and sailed back at him, twisting lazily on its axis. For a moment he hesitated, then tucked the ball under his arm, set his back with his vertebræ locked in a straight line parallel with the ground, and dug his toes into the turf. This time there was no shock of contact. There was no business of ramming his head and shoulders into a wall of wet cement. The guards came out of the line and opened a hole for him big enough for a tank to sail through. Baby Doll hung his chin over their sterns and let his momentum carry him.

Three yards. Five yards. He saw a red jersey set itself to dive. The guards went down as if they had tripped over a taut wire and he felt himself shoot over their heads. He felt dizzy and sick. He felt hot pincers pulling at his ribs. One by one, jerseys rolled off him and stood up. He lay with his knuckles digging into a chalk line. Looking along the wavering white path to the side of the field, he could see men moving two sticks connected by a chain. He had made first down.

He crawled to his feet and a whistle blew, and frantic youths scampered out from the sidelines with buckets and towels and sponges. Somebody filled a sponge with water and squeezed it down his neck, but he didn't feel it. His tired mind was busy wrestling with a problem. He hadn't hit the line any harder than he had before. Maybe not as hard. His drive on that particular play hadn't been any fiercer than before. He hadn't moved his legs any faster. Yet the play had worked. It had worked like a charm. It had worked just as the Old Man had said it would in the skull session. Bing, bing—just like that. Ball to back. Hole in line. Back through hole.

Then it came to him. The sock in the ribs had made him a little groggy. In lining up for the play he had lined up farther back than usual. He remembered Buck's eyes studying him anxiously, Buck had been worried because he was back farther than usual. Moving back a little had made a difference in the timing of the play. It had made it from a bum play into a good play. He had been running the play all along with a handicap. He hadn't been getting off slowly at all. The shorter distance had made it impossible for the Rollicksburg guards to run effective interference. He and the guards had been hitting the line together. Moving back had given the guards a chance to mop up.

He thought of Joe Maxim's criticism of the play and wondered why Joe hadn't seen what was wrong with it. The Old Man couldn't see it. He was too close to the play, but a man perched up fifty feet in the air should be able to see what was wrong in a minute—especially an expert like Maxim. A doubt of Maxim's expertness formed in his mind and flowered into definite bloom. Maybe the Old Man had been right. Maybe all the stuff he had been lying awake and worrying about nights was just horse feathers, put in to fill up space on a dull day. Stuff for gullible saps like himself to lap up. Things to paste in a scrapbook and say, "That's what Joe Maxim said about it. You know, Maxim, the big sports writer."

A dull anger flared inside of him. He could feel the blood running through his ears and making them burn. Suddenly the pain in his side went away. He didn't feel tired any more. He felt strong and powerful, and his legs felt like columns of iron. He was filled with the mighty resentment of a strong man who has been played for a sucker.

The whistle blew and the youths collected their buckets and ran off the field. He went over to Mac and put his mouth against Mac's ear:

"Give 'em punt formation, Mac. That play's a darb."

Mac grinned at him. "Nice buckin', old keed," he said.

Baby Doll went back and lined up behind Pete Sky and Sam Sikorsky. Buck fed the ball to him. He saw the guards swing into action. He saw the red line bend. He was passing through a lane of wildly scrambled legs and arms. Suddenly he dug his right foot into the ground and cut out from behind the guards to the left. A head guard lowered and flung itself at him. He shoved his left hand at the head guard and let it push him along. The head guard went down and its owner plowed along on his nose. Two red jerseys lit on his back and he dragged them for a yard before he went down on his face and shoulders under their top-heavy weight.

Again and again he went crashing into the line. Thrusting his shoulder at blurred, straining faces. Hating the fingers that clawed at his pants, his legs, his feet. Striking them from his path. Feeling a sort of brutal joy at the shooting pain of cleats kicking at his shins. Twisting himself when tackled, so that he would come down on top of the tackler, stiff-kneed. Keeping his legs wide apart. Keeping flat on the balls of his feet. Keeping his legs moving until the whistle blew. Falling anyhow on neck, shoulder blade or elbow. Sliding. Crawling. Dragging along the ground for extra inches. Feeling the ground come up and hit him so hard that it made him sick at his stomach. Then getting up and doing it all over again

His mind was free at last from little nagging worries. His mind was running on a single track—a track whose stations were first, second, third and fourth downs; whose terminal was a broad white line at the end of the field. He saw Mac's eyes upon him, anxious, calculating. He heard a whistle, and the opposing teams left the ball and gathered into little groups. Somebody had taken time out.

Baby Doll was furious.

"Who took time out?" he asked Pete Sky wildly. "What the hell do we want with time out? We got 'em going!"

Pete put his arm around him. "Take your time, old boy."

Baby Doll walked away. He couldn't stand still. He wanted to get hold of the ball again and sock into the State line. Nothing else was of any importance. An assistant manager poked a dipper at him. He filled his mouth with water and spat it out.

On the sidelines, the head linesman was ramming his stick into the ground. Behind him was a square board with a number on it. They were on the State ten-yard line. A red jersey ran out from the sidelines and reported to the referee. The State right tackle took off his head guard and trotted slowly off the field. The substitute looked at Baby Doll. His face was white. He had, Baby Doll knew, been sent in to stop a run from kick formation. Probably the State coach had worked out some way of stopping it and had pumped the sub full of it, before giving him a last slap on the back and sending him into the play.

They lined up again. Pete Sky took the ball on a spinner and rammed into a pile. Too close for punt formation now. He drew Mac to one side. "Let's give 'em the old check play. They'll be looking for me to slam into the line again and a pass will suck 'em in."

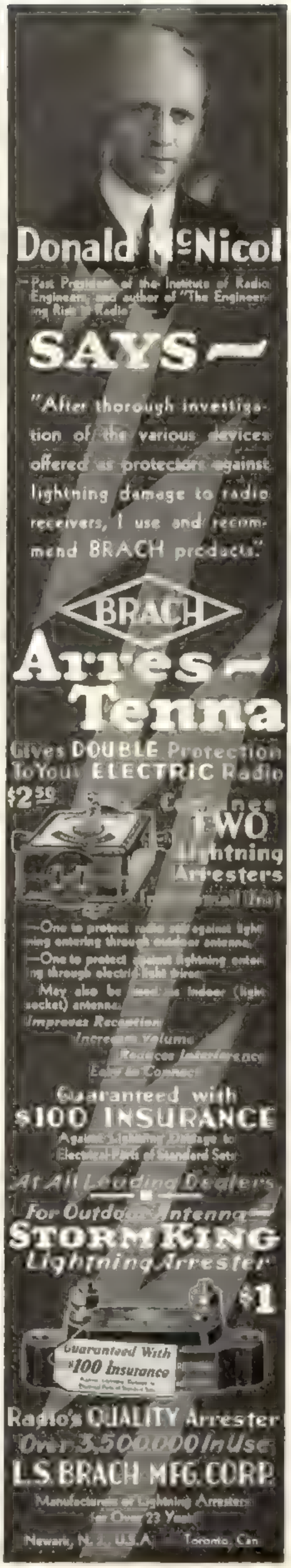
Mac nodded.

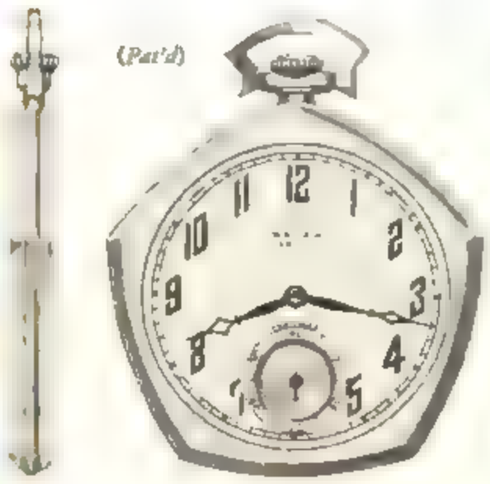
The ball came back to Baby Doll on a direct pass. He took it and started for the line of scrimmage. Mac was stooping over waiting for him. As he passed Mac he flipped the ball into his arms with a quick, deft movement. Then he ran straight for the sideline, dug his toe into the ground and ran over the State line into the end zone. He saw the State half start for the line, hesitate, and turn desperately in his direction. Turning, he saw something round, yellow and squirming shoot over the State halfback's outstretched finger tips. The ball landed in his arms and he touched it gently to the ground.

Back of the goal post in the temporary stands figures leaped and pranced like whirling dervishes. Wads of torn newspapers shot upward and exploded into showers of gigantic confetti. The drummer was pounding on the bass drum as fast as he could raise the padded stick and bring it down.

Pete Sky came over to him and hugged him. Baby Doll shook him off and tossed the ball, end over end, to the referee. They lined up and Pete kicked the goal.

(Continued on Page 69)





Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, 17-jewel Precision *movement, 14-kt. solid gold* case $100*
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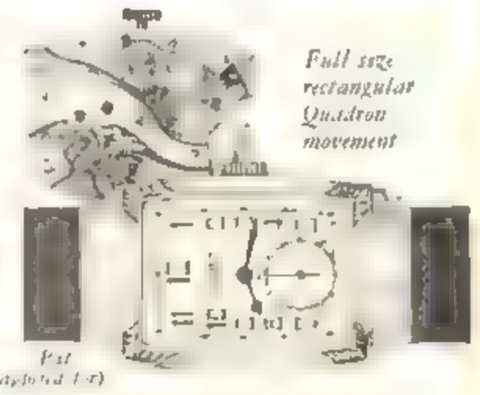
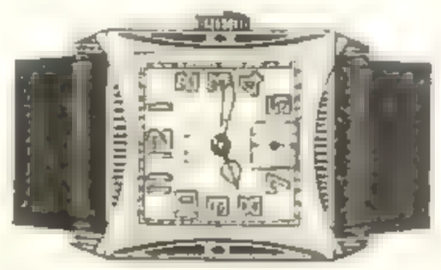
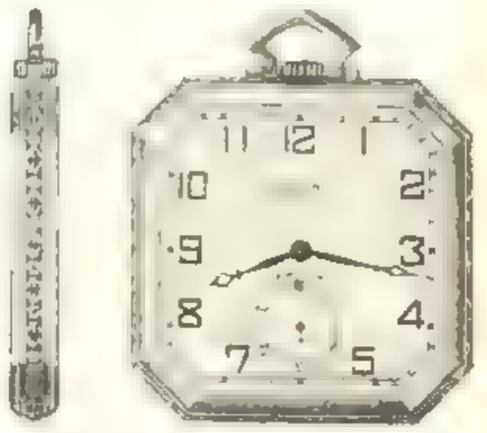


Gruen Quadron, 14-kt. solid gold case, 17-jewel* Precision *movement, $100*
Other Quadrons, $175 to $50

Gruen Quadron, with Guild band, 17-jewel Precision *movement, $72.50*
With leather strap, $65



Gruen wrist watch, 15-jewel movement, $35
Other Cartouches, $75 to $27.50



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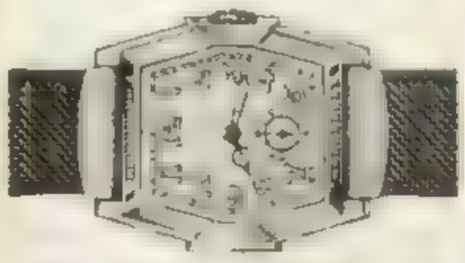

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Gruen Guild Watches

(Continued from Page 67)

Baby Doll Perrin grabbed the referee by his arm.

"Mr. Referee, how much time?"

The referee looked down at his wrist. "Seven minutes."

Seven minutes to make another touchdown in. Seven minutes wasn't much. A string of State subs streamed up to the referee, their arms waving wildly. The referee, he thought, was moving much too slowly. Maybe the referee didn't want Rollicksburg to score again.

For some reason State elected to kick off. It was a poor kick. The ball bounded along the ground and a Rollicksburg tackle gathered it to his stomach and lumbered clumsily down the field for a scant five yards before he was buried under a frantic pile of bodies.

Pete Sky carried the ball around left end. Baby Doll led the interference. A new State end smeared Pete without gain. Mac took the ball himself and made four yards through a hole in the center of the line.

He called for punt formation, and Baby Doll dropped back.

The State center stood up and yelled, "Pass! Pass!"

The ball came back high. He pulled it down and tucked it under his arm. The guards swung out of the line and hit the State line between guard and tackle. He went into the breach with every nerve set, legs drumming, back almost parallel with the ground. Again he cut back in front of the State defense.

The State right half ran to meet him. He set himself for the shock and went down on his face before the half left his feet. The State roving center had nailed him from behind.

The sun went down behind the south stands and Baby Doll moved in a gray haze. He went fiercely into plays, into a moving mass of scurrying figures. Hands seized him and he went down under a burden of struggling, blurred bodies. He went into the line each time sustained and strengthened by a sense of calm certainty. They were going to score again, as sure as taxes and operations and death.

The dusk over the field was thicker. People in the stand began to stand up. Suddenly a figure in white knickers rushed between the lines, seizing the ball. Substitutes rushed onto the field brandishing blankets. The game was over.

III

FOR a long time he stood under a shower with his eyes closed. Voices came to him in excited bursts of meaningless words. The feeling of being impervious to fatigue, the feeling that something within him was driving and pushing him had left him. In its place had come a tremendous weariness; a feeling that his legs were dead, that he couldn't move his feet. The rage that had flamed in his brain had burned out. His mind was a blank, incapable of thinking or feeling. He wanted to stand there and let hot water run over his body forever. The comforting notion half formed itself in his mind that there was no reason for him to get out of the shower. Everything was all over now. There was nothing left to do or think about. Hundreds of years passed and he summoned up enough energy to turn off the water and move a towel lazily over his dripping skin. Picking his way between mounds of discarded bandages, collapsed moleskin pants with their interior padding and thigh guards shamelessly exposed, and shoulder pads sprawled crazily against lockers and walls, he sat down on a bench and drew on his socks. Then, picking up a shoe, he stared at it with unseeing eyes, his mind a blank.

On the other side of the locker, somebody was singing:

"Ham bone is sweet,
Roast beef is fine. . . ."

Abruptly he realized that he was hungry. His mind began to play longingly with the thought of strange and indigestible foods. He would, he decided, walk over to Charley Lamb's and get a carton of ginger snaps. He would get Charley to make him up a stack of sandwiches—ham and pickle on rye, liverwurst and sliced olives.

He drew on his shoes, leaving the laces untied; put on his knickers and sweater, and drew a comb through his hair.

In the dusk the stadium looked like a big gray washbowl with a chip knocked out of one side. Dim, half-seen figures moved among the empty seats, stabbing with pointed sticks at papers and empty peanut bags and thrusting them into sacks hung over their shoulders. Through the ramps he could see the lights of Elm Street winking on.

He walked under the arcade over the sidewalk and listened to the harsh cries of taxi horns passing over the culvert by the west entrance and the whistle of the traffic cop at the corner of Elm Street and College Avenue.

Under a street light a boy stood near a box on which a pile of papers was imprisoned by a piece of pipe and a half brick. His shrill cries penetrated Baby Doll's mood and took his mind temporarily from thoughts of ham and pickle on rye. Baby Doll slid a paper from under the pipe and half brick, and turned so that the street light came over his shoulder and made the type legible. Across the top of the page he read:

ELM STREET TEAM TAMES STATE
PERRIN SCORES

He opened the paper to the sport page and folded it at Joe Maxim's column.

As we pointed out in Friday's column, the success of the Rollicksburg punt formation depended largely upon the ability of Perrin to snap out of the doldrums that have made his playing drab and uninspiring of late. The Old Man must have told the Elm Street back a thing or two between the halves, for he suddenly found himself, and in the second half flashed his old-time form. Using exactly the same kick formation in the second half that had failed in the early periods of the game, the Rollicksburg halfback scored a touchdown in the last fifteen minutes of play.

Baby Doll carefully folded the paper.

"Apple sauce," he said.

Then he turned to the newsboy.

"How many you got there, buddy?" he asked.

The boy looked at him and said, "I had thirty-five and I've sold eleven. That leaves twenty-four."

Baby Doll put a fifty-cent piece on top of the box. Picking up the bundle of papers, he walked across the street to the railing above the culvert. Ten feet below him the street light made a path of flowing radiance in the dark water.

The newsboy held the big round coin in his hand and looked after him wonderingly. Presently to his ears came a muffled splash. The big guy with the shoestrings trailing on the ground and the old knickers flapping loosely around his ankles must be cuckoo, he decided. Only a fella who was cuckoo would buy twenty-four papers and throw them over the edge of a culvert.

PESTS

(Continued from Page 21)

To put it bluntly, this well-worn-tweed-suit business is so much hooey; and so is the theory that the sturdy Britons, unlike their sloppy American cousins, build only for future generations.

The suburbs of almost every British city are a mass of standardized, hideous, jerry-built structures, endless row upon endless row, each house as like every other house as a kernel of corn is like the other kernels on the ear. As for the fine flavor of the British landscape, it is deteriorating as rapidly before the march of progress as though the tight little isle were inhabited by commercially minded Americans.

A distinguished Briton, Prof. G. M. Trevelyan, throws off a few pregnant remarks on the subject in a recent publication whose title page bears the pessimistic query, Must England's Beauty Perish?

"A hundred years ago," writes Professor Trevelyan, "this island was, almost all of it, beautiful. . . . Today it is beautiful in parts and ugly in parts, particularly in parts where most people live. A hundred years hence there will be very little beauty left, unless by taking thought in time we provide otherwise. . . . Our generation is placed under economic pressure to use the machines and methods which most rapidly destroy the lines of Nature, and to employ materials that contrast harshly with Nature's shapes and outlines. . . .

"Our rural villages and much of our country landscape today glow with flaring advertisements and enameled signs. The proper place for advertisements is in the press. . . . In the ordinary course of things . . . the builders, the week-end villa dwellers, the manufacturers, the timber workers and quarrymen, in the discharge of their duties and in the course of their legitimate trades and pleasures, will complete the destruction of old England and leave a mechanized landscape for our descendants. Our grandchildren may then go in motor cars or aeroplanes or whatever the latest means of locomotion may be, but they will find no beauty through which to drive, no unspoiled woodland or mountain haunt to visit at week-ends and holidays—unless we now determine otherwise and are wise in time."

The fact of the matter is that America has no monopoly on bad taste and scenery wrecking.

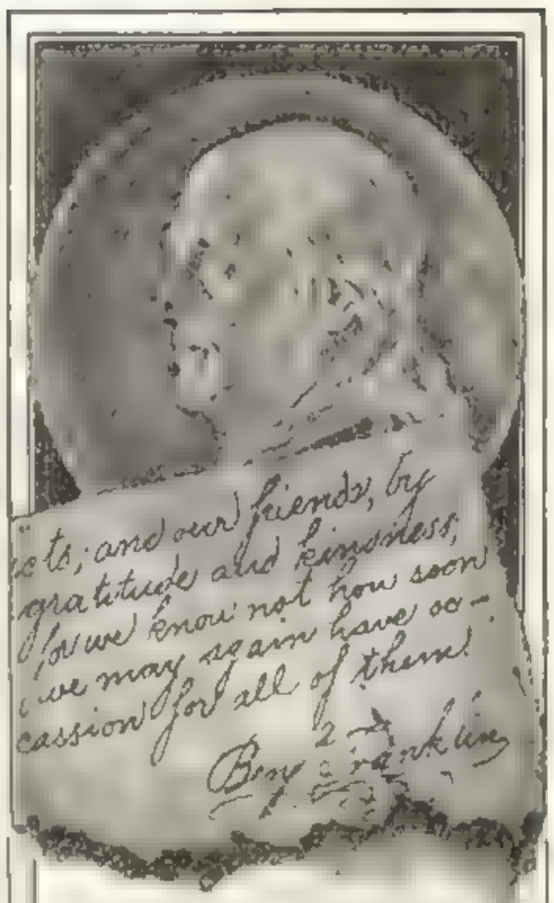
It has, unfortunately, been in a better position than any European nation to invite scenery wrecking and bad taste, and because of this, it is highly probable that it will the sooner recognize the property loss that results from scenery wrecking and so take steps to end it.

A true pest, once it is recognized as a pest, is fought more bitterly in the United States than in most European countries; and it is no uncommon thing for American pest fighters to journey to Europe to assist European nations in controlling and eradicating the same pests.

One of the regrettable differences between such a pest as the Japanese beetle and the pest of billboards and objectionable hot-dog stands and filling stations lies in the fact that the damage done by the Japanese beetle is immediately apparent and excessively irritating to property owners, whereas the damage done to a roadway or a neighborhood by billboards and bad hot-dog stands is not only something that grows gradually but that is too often perceptible only to persons who are able to look a little into the future.

Some years ago a Los Angeles newspaper owner and capitalist, Harry Chandler, together with a number of business associates, purchased sixty thousand acres of land in the San Fernando Valley, somewhat north of Los Angeles. They developed it, subdivided some of it and put prices on the subdivided land. After the prices had been fixed, Chandler came to the conclusion that beauty has a very definite market value, and that if the land could be embellished with a striking boulevard, the abutting property would be greatly enhanced in worth. He therefore proposed to build a boulevard twenty-two miles in length and 230 feet in width, heavily planted on both sides with trees, shrubbery and roses. The cost of this boulevard at the time was $508,000.

Some of Chandler's associates protested against this expenditure, but Chandler persisted in it. As soon as the boulevard was



"Let us preserve our reputation by performing our engagements; our credit, by fulfilling our contracts; and our friends, by gratitude and kindness; for we know not how soon we may again have occasion for all of them."

These are the words

of Benjamin Franklin written from France in his seventy-ninth year, and contained in a letter to his boyhood friend, Dr. Mather, of Boston. They express adequately Franklin's ethical code, summed up in a few lines.

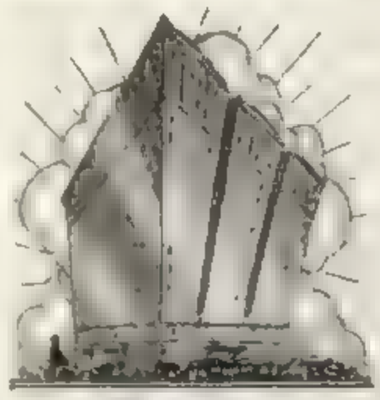
This is the code of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel as well. Its fulfillment has made many friends for this hostelry throughout the world. By continued service to our guests we endeavor to preserve these friendships and to extend the ever increasing circle.

The Benjamin Franklin combines in an unusual manner the traditional hospitality of more leisurely times with the most modern metropolitan hotel appointments.

Twelve hundred rooms, each with bath.

Rates commence at four dollars.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street



Horace Leland Wiggins * *Managing Director*

All California . . . *a stage* . . .

The moving picture directors can't be wrong

THE "movies" came to Los Angeles for sunlight... U. S. Weather Bureau records show that there is sunshine on 355 days each year ..There also was the need for scenic backgrounds... and here are ocean, mountains, lakes, deserts . everything in the way of scenery for which the director could wish

Tonight Southern California scenery will be shown in theatres located in every city in the world.

You are familiar with scenes in this southland. You have seen Arab horsemen dashing over our desert sands. You have seen the swan dive of a beautiful girl from one of our cliffs into the depths of the placid Pacific . . . you have seen Alaska scenes made in the perpetual snows of our High Sierra, you have seen our Old Spanish Missions used to give an old world atmosphere.

You have enjoyed these glimpses of Southern California. Come out this winter and see the country for yourself. Play golf on the emerald courses...drive the boulevards. Visit Santa Barbara on the north . . . and Old Mexico on the south. Sit in the sunshine and watch a polo match...hike...or ride on a trolley up a mile-high mountain.

The world of pleasure is waiting for you here...something interesting to do every hour of the day and evening movie "first nights" in Hollywood with the whole film colony attending...dinner dances in the great hotels . . . with "famous faces" among the guests.

Come and have the time of your life . Southern California is an all-year resort . and your living costs here need be no more than you spend when home

We have prepared a de luxe book of views showing the best work of the camera men of this "picture minded community." It contains 71 large pictures in gravure with cover in full color. You may have a copy of this valuable book for just the postage cost.

EXECUTIVES. Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage

Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Sec. W-11, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif

Enclosed find four cents in stamps - the actual mailing cost - of Southern California through the Camera. Also send me booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

*Name*_____
(Please Print Name and Address)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

finished, there was a great demand for land abutting on it. The demand was so great that the prices on abutting land were raised several million above the original prices. This land sold at once, leaving Chandler and his associates with a large profit on the boulevard alone. Thus it is that beauty can be made to pay dividends.

The story, however, would have been a different one if Chandler had followed the system that is at present followed by various states in the building of fine roads—if he had constructed a broad boulevard and, instead of planting its sides to roses, shrubs and trees, had permitted the first structures on it to be hot-dog stands plastered with small advertising signs—hot-dog stands interspersed with more or less artistic wagon restaurants, overnight camps with their cubicle cabins, and billboards advertising the desirability of this or that American product to the passing public.

If Chandler had permitted this, the traveling public would have wagged their heads ominously, passed rapidly along the $508,000 boulevard, and sought for property in sections that had not been smeared and manhandled.

The Spread of the Beetle

Mr. Chandler and his associates, however, were keen business men, anxious not only to protect their own investments but also to protect those who invested in their property. Consequently, they avoided billboards and hot-dog stands. For the same reason, all large real-estate developments banish such property depreciators from their confines with the most passionate persistence, knowing that wherever they exist, residential-property values are seriously damaged.

One who travels the highways of Eastern Billboardia to view the pests that have taken possession of the American countryside in recent years cannot help but be impressed by the heroic steps that have been taken by government and private agencies to protect the people from certain pests and the property losses that they bring. States are protected at their boundaries by inspectors who halt travelers, lest they bring Japanese beetles into uninfested areas and so play havoc with the property of farmers and bungalow owners—some of whom are so insensible to property values that if they were allowed to choose between having a cyclone hit their fields and having billboards erected on them would invariably select the billboards, though the billboards, in the long run, would do them more harm.

The Japanese beetle is an iridescent green beetle about the size of a normal man's little finger nail. In 1916 a few of these beetles were discovered near Riverton, New Jersey, and the evidence indicated that they had entered the United States as grubs in soil which surrounded the roots of plants imported from Japan. In a few years' time the beetles had so multiplied that seven square miles in New Jersey were infested and under regulation. In another three years the seven square miles had grown to more than 200 square miles. By 1924 nearly 4000 square miles of the state of New Jersey were being chewed and harried by this small green beetle; and in 1926 the entire area of the state—7514 square miles—had been attacked and was under regulation. Pennsylvania received its first Japanese beetles in 1920. Delaware succumbed in 1924. New York and Connecticut fell victims in 1926, and 1928 saw Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia added to the list. The latest figures issued by the Department of Agriculture, in 1928, show that the progeny of the first beetle immigrants of 1916 have infested more than 21,000 square miles of territory, and the territory actually infested is much higher.

Wanderers in the Pest Belt become aware of the Japanese beetle through the peculiar-looking beetle traps that dot the scenery—neat green funnel-shaped contrivances hanging over small buckets. Following this, they observe that the leaves of many trees have turned a repulsive brown, that birches have been entirely stripped of their foliage, that the leaves of horse-chestnuts have become filmy skeletons, that various fruit trees are in process of denudation—all due to the efforts of the Japanese beetle—and that great stretches of trees are covered with a gray film, indicating that they have been sprayed with arsenate of lead.

If, then, they enter a truck garden, they see the beetle at work and at play in all his glory. There will be, if the gardener is at all conscientious or desirous of obtaining any return from his gardening, a beetle trap at intervals of ten or twenty paces. Above each trap is hung a small segment of cantaloupe rind or some other succulent dainty. Each piece of rind is solidly incrusted with Japanese beetles—so crowded that the overflow is constantly slipping and falling down the funnel into the pail that hangs below the trap. Each pail is filled with a squirming, heaving mass of beetles. Above the rows of corn and tomatoes and lettuce and beans dart thousands of the iridescent insects, whizzing bulletlike through the air and settling on any convenient foliage to appease their ever-present appetites. The whole world seems alive and crawling with Japanese beetles, contemptuous of traps and regardless of humans, bent only on devouring every growing thing.

When the beetle has eaten its fill of growing crops during the months of July and August, it lays its eggs in the soil. It prefers to lay its eggs in smooth lawns or carefully kept golf links rather than in a piece of unkempt meadow land. At any rate, it lays its eggs in the ground; the eggs hatch, and at once the larvæ which emerge begin to feed on the grass roots among which they began life. As many as 1531 Japanese beetle grubs have been found in one square yard of golf green, each one of them avidly devouring the grass roots.

As may be suspected, this is not good for any golf green. In fact, there is very little left to the lawn or the golf links under which Japanese beetle grubs have been operating; for, after the grubs have killed most of the grass, robins, starlings, sparrows and other birds turn up patches of sod in order to get at the grubs.

Beautifying the Roadsides

Federal and state authorities, under Loren B. Smith of the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, have taken cooperative steps toward the control and extermination of the beetle. Parasites that attack the Japanese beetle have been imported from Japan, and experiments with various traps and poisons are constantly under way. Entomologists declare that the beetle has so much food available in the Eastern United States, and climatic and cultural conditions so favor its development and multiplication, that it will never be exterminated. Mr. Smith, however, states that each year is bringing improved and more economical methods of plant protection, and that, though it cannot be exterminated, "the outlook for the ultimate control of the beetle by natural agencies is most hopeful."

Different pests require different treatment. The Government is unwilling to devote money directly to the eradication of those pests which most effectively wreck the scenery, but government officials are speaking more and more plainly concerning the need of doing away with them. The program of one of them is predicated on four demands: First, the complete elimination of rural commercial advertising signs, not only those within the right of ways but those on private property along the right of ways. Second, the removal of oil-filling stations, hot-dog and lunch stands and roadside markets that encroach upon the right of ways, and regulation of the distance from right of ways at which such establishments may be located on private property. Third, the planting of trees and shrubs along the roadsides. Fourth, the location, design and construction of the highways in such

manner as to preserve the natural beauty of the countryside.

The best roads in most of the states today are what are known as Federal-aid roads. A state provides a part of the money to build these roads, and the Federal Government provides the rest. On May 21, 1928, an amendment to the Federal Highway Act was passed granting permission to use Federal funds for wayside planting of trees on the Federal-aid highway system. Here at once appears what is technically known as a negro in the woodpile—a negro that may reasonably be called to the attention of billboard advertisers and others who are responsible for the more disagreeable of the highway pests. It is more than likely that a certain number of billboard advertisers and hot-dog-stand owners will refuse to heed the rising storm of protest from those who object to having their vision assaulted by eyesores. In this case legislation can be obtained that will force them back off the right of way and large quantities of Federal funds can be spent on the planting of trees and shrubs to screen them from those who use the highways. From this it can be seen that there are more ways than one to kill a cat, despite the Government's hesitancy to spend its money directly on the control and the elimination of the billboard and allied pests.

During September of 1929, Mrs. W. L. Lawton, of Glens Falls, New York, head of the National Committee for the Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, made a survey of the billboard-advertising situation in the state of Maine. Prior to her arrival, telegrams were sent to a few widely known summer residents of the state asking whether their names could be used as sponsors for Mrs. Lawton's antibillboard survey. Among those who telegraphed an enthusiastic willingness to approve Mrs. Lawton's efforts to eliminate billboard advertising were Mrs. Edward Bodman, Mrs. Lincoln Colcord, Mr. and Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mansfield, Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay, Mrs. Phœnix Ingraham, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Mary Dows Dunham, Bishop and Mrs. Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bok, Laura E. Richards, Mrs. Booth Tarkington, Mrs. Blaine S. Viles, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Train, Mrs. Alexander Biddle, Hugh Pendexter, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Martin Hopkins, Anna C. Witherle, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Van Dyke, Mr. and Mrs. James Montgomery Flagg, Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, Mrs. John Markoe, Mrs. Henry Parkman, Henry Reed Hatfield and Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Eliot.

Attractive Wayside Stands

The aversion to scrofulous hot-dog stands and filling stations has resulted in private subscriptions to a fund designed to bring about wholesale improvement in such structures. The chief contributors were Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Adolf Gobel, and the money was administered by the Art Center of New York. Competitions were held and prizes offered for the best plans for filling stations and wayside stands. Prizes were given for photographs showing the most orderly arrangement of refreshment stands and their surroundings. Finally, starting in March, 1929, the funds in the hands of the Art Center were used for the publication of a monthly magazine, the Wayside Stand Review, intended to reach the operators of all wayside stands and filling stations in the United States. The March issue showed the prize-winning plans for stands and filling stations, and the second issue showed the three ideal wayside stands and filling stations that have been designed and are being marketed, ready cut. Each number is filled with pictures, articles and information of interest to wayside-stand owners, and each one emphasizes the fact that the surest way in which to attract attention and tempt business is to abandon sign-plastered, billboarded shacks and replace them with neat, clean, attractive structures. The editor of this magazine, Arthur H. Torrey, states that wayside merchandising is more and more taking on the caliber of big business, and that good merchants and good restaurant men are on the verge of entering the field with attractive, well-built chains of wayside stands. When this idea is developed, he says, only the neat, efficient operator with a tidy, well-managed stand can survive; for the slovenly operator will have nothing to do but watch the cars go by—an occupation in which there is little if any nourishment. The address of the Wayside Stand Review is 65 East 56th Street, New York City.

A pest that is difficult to reach is the individual or organization responsible for road construction that slashes straight lines through hills and forests, regardless of ancient curves and contours, for the sole purpose of permitting a horde of automobilists to go nowhere in particular at the highest possible rate of speed. Yet it is probable that he can be reached, since the Chief of the Bureau of Public Roads declares firmly that highways must be located, designed and constructed in such a way that the beauty of the surrounding country will not be destroyed.

Highways Around the Towns

There are, in New England, many beautiful old towns whose greatest financial assets are their quiet and their charm. These are the things that have drawn substantial residents and summer visitors to them in years gone by. Most of these towns are approached by winding roadways, beautiful roadways that once were narrow country lanes, curving graciously beneath arching elms and between the spires of towering pines. With the days of the gasoline tax there has come a craze for straightening roads—for taking out the curves and widening the roadway, so that three powerful engines can race along it abreast, at forty-five miles an hour, at fifty-five miles an hour, at sixty-five miles an hour, harrowing the nerves of those so unfortunate as to live near the road with the shrieks and wails of their horns.

The selectmen of the town of Petersham, in Massachusetts, realizing that its prosperity depends strictly on its resort industry, halted work on a projected road so that a new motor road might pass entirely around the town rather than through it. The town of Concord is hard at work to get the through highway off its main street and into its hinterland. The historic village of Deerfield has banished traffic to a bypass, to the deep pleasure of both the town and passing automobilists, who have no interest whatever in seeing Deerfield, and care only for a clear road.

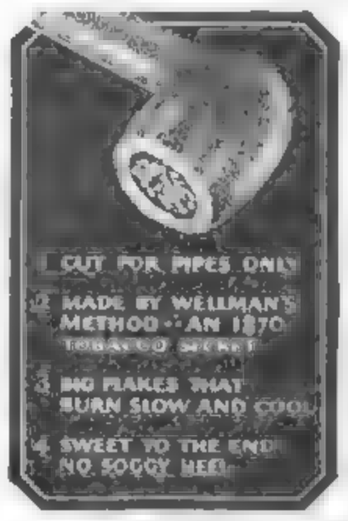
"Not only," says Walter Prichard Eaton in an editorial in the Boston Herald, "is every village and town spoiled when a through highway is rammed down its main street but through traffic is seriously delayed, and all the legitimate business of the town clogged. No one who drives a car needs any statistics to prove to him that sixty miles of road, passing through ten towns, is at least 20 per cent less efficient in handling through traffic than sixty miles through open country. And it surely is apparent that far less damage will be done, and the cost will be no greater, if, instead of trying to widen and straighten existing intertown highways, never laid out for motor traffic, the state should bypass, certainly the residential, historic and architecturally distinguished ones, and go through the country on properly designed right of ways. Our present highway policy is absurdly shortsighted. It is rapidly destroying the charm and distinction of Massachusetts, and it isn't even meeting the traffic problem by way of compensation."

The latest bulletin of the Bureau of Public Roads points out that the states of California, Connecticut and Massachusetts have demonstrated how much can be done

(Continued on Page 74)

". . . a record of his grand imaginings over a pipe."—Thos. Cooper

A *cooler* smoke in a drier pipe



"*Reads like romance!*"

It may seem odd, in this scientific age, to hark 'way back to 1870 for the best way of mellowing Kentucky Burley for pipes. But an old-time tobacco secret, "Wellman's Method," is just that—as you'll agree when you taste Granger's full-bodied richness.

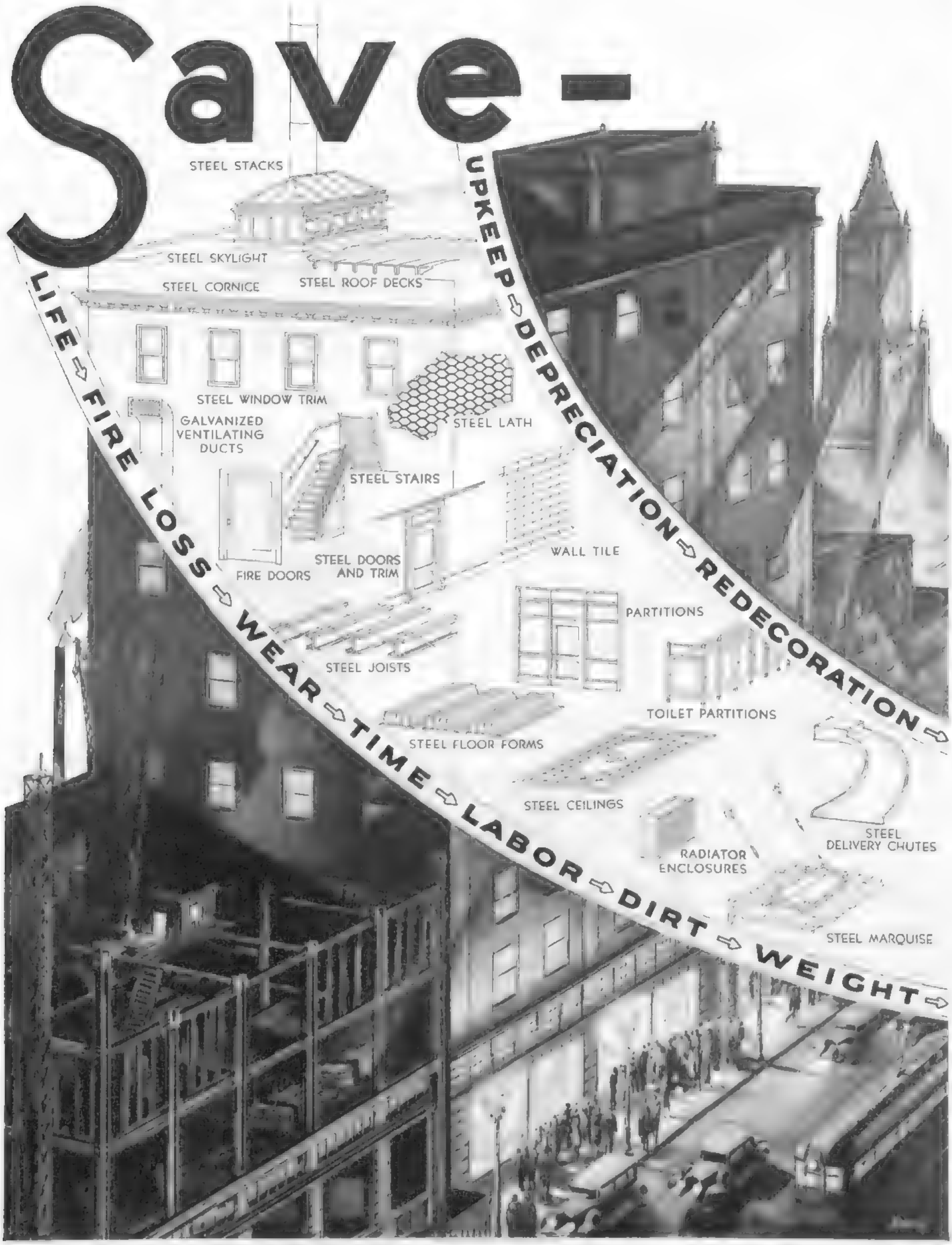
Cool, too; emphatically. The "Rough Cut" burns slowly, evenly, completely—a cooler smoke in a drier pipe.

And the flavor gets the protection it deserves. Note the Granger package—soft heavy foil, airtight, convenient, compact—a superior packing for a distinctly superior pipe tobacco.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

...in more pipes every day!


Save—
LIFE ⇨ FIRE LOSS ⇨ WEAR ⇨ TIME ⇨ LABOR ⇨ DIRT ⇨ WEIGHT ⇨
UPKEEP ⇨ DEPRECIATION ⇨ REDECORATION ⇨
STEEL STACKS
STEEL SKYLIGHT
STEEL CORNICE
STEEL ROOF DECKS
STEEL WINDOW TRIM
GALVANIZED VENTILATING DUCTS
STEEL LATH
STEEL STAIRS
FIRE DOORS
STEEL DOORS AND TRIM
WALL TILE
PARTITIONS
STEEL JOISTS
TOILET PARTITIONS
STEEL FLOOR FORMS
STEEL CEILINGS
STEEL DELIVERY CHUTES
RADIATOR ENCLOSURES
STEEL MARQUISE

1211 Buildings Burned Today

A SMALL city burned today—nine hundred and thirty-one homes, five schools, five churches, fifteen hotel buildings, one hospital, four warehouses, six department stores, two theatres, eight public garages, three printing plants, three dry goods stores and ninety-six farm buildings. *That* is the average daily toll taken by *Fire* in the United States.

This same destroyer day after day snuffs out twenty-seven lives—nine being children under ten years of age.

Appalling!—And yet a few years ago, conditions were even more disastrous. Due to greater care and the growing use of steel building materials, there has been a decline in the fire loss. *Steel products never start a fire or feed the flames!*

Steel partitions, doors and trim, steel stairways, steel lath and other steel building products are saving lives and property every day—many of them having definite ratings from the Underwriters' Laboratories because of their recognized fire resistive qualities.

Substantial savings in construction costs and additional fire safety are being obtained with such products as steel shower stalls and bathroom tile, steel joists and floor forms, steel ceilings, cornices, canopies and stacks.

When weight saving is desirable, steel roof decks, galvanized roofing and siding and similar articles, make possible safe reduction in the weight and cost of supporting members.

Adaptable to factory, commercial building or home, —advancing in artistic design and utility each year— steel products are today the accepted standard for all types of structures where savings from fire loss, saving of life and money, savings in space, weight, wear, time, labor and dirt, are weighed carefully.

Complete information concerning these products may be obtained by writing the Trade Research Division, National Association of Flat Rolled Steel Manufacturers, Terminal Tower Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

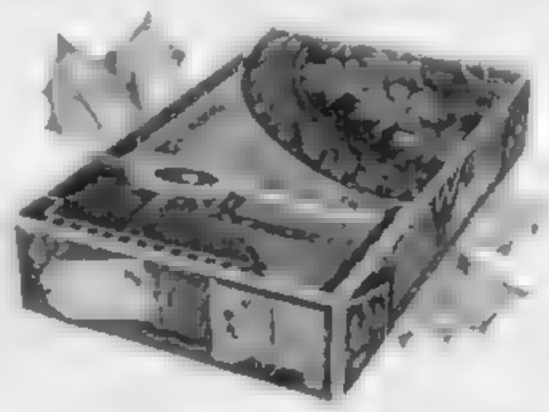
He knew from her face she wanted them for Christmas!

He had long been puzzled about what would most please her. Then they went out with Jim and his wife. She took one look at the rich, shimmering new BILTMORE AERO-CLOTH Seat Covers on Jim's car . . . and he knew from her face he'd solved the big problem.

BILTMORE SEAT COVERS . . . to keep her coats and frocks clean . . to make her car look the same million dollars that *she* always looked! Aero-Cloth . . . smooth and shining as satin, that can't cling to her clothing . . . . . that soap and water or gasoline will clean *right on the car!* Aero-Cloth, the marvelous Du Pont material that sun can't fade and water can't spot . . . whose colors are "in" it, not "on" it, so they can never lose their lustre. AERO-CLOTH - - done up beautifully in a big Christmas box - - just the thing for a gift!

He chose Aero-Cloth. *You* may perhaps prefer the BILTMORE DE LUXE Seat Covers - - their fine, durable fabrics are modish and beautiful with modernistic colors and patterns. They are tailored by hand with the same care that goes into the making of a suit of clothes . . . and they are as easily dry-cleaned - - just un-snap the oxidized silver glove fasteners and slip the covers off!

There are BILTMORE STANDARDS, too, lower in price but of high quality, texture and color and of perfect fit! Or BILTMORE SLIP-ONS, if you want to cover only the seats and back-cushions.



In fact, there are so many BILTMORES to choose from - - all charmingly boxed for Christmas, of course, - - that you are bound to find just the thing you want at just the price you plan to pay. And the fit is always guaranteed!

Sold by leading automobile and accessory dealers everywhere, including all stores of

THE WESTERN AUTO SUPPLY COMPANY
FROM COAST TO COAST
Installation service at all Western Stores

AEROCLOTH, $15.00 UP	DE LUXE, $11.00 UP
STANDARDS, $ 7.50 UP	SLIP-ONS, $ 4.25 UP

Merchandise Orders Issued

THE BILTMORE ERO MFG. COMPANY
1749 CENTRAL AVENUE, CINCINNATI
Factories also at Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles

BILTMORE SEAT COVERS
TM REG U.S. PAT OFF — PATENTS PENDING

(Continued from Page 71)

at small cost to put an end to the pest of raw and unbeautified roads by judicious planting of native trees, shrubs and perennial flowers; and it urges other states to obtain similar results by cooperating with their forestry and horticultural authorities and those of the Federal Government, and by seeking the support of civic bodies and property owners.

Chief MacDonald is more specific in the American Civic Annual for 1929. "In a few states," he says, "organized attention is given to roadside beautification. The Massachusetts Department of Public Works is empowered by law to make roadside improvements. When a road is laid out as a state highway, it is generally made sufficiently wide to provide an area on each side of the traveled portion for roadside improvement. No tree, shrub or plant within such a highway can be cut, removed or new ones added without a permit from the Highway Department.

"Connecticut has a landscape division which is operating throughout the whole state. It maintains all trees on state highways. Within the next two years it expects to spend some $500,000 in the landscaping of cuts, bridge sites and abandoned sections of right of ways.

"Pennsylvania has undertaken a comprehensive scheme of roadside betterment, including the planting of trees, the protecting of slopes, and the growing of nursery material to make these improvements convenient and economical. In each highway division a capable worker is on the job, operating under the direction of a highway forester who is an enthusiast, as also is the state's Secretary of Highways, who originated the plan.

"Pennsylvania uses constantly the so-called Wheat Law, passed in the Pinchot administration, permitting the protection of the view at curves or intersections by condemnation of the view, the owner being permitted thereafter to grow 'grass, oats, wheat or other crops which will not obstruct the vision more than wheat.'

"California has some 685 miles of highways on which trees have been planted. The state has also made a survey of areas adjacent to the roadways which can be beautified by the planting of trees and vines. This survey also included the treatment of natural growth to preserve and emphasize its beauty. In each of California's ten highway districts, sections approximately a half mile long are being selected as model sections.

"Delaware for a number of years has been planting shade trees along the highways where the right of ways were wide enough, and has planted rambler rose bushes along practically all the guard rails An effort has been made to keep the roadsides free from litter and to have them mown frequently during the summer season.

"The State Highway Department of Missouri recently inaugurated a plan for beautifying the highways. It employed an experienced landscape architect and offered his consulting services and advice free to any interested community, civic club or patriotic organization. Many of the towns became interested and held meetings at which civic and patriotic clubs assumed responsibility for beautifying some of the highways.

"A campaign was also started to interest the owners of roadside camps, filling stations and parks in the improvement of their property adjacent to the highways. The county school superintendents of Missouri are attempting to interest residents of rural districts with a view to the landscaping of school yards. A number of landowners have inquired of the department about the beautification plan."

And so on for Wisconsin, Iowa, Kentucky, Nevada and sundry others of our states.

Vista Point, Rainier National Park, Washington

Windows once neglected

Now glow with charm and color ‹‹‹ Through modern drapery treatment ‹‹

Not many years ago, in every home were rooms that no one ever thought of beautifying. The furnishings of these rooms were chosen chiefly for utility . . . windows served merely as a means of lighting and ventilation.

All this is changed, since people have come to realize that beauty as well as utility may be procured at no greater cost. These rooms . . . once neglected . . . now rival in beauty the rest of the home.

In keeping with the spirit of today, and setting the vogue of tomorrow, Kirsch has created a wide variety of new and exquisite draping effects. Fashion and hygiene have placed a ban on stuffy and dust-gathering lambrequins and valances since Kirsch now offers *modern* drapery hardware, with graceful lines and charming color harmonies.

Unsightly, loose-hanging draw cords on sagging round rods, have been replaced by Kirsch Drapery Hardware with perfected draw cord equipment. The pulleys and draw cords are entirely concealed. At a gentle pull of the cords, the draperies or curtains open or close easily, smoothly and noiselessly. With Kirsch draw cord equipment, they may be closed to overlap in the center—insuring absolute privacy.

But even more important, Kirsch has brought this beauty and convenience within the reach of every purse. Kirsch Drapery Hardware with or without perfected draw cord equipment is a "luxury" so surprisingly inexpensive that it is thoroughly practical in every room in the home.

Nor need you limit your choice of beautiful window treatments in order to enjoy the advantages of draw cord curtains with their easy control of light and ventilation. All Kirsch cut-to-measure hardware . . . in a variety of lovely, durable finishes . . . may be purchased with draw cord equipment at very modest prices.

In the charming breakfast room pictured above, the effect is gained by the use of a Kirsch Wood Pole set . . . equipped with draw cords. This line is available in beautiful period designs, modernistic fancies, or the new stipple finishes in superb metallic hues . . . all offering the exclusive feature which allows rings to glide easily, freely and noiselessly over poles of any design or style, without marring the durable and lasting finish.

An equal variety of ornamental designs and gay color harmonies awaits your inspection in Kirsch Atavio Work in cast aluminum. Nor should you overlook the charming effects that can be obtained with Kirsch Flat Extension Rods . . . the rods that will not sag, rust or tarnish . . . now offered in dainty old ivory and statuary bronze finishes, in addition to the familiar brass.

Are there any neglected windows in *your* home? To get an idea of the magic transformation that can be brought about at modest cost, ask your favorite shop to show you the new Kirsch Modern Draping Service . . . an elaborate picture portfolio in which you will find windows like your own, and from which you can select the drapery treatments best suited to them.

And for your personal use, we shall be glad to send you The 1930 Kirsch Book . . . a new style-book of window and door draping, which suggests and illustrates many charming color harmonies, serves as a guide to correct draping practice, and contains a wealth of other useful information on the making, hanging and care of draperies and curtains. This book is free. Simply mail the coupon and your copy will reach you promptly.

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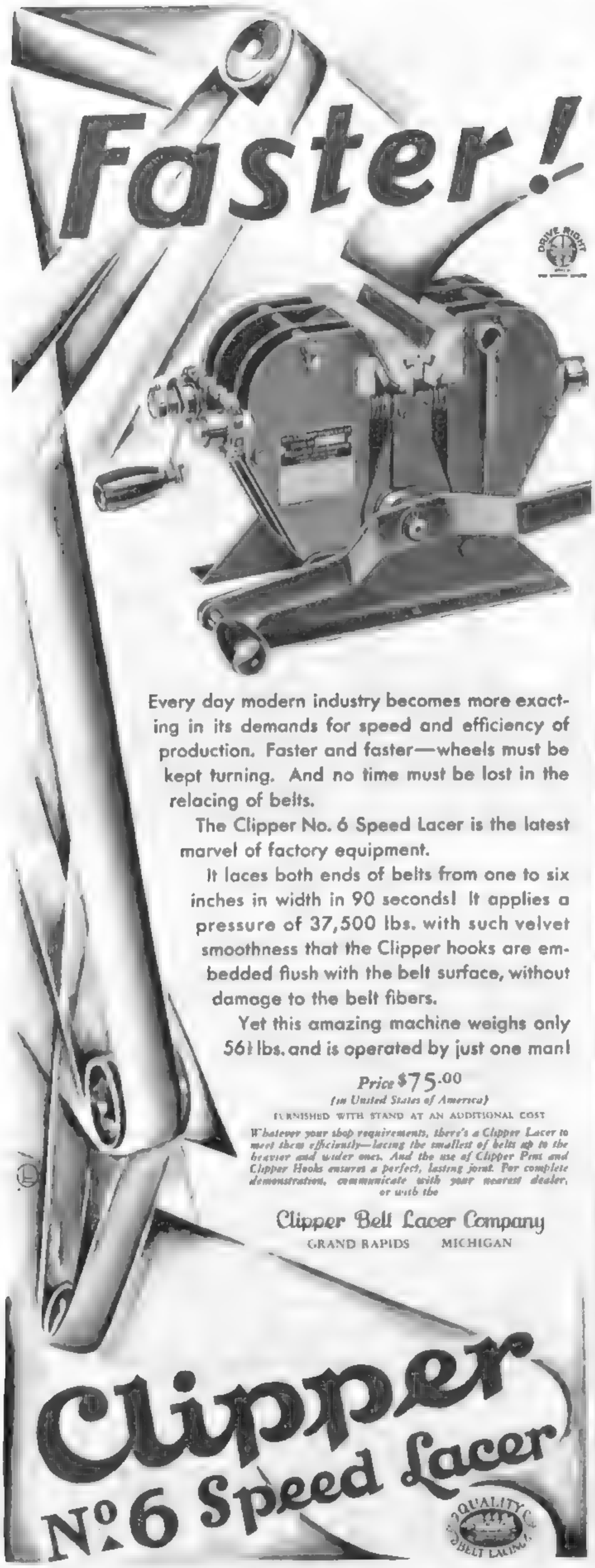
- Kirsch -

Drapery Hardware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THE LAST LAUGH

(Continued from Page 13

it will be a great comfort to me to have you here." Then, after a moment, she said: "I wonder if it would be possible to see you for a few minutes alone, David. There's something I want to ask you—a mere question of etiquette."

"I can see you any time you suggest," I said. "If you don't think it will lay you open to divorce proceedings, you might come up to my apartment for tea this afternoon."

"That," she said, "will be splendid. I'll be there at half-past five, heavily veiled and looking neither to right nor to left, the way sinning wives did in the old French novels."

"In that case," said I solemnly, "I'll let all my servants go out for the day, so that we shan't be interrupted."

"Of course," said she. "At half-past five, then, and I'll come in a taxi—not one of my cars. We must be careful."

She laughed and we both laughed; but I wondered just how real her apparent imperturbability was. I knew her to be very fond of Mortimer, and few women can contemplate with complete sang-froid the loss of a husband for whom they have even the slightest affection.

She came promptly at half-past five. She was looking especially well in a black suit and a silver fox and two gardenias. When she took off her hat I noticed that her hair was blacker, but far brighter than her black suit. Mortimer could have painted her as a study in black and white, with her red mouth as the touch of color.

"Do I look wicked?" she asked. "I haven't been alone in a bachelor's apartment since I married Mortimer. I was hoping that your doorman and your elevator boy would eye me with suspicion, but they didn't. I'm afraid, David, they're used to seeing young women come up here unchaperoned."

"Certainly they are," I assured her. "That's why I live in a bachelor's apartment. One meets such lovely, perfumed creatures going up and down in the elevator."

My Jap, the "staff of servants" whom I had promised Cecily to dismiss for the day, brought in the tea tray. Cecily officiated. It was a very cozy scene, and I was sorry that it was not cold enough to warrant having a cheery fire burning on the hearth to add the finishing touch.

"So Mortimer leaves tomorrow, does he?" I said.

"Yes. He's taken the house for a year. It seems a pity to throw away all that money."

"Just what do you mean," I asked—"throw away all that money?"

She smiled slightly and reached for a sandwich.

"Well, you don't think for a minute, do you, that he can stand it for a year?"

To tell the truth, I hadn't really thought about the probable duration of Mortimer's absence. I had taken if for granted, I suppose, that it would be forever.

"So that's the reason," I said, "that you're able to take all this so calmly."

"I'm not taking it calmly," she said. "I'm not taking it calmly at all. I'm horribly distressed, as a matter of fact. And if I dared, I'd cry all day and all night. I'd behave just like almost any other woman behaves in my position. Only, you see, I know Mortimer; and I know that if I indulged in tears and recriminations I'd surely lose him. By being sweet and cheerful and smiling, I have him puzzled. He's not sure of me. I'm not behaving the way he expected I would."

"You think, then, that you'll get him back before long?"

"Lord only knows," she said wearily.

For just an instant her spirits and her body drooped, and I could see that she was suffering.

"What sort of mood does he seem to be in at present?" I asked.

She sat up and laughed.

"Mortimer's got a bad cold in his head," she explained, "and at present he can think of nothing else. His mood is precisely that of anybody who has a bad cold in his head. He's been so busy blowing his nose that he hasn't had time to be introspective. He really hasn't had time to be anything or do anything, and I've had to attend to all the arrangements of his getting away."

I said that I'd be hanged. It was very unusual, that. It wasn't at all according to the rules.

"Oh," she said, "that reminds me of the question of etiquette I wanted to ask you about. Mortimer hasn't any money. I mean literally that he hasn't any money. He spent what he made when he sold Snow Scene long ago, and he hasn't sold anything since. Now, of course, when he took the house in Maine he had to pay six months' rent in advance."

"Ah!"

"Yes, exactly. Ah!"

"Well, what did he do?"

"What could the poor boy do? I let him have the money, of course. It wasn't very much and I could spare it. But the question comes up as to the future. He's going to need more money constantly in order to live—in order to live even economically. Now, do you think I ought to send him a monthly check while he is away, or do you think it would hurt his pride and his dignity and make his eventual return all the more difficult for him? What do you think?"

"I think," I cried explosively, "that he's the most consummate ass I have ever heard of! That's what I think. He's not only an ass, he precious near approaches being a cad. The infinite, unbelievable nerve of the man ——"

"He's not a man," she interrupted. "Oh, please, David, remember he's not a man. He's a boy that some day, if he's rightly handled, will be a great artist."

I grunted. I knew she was right, but for the life of me I couldn't help believing that the sort of handling he deserved was manhandling.

"And besides," she added, as if proffering a full and sufficient explanation, "Mortimer has absolutely no sense of humor."

"Or honor," I suggested.

"You mustn't say that," she rebuked me. "He just doesn't think of money. I've been earning so horribly much of it that Mortimer hasn't had to. He's used to spending what I make and I'm sure he doesn't consider he's doing anything very—well, very out of the way in letting me pay half a year's rent for him. The only change in our relations that he visualizes is the fact that we'll be physically separated. That's his only object in leaving at all—physical separation. I don't interfere with him or his work in any other way. I don't grate on him mentally. But he just doesn't want to continue living in the same house with me, or with the children, for that matter, or with any animate body for whom he is in the smallest degree responsible."

She stopped, a little breathless, a little shaky.

"Cecily," I said, "is Mortimer in love with you?"

She gave the question due consideration before answering it.

"I've asked myself that lately a thousand times," she said, "and I don't know. Six years ago, when we were first married, he was what is known as an impetuous lover. I realize that impetuous love rarely lasts six years, and I never expected that it would. But we've been closer to each other—we've been more together than most married couples. Probably we've seen too much of each other. That may be the cause of all this trouble. Our work, instead of separating us—to a certain extent, at least—throws us constantly together. But until lately Mortimer seemed to be glad that this was true. There was no friction that I could see. We practically never wrangled and I would have said that our

marriage had developed into an ideal union based on affectionate companionship and firmly cemented by the children whom we both love. But whether or not Mortimer loves me—that is difficult to say. I think he loves me when he's depressed and discouraged or when he isn't feeling well. I think," she concluded with a smile, "that he loves me now, when he has a bad cold in the head."

"Yes," I said, "almost all men are like that. The perfect husband would be the chronic invalid."

She poured herself a second cup of tea.

"But you haven't answered my question yet," she pointed out. "You haven't said whether you think I'd be wrong if I sent Mortimer a monthly check."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Were it any other man but Mortimer, I'd be inclined to say no. A man with any pride would simply return your money under the circumstances. A man with any pride would starve rather than touch a cent of it. But from what you've told me, my guess is that Mortimer will be only too glad to accept a subsidy from you and that, since he has no pride to hurt and no dignity to lose, you won't be insulting him in the least by making it possible for him to live away from you. Just the same, I think it's overquixotic of you. Why not let him starve?"

"But, you see, I love him," she said.

"He'd come back to you as soon as he got really hungry."

"Yes, I know that. Only I don't want him to come back to me against his will. If he did that we'd simply have to go through the whole thing all over again, and I couldn't stand it a second time."

I became impatient—very impatient with Mortimer and a little impatient with her.

"What does he think he's going to live on?" I said. "Doesn't he know that he hasn't any money, or doesn't he know what money is?"

"He thinks that he'll sell some pictures."

"He's counting on that, is he? Well, perhaps he will and perhaps he won't. But I know perfectly well that at the bottom of his heart he's counting on you as somebody he can always fall back on. Even he wouldn't have the nerve to go gayly into the wilderness of Maine without a cent in his pocket unless he knew that you were back home working to support him. He's banking on you to be his banker."

"Well, why shouldn't he? He's perfectly right to bank on me, isn't he?"

"Yes, but it's disgusting! It makes me sick!"

"Don't be angry," she urged. "You mustn't judge Mortimer as you would other men."

"No, I see that I mustn't."

Suddenly she laughed, and this time there was real mirth in her laughter.

"Well?" I queried.

"I'm laughing," she said, "at the thought of your expression when Mortimer asks you for a loan tomorrow evening."

"Oh," I said; and then I said, "Oh," again. And then I said, "So you think that's cause for laughter, do you? Well, I don't. And I have a shrewd suspicion that the expression on my face won't amuse Mortimer very much, either."

"Please," she said, "when he asks you, don't refuse. You'll be helping me by lending him money; you'll be making it much easier for me. And, besides, you are fond of Mortimer, and you have been for a long time, in spite of yourself."

"He's never behaved like a cur until now," I said, "and I see no reason to aid and abet him in doing a thing that stinks to heaven. On the contrary, instead of encouraging him, I'd do anything in my power to thwart him. No, I most certainly won't lend him a cent."

"Oh, dear," she said. "Then I suppose he'll have to come to me for it again. He hasn't even pocket money. Why, I doubt if he could pay for his taxi to the station."

"Let him walk," I said. "He's young."

"But he has a bad cold," she reminded me. "It might develop into pneumonia if he's not careful."

"Not a chance," I assured her brutally.

"He thinks it might, and that amounts to the same thing. Oh, David, if he asks you, do let him have fifty dollars. Think how mean he'd feel if he had to ask me for so small an amount."

"Don't worry," I said; "he'd probably ask you for more. Good Lord, Cecily, are you so much in love with the man that you can't see what a clown he's making of himself?"

"Of course I see, but you can't be cruel to a clown, can you? At least, you oughtn't to be. Clowns are pathetic as well as absurd. And simple souls like children and me love clowns. They're so serious and so futile."

She got up to leave. And I handed her her fur and she settled it about her shoulders. She held out her hand.

"Please, David," she said with supplicating eyes that held, nevertheless, a glint of amusement. "Please, David, lend him fifty."

"We'll see," I said, temporizing. "Perhaps he won't need it."

"Oh, he'll need it," she said with conviction. "Please, David. And don't forget; dinner at half past seven tomorrow. Mortimer takes the midnight for Boston."

"I'll be there," I said. "I suppose I'd better bring cash."

When she had left me I fell to wondering at the loyalty of her, and I asked myself why it was that she clung so stoutly to Mortimer—so stoutly that she was actually financing his desertion of her. I decided that when a woman has once known complete happiness with a man, it is almost impossible to convince her that happiness cannot be recovered. A man, I think, knows better.

Although Mortimer's behavior was inexcusable, it occurred to me that perhaps Cecily was right in encouraging him to try the experiment of a separation. If he could enjoy it, if he could endure it, it was pretty conclusive proof that he no longer was in love with her. If he could not, it should be pretty conclusive proof, even to him, that he wasn't made to live without her. Either way the air would be cleared and no bitter and unforgivable words exchanged. They were separating before they had irreparably insulted each other, and that, at least, was all to the good.

So I went to dine with them the next evening in a somewhat more tranquil mood. Mortimer's cold in the head had become worse overnight, and he snuffled and blew his nose and sneezed incessantly throughout the evening. He was very sorry for himself, and not a little alarmed about his condition. He hinted gloomily at bronchitis, influenza and pneumonia. The studio, he said, with some reason, was so drafty that it was as much as anybody's life was worth to work in it.

"Well," I said cheerfully, "I don't imagine you'll find Maine in winter any greenhouse."

He said, "Lord, no!"

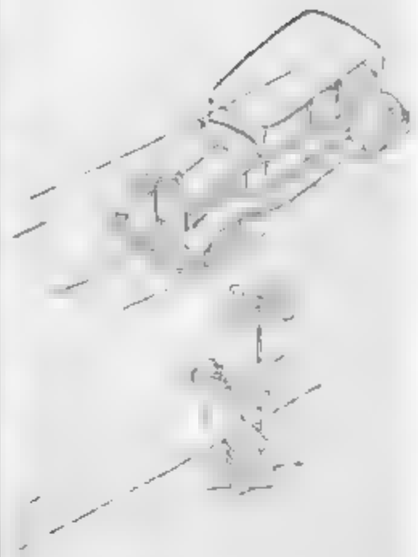
Cecily said, "Oh, the winters in Maine aren't bad. It's a good dry cold that isn't half so dangerous as our New York dampness."

"Not the cold but the humidity," I suggested jocosely, and that put an end to our conversation about the weather.

Cecily excused herself on the pretext of going to the nursery, to make sure that all was well with the children. Mortimer, it seemed, had already bade them farewell, with the explanation that he was going to Maine to hunt moose. As soon as Cecily had left us, Mortimer commenced to haw and hem, and shifted from one foot to another and gave all the indications of a man about to ask for a loan. I was not unprepared, but I was intensely surprised at the small amount for which he asked.

"I say, David," he said, "it seems absurd, but I have positively no pocket money to get me up to Ogunquit, and I hate to ask Cecily for it. She's been so generous already about this whole business. Could you lend me, say, ten dollars until I get up

(Continued on Page 80)



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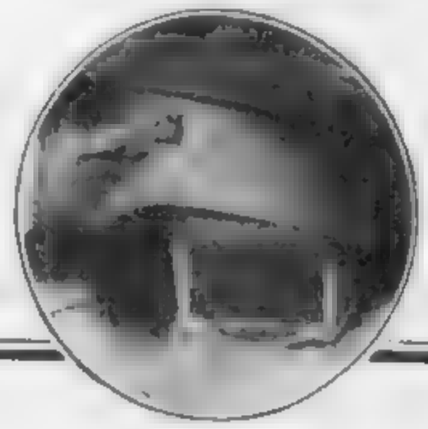

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TO ACCOMPLISH seemingly impossible things; to create, in a few short years, a huge industry of a kind never known before; to satisfy certain wants of a million people in an utterly new and satisfactory manner; to put into operation a far-reaching plan that is building up important national resources; to rescue and put new life into another basic American industry seriously threatened—to do all this is to fill a large order!

Yet this is the record of a small group of men fired with the enthusiasms of a leader who has demonstrated again and again the *practical* quality of his imagination. These men have done many things that apparently "couldn't be done." They have squeezed years of progress into months.

And their work has only begun.

A few years ago a young man in the lumber business in Minnesota did a little constructive thinking. Said he, "Lumber is largely cellulose. How could we manufacture a synthetic board out of cellulose taken from a plant that can be cut and regrown each year as a crop?"

He experimented with straw, with cornstalks, milkweed, and even with cactus. At length the ideal material was found in bagasse, the shredded stalks of sugar cane remaining after the sugar has been extracted. These small fibres were cellulose in its toughest, strongest form, and could readily be pressed into a board that was not only stiff and strong, but had an amazing resistance to the passage of heat and cold. The young man, Bror G. Dahlberg, and his associates, had produced a new and tremendously important structural insulating material which they named Celotex. Its commercial manufacture began in 1921 when news dispatches told of the

"biggest board in the world", 12 feet wide and 900 feet long, turned out by the Celotex mills.

From a production of only 18 million feet in its first year Celotex has grown to its present capacity of 480 million feet annually. More than 250,000 homes have been made comfortable the year round, warm in winter, cool in summer, less costly to heat, by having Celotex built into them as the standard insulating board, as sheathing, as lath, or as an interior finish of great beauty. The superiority of Celotex insulation is indicated by its use in 91% of all railway refrigerator cars built in 1928 and by its adoption, after exhaustive tests, by foremost makers of mechanical refrigerators. In the field of sound control, leading radio manufacturers are using Celotex to clarify tone production. The world's largest hotel has the carpets of its 3,000 rooms laid over resilient, sound-deadening Celotex. Hundreds of large offices are kept comfortably quiet by ceilings of Acousti-Celotex. All this because science and a practical imagination made useful something that was formerly thrown away!

There were difficulties. The domestic supply of bagasse was threatened by declining yields of cane in Louisiana. Many people said the cane sugar industry in America was dying. But Dahlberg and his group believed this condition chiefly due to the persistence of outworn methods.

They started at once to push the planting, in Louisiana, of the famous P. O. J. canes, developed in Java, that have since put the industry again on its feet. These new canes had been produced some years earlier by Dutch sugar planters who had been faced with the problem of finding new and better varieties of cane. By cross-breeding Java cane, high in sugar content, with a wild cane from the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, they developed a new and superior stock marked with the best characteristics of both parents—a juicy cane, high in sugar yield with hardy leaves and roots to withstand adverse conditions. Dahlberg saw at once that this new cane stock would help revive the American sugar industry.

They set the pace by purchasing some 50,000 acres of plantations, modernizing mills and putting into effect scientific methods that are breaking all local records for production. The thing that "couldn't be done" *was* done, by the power of *practical* imagination.

But this was not enough. Dahlberg saw the possibilities, not only for profit but for important economic gains to the country, in further development of the sugar cane industries—in raising more domestic sugar, which the nation sadly needs, and from the by-product, bagasse, making Celotex to meet a rapidly growing demand and an increasing number of uses.

He asked the experts, "Where in the United States, besides Louisiana, can sugar cane be successfully grown?"

The answer was given quickly: "Florida. Control the water in the Everglades district and you will have there the best sugar lands on earth!"

Here were thousands of virgin acres waiting for *the man of imagination* to drain and till them—a task for a Dahlberg to conceive and execute.

Action quickly followed investigation.

The Dahlberg group has acquired over 150,000 acres of the richest Everglades lands on the southern shores of Lake Okeechobee; has put 60,000 acres under water control; has provided two large grinding mills; has completely motorized all its operations; has planted newly developed strains of cane on 17,000 acres, and is pushing this work night and day to include the entire tract; has over 10,000 acres in rich milling cane ready for grinding this December; has secured extensions of two railroads to its properties; and has built up a complete small city and installed and operated its public utilities. This tremendous project is fast becoming a completed reality because its conception, though highly imaginative, was *practical*.

The Dahlberg group has accomplished many things in its eight years, but its story has only begun. It looks not back, but forward to a field of services and opportunities vastly wider. That its work may be done increasingly better it has organized the Dahlberg Corporation of America to centralize the control and financing of the various companies. In order to build confidence in Dahlberg enterprises and to secure the acceptance of their products which their history merits, it is proper to keep the public informed. Hence we advertise. We are glad to furnish full details concerning the various Dahlberg Industries and their products upon request.

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(Continued from Page 77)

there? I'll let you have it back as soon as I sell a picture."

"Is ten all you want?" I asked.

"Ten will be plenty," he said. "It's just for taxis and tips and odds and ends on the trip."

"But," I said, "won't you need some money after you get there? You'll have to buy food, won't you? And you'll have to pay a cook, won't you?"

"Oh," he said carelessly, "I plan to do my own cooking, and I expect I'll be able to charge the provisions. I'll have plenty of money before the bills will come in. Esterich practically guarantees to sell everything I send him; so it's only a question, you see, of producing something. But if you can let me have ten, I'd be much obliged to you."

I told him I could let him have ten, but I told him, also, that I hated like sin to do anything that would help him make a fool of himself.

He sighed. "We've been through all that before," he said. "There's only one thing that bothers me, and that's this rotten cold that I've caught. That trip on the midnight may be my finish. If I didn't have my tickets and everything, I'd be tempted to put off going until I'm over it."

"Postpone deserting your wife on account of a cold in your head, you mean?"

"It's not so funny as you think," he said severely. "If I were in bed with pneumonia you wouldn't think it so funny, either. I'm sure I have a fever."

He went to the foot of the staircase that led to the upper floor of their duplex.

"Cecily," he called, "when you come down bring a thermometer with you."

"All right," she answered. "If it's too cold down there, why don't you light the fire?"

He turned to me, his arms outstretched in ludicrous exasperation.

"I mean a medical thermometer," he yelled—"a fever thermometer!" Then he said, "You see?" as if Cecily's mistake was a fair sample of the many things that had driven him to the desperate step he was about to take. "You see how little concerned she is about my health. She doesn't for a moment appreciate that, right now, I'm a very sick man."

Cecily appeared with the thermometer, and although dinner had been announced, we were forced to wait three minutes while Mortimer took his temperature. When the requisite period had elapsed, he moved across the room to consult the instrument under a lamp. He consulted it for some time. Then he shook it violently.

"A hundred and two-fifths," he announced. "Less than I thought, but it's plenty."

"Oh, dear!" said Cecily distressfully. "That means you mustn't eat any dinner. Are you sure you read it correctly, dear?"

"Of course I read it correctly," he answered with dignity. "As for dinner, I have no appetite at all, but I oughtn't to take that long trip on an empty stomach. I'll see if I can swallow something, anyhow."

"What a pity," said Cecily, "that you should get sick just now, when you've been so well all year, haven't you, dear?"

"Physically, I've been very well indeed," said he, not very graciously.

We sat down at the table and attacked the soup. Mortimer, I noticed, did very nicely by it. And he by no means shunned the lamb that followed. Nor the salad, nor the ice cream with chocolate sauce.

"I'm so glad you find you can eat, even if it's only a little," observed Cecily, and suddenly buried her face in her napkin and choked.

I watched her carefully, anxious at first, then relieved, then highly amused. She was neither choking nor weeping. I was convinced she was laughing uncontrollably.

Mortimer, had he been an observant person, might well have been suspicious, but he was too snugly wrapped up in himself to have much of an insight into the reactions of other people. He thought she was crying, and all he could do was to look embarrassed and foolish, and say, "There, there, Cecily. There, there."

When at length Cecily lifted her face, it was stained with tears, and her body still shook a little at intervals, spasmodically.

"Please excuse me," she gasped. "I'm awfully sorry. Let's go out and have our coffee."

The evening passed slowly. Mortimer and Cecily had many last-minute details that needed discussion or, at any rate, mention; and I kept as discreetly silent as I could.

From time to time, however, Cecily would throw me a word of explanation, such as: "He's taking only his personal things with him—the things he'll need right away. The rest I packed up and am sending on as soon as he's settled."

And also: "Don't you think I was right, David, to insist that he buy flannel underwear? He wears nothing here in New York all winter long but those light little drawers and shirts. I tell him that he'll find Maine's a different proposition. Why, the cold will go through those short, thin things as if they were nothing."

And also: "It seems to me that the best thing to tell his friends is that he's gone on a long vacation. Then, after a few months, I can just say that his return is indefinite, and finally I shan't have to make any explanation at all. They'll forget to ask."

I don't know what wincing is, but I am certain that Mortimer did it. And I wondered a little at Cecily. Wittingly or not, she was actually being malicious. Cecily malicious! I could scarcely credit my ears.

Meanwhile the tall clock that stood in the corner ticked the minutes away only too slowly. All of us, myself by no means the least, were feeling the strain of maintaining a false casualness; all of us were ill at ease and as awkward in our silences as in our speech.

I felt that I had no business being there, but both Mortimer and Cecily would not hear of my leaving, and they succeeded in convincing me that each of them dreaded being left alone with the other. The grandfather's clock finally struck eleven times. Cecily glanced inquiringly at her husband.

"Oughtn't you ——" she began.

"No hurry—no hurry at all," he said. "It won't take me three minutes to make the Grand Central at this time of night. Are my suitcases down?"

"They're in the hall," said Cecily, "and I got out your fur overcoat. I think you'd better take it, even if you don't wear it on the trip. And I filled your flask with the Scotch that we got last week from Al."

"Thanks, dear," said Mortimer, and we yawned and stretched as if we were bored.

"Will you want your galoshes?" Cecily asked suddenly. "Of course you will. How stupid of me!"

"No!" cried Mortimer. "I'm not leaving for the Pole. And even in Maine it doesn't snow in October."

"Well," she said dubiously, "if you're sure ——"

"How about his snowshoes?" I suggested mildly.

"Or my skis," he said bitingly. "Cecily, you've thought of everything, my dear, so don't bother your head any more, please. If I may be allowed to make just one little suggestion, it would be that some quinine might come in very handy in my present condition."

"Of course, dear," she said. "I'm sorry. You know where it is—in the cabinet in the bathroom."

Now, this was so unlike Cecily that Mortimer stared at her in evident amazement. Did she intend that he, Mortimer—sick, suffering Mortimer—with a temperature of a hundred and two-fifths, should drag himself up those stairs and get his own quinine from the bathroom? It was unbelievable!

"You might ring for Annie," she said. "She'll get it for you."

With solemn dignity he arose and pushed the bell, and then, as if exhausted with the effort, fell back into his big, comfortable chair.

"She'll probably bring me bichloride of mercury," he prophesied gloomily.

Annie came, received her instructions from Cecily, and departed. There was another awkward silence. The grandfather's clock ticked away, loudly and angrily, and presently it struck the half hour.

"I think, dear," said Cecily, "that you really ought to get started. Shall I call a taxi?"

"No need," said Mortimer. "There'll be plenty on the Avenue. The theaters are out, you know."

"Just as you say, dear."

Annie returned with the quinine, and Mortimer demanded a glass of water. He did seem to be taking his time. When the clock marked twenty minutes of twelve he got up and kissed his wife on the cheek and shook me by the hand.

"Remember," he said to Cecily, "that if you ever really need me, I'll come at once. Don't hesitate to telegraph if one of the children should be dangerously sick. I don't want you to think that I shan't be always ready to help you when you're in trouble. You know you can depend on me, don't you?"

"You're most dependable, dear," she said; and if I'd been Mortimer I would have slunk out of the house with my tail between my legs.

"And now, good-by," he said with a great show of hurry. "Stay on a while, David, and keep her company. Good-by and, please, no hysterics."

The hall door slammed behind him, and Cecily and I returned in silence to the studio. She sat down beside me on the huge divan in front of the fireplace. I watched her anxiously, and presently I saw a little smile dawning at the corners of her lips. She looked up at me, her eyes gleaming with merriment.

"Well," I said, "he's gone."

Then she laughed—sane, healthy laughter that it did my heart good to hear. She rocked backward and forward among the cushions. Finally she composed herself enough to gasp: "Yes, he's gone! He's gone, David! He's gone, but he'll be back in just about ten minutes."

I confessed that I didn't know what she meant. How could she be sure that he would be back in ten minutes? She started laughing again, but got hold of herself with an effort.

"He'll be back in ten minutes," she said, "because he will have missed the train."

I consulted the grandfather's clock. It pointed to only seven minutes of midnight.

"But he hasn't missed the train," I said. "He's got plenty of time to catch the train. What on earth are you talking about?"

"Look at your watch," she commanded. She was by now rather quiet.

I looked at my watch. It said five minutes past twelve. Slowly light came to me.

"Your clock," I said idiotically, "is slow. It's about twelve minutes slow."

"How perspicacious you are!" Cecily said.

"Give me time. I'm groping around for a clew, and I think I have it. It was you who deliberately set the clock back. Now, say I'm perspicacious, if you want."

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I can't hand you much for that one, my dear Watson."

"Well, then ——"

"It wasn't I that set the clock back—it was Mortimer himself.

"It was Mortimer. He did it before dinner—before you came. I was in the dining room and saw him do it. He sneaked up on it like a burglar, looking carefully to right and left. I could see him in the mirror from the other room, but he doesn't know I know."

I said slowly that I'd be damned.

"Isn't he a baby?" she cried.

I said he was a baby idiot—a problem baby.

"Oh, no," she said; "he's so beautifully simple! You see, he just couldn't bear the thought of leaving this nice, warm, comfortable apartment and going up all alone to the wilds of Maine. And yet he didn't dare back out at the very last moment. He has got pride, you see, David."

I said like hell he had.

"And, besides," she continued, "his cold was bothering him. I thought for a while that he was going to use that as a pretext for staying."

"He tried hard enough to use it," I said.

"Yes," she agreed, "he tried hard, but he didn't get much encouragement. It was really very clever of him to think of setting the clock back, wasn't it? He can blame me, now, for having missed his train, because it's my business to keep the clocks in the apartment going on time. Oh, it's worked out beautifully—beautifully!"

"Cecily," I said, "you amaze me. You're glad to have him miss his train deliberately and then lay the blame on you?"

"Why, naturally," she said. "Don't be stupid."

"And you're not going to tell him you saw him monkeying with the clock himself?"

"Never in the world, and don't you dare tell him I told you, either. You don't seem to understand Mortimer at all."

"I'm not sure that I want to. What do you expect him to do next?"

"Oh, he'll come back in an assumed rage and say that it's a disgrace the way I run this apartment. All the clocks twelve minutes slow. Nothing ever right. Then he'll say his cold is very much worse, but that, nevertheless, he will take the first train tomorrow. Then, tomorrow, his cold will be still worse and he'll allow me to persuade him to stay in bed."

"And then ——"

"Why, and then he'll stay in bed two or three days and complain quite a bit and be outwardly irritable, but inwardly awfully pleased to be there. And then, David, he'll never again as long as he lives even suggest leaving me. He's mine, now, for life."

I gazed at her with admiration and wonder.

"You certainly know your onions," I said.

"I know my Mortimer," she answered; and she smiled secretly to herself, as women do when, for his own good, they have got the better of their man.

Autograph Collector's Son: "Wait, Daddy! Maybe He'll Autograph Baby!"

TO HUSBANDS IN DISTRESS

When you have tramped your miles of aisles—when you have decided first for and then against everything from furs to furniture and lamps to lingerie—pause and consider this: Many a husband has made the hit of his life by sending home on Christmas Eve a modern Singer Electric.

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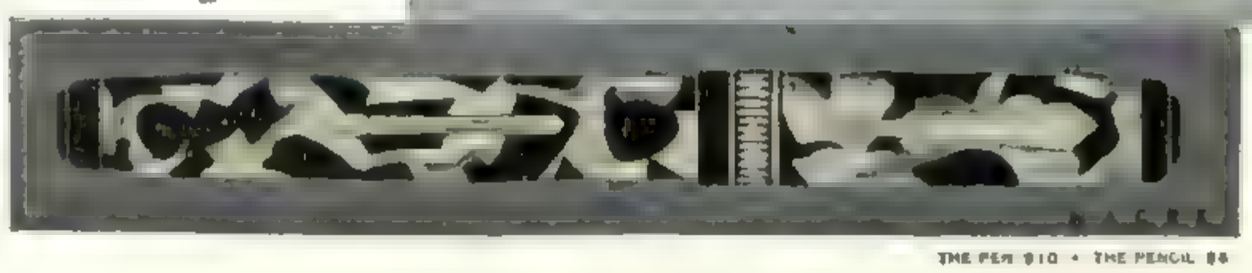
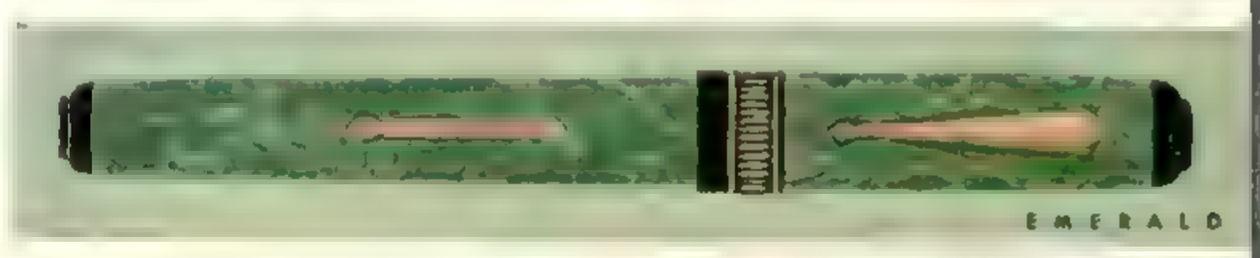
Water

an addition to your own appointments? : : : Then there are these four

other Patrician beauties: Turquoise, Emerald, Nacre, and Jet. Each with its matching pencil—fifteen dollars the set. Separately: pens, ten dollars; pencils, five dollars : : : All these pens have those writing qualities that can come only from Waterman's HAND-CRAFTING of the pen point, HAND-FINISHING of the precious iridium pen-tip, and the patented Waterman's spoon-feed. These improvements have long made Waterman's the leader, and these features are now at your service in every Waterman's pen from the lowest priced to the Patrician.





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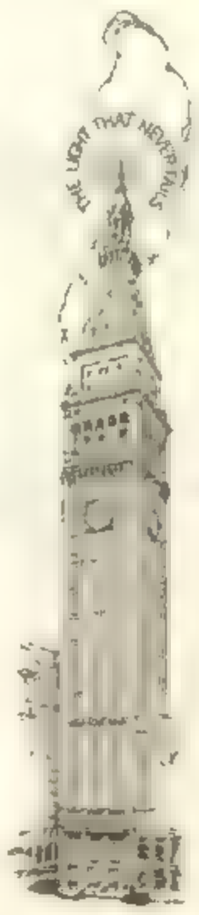
No longer do scientists accept the idea of a fixed "span of life". They know that the average length of life is longer in some countries than in others. They know that babies fare more safely in the world—that people everywhere face fewer dangers today from contagious and other diseases.

While the average length of life has increased by 10 years since 1901, the improvement has been achieved mainly among the younger ages, leaving as our most pressing problem the protection of the lives of those who have passed middle age.

One by one the perils which formerly caused untimely deaths are being conquered. "Witches" are not burned nowadays to stop plagues. On the other hand, sanitation, vaccination, inoculation and other scientific means are employed to prevent most of them.

People are learning the effect of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness, proper breathing and exercise, sleep and a well-balanced diet. An annual medical examination for the discovery and correction of physical impairments before they have progressed too far to be remedied will help keep the body sound.

In the United States and Canada there are more than 2,500,000 people between 70 and 80 years of age; more than 600,000 between 80 and 90; fifty-odd thousand between 90 and 100; and about 5,000 past the century mark.



The person who plans wisely to live to a happy and ripe old age never forgets that the mind is a powerful influence and that physical troubles are apt to follow a morbid viewpoint.

The world is tingling today with promise of future marvels even more wonderful than those we now know. Live to enjoy them.

* * *

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PAT HOBSON'S BOOTS

(Continued from Page 17

"Sho am," and for the next half hour he did all the talking and Dorothy all the listening

When she finally tore herself away, she said, "You must come to dinner some night with Don."

"Sho would love it," George said. "I jes' can't wait."

"Come tomorrow night," she said. "Don will bring you."

I didn't play golf with George the next day, but I couldn't very well refuse to take him to Dorothy's for dinner. He was his old self and soon had the whole party in a fine humor, including Mr. and Mrs. Payson and Helen Payson, who was Bruce Payson's daughter and Dorothy's first cousin, and even, to a lesser extent, me. But after dinner he became rather serious and talked for a long time with Mr. Payson. I tried to amuse Dorothy and Helen, but I didn't succeed very well. I was listening in.

"You're selling bonds in Richmond?" I heard Mr. Payson say.

"Yassuh," George said. "They've extended my territory lately and given me a big power issue. I sho hope I kin make 'em go."

"What are they?" Mr. Payson said, and then it started. Before we left he was begging George to come around and see him the next day. George promised, and on the way home he said, "It sho was lucky we met Miss Payson t'other day."

"It sho was," I said. I wondered how many days we would have played golf before we met her father on the course.

I didn't see George for three days after that, and I didn't see Dorothy either. When I called her up and asked her for a date, she said: "I'm so sorry, Don, but George Baxter's coming to dinner tonight. But you come, too, and I'll get Helen."

I wanted to see how things stood, and so I went. I found George firmly implanted in the bosom of the family. He talked business with Mr. Payson, paid extravagant compliments to Mrs. Payson, who was the ugliest woman in Pennsylvania, and kept Dorothy and Helen giggling at his stories. Dorothy wasn't the giggling kind either. Over coffee I listened to George and Mr. Payson, and I learned that he had sold a lot of bonds not only to Mr. Payson but to his brother. When things got to the point where George was about to persuade Mr. Payson to offer him a job, I went into the other room.

I sat down beside Dorothy, and she looked up, beaming. "I think George is wonderful," she said. "Isn't he killing?"

"Yes," I said, "poisonous."

"Don't you like him? I thought he was a friend of yours"

"I suppose he is."

"I adore Southerners," she said.

"Well, I'm one."

"I know. I adore you. But you don't seem like George."

I said, "I'm just an amateur."

"What do you mean?" she said.

I made one of the biggest mistakes of my life then, but I saw George coming out of the dining room with his arm over Mr. Payson's shoulder and I couldn't help it.

"Haven't you ever heard of professional Southerners?" I said. "Well, there's the man who stands at the top of his profession."

Dorothy looked mad. "I believe you're jealous," she said.

I was mad. "Anybody who falls for that sort," I said, "isn't worth being jealous of."

We didn't talk any more after that, and when I left a little later, George stayed. He went away the next day, but he came back a week later and visited the Paysons for ten days, and on the eleventh day he moved into the office with me, and Dorothy wrote me a nice little note saying she was engaged to him.

III

WE WORKED together for two or three months, and then George was made assistant treasurer, just as I knew he would be. He was the sort anybody could get along with, even if they didn't really like him, and after a while I got used to his being my boss and having the job I had expected to get. He wasn't hard to work for, because he let me do things my own way, and I did them as I had always done them, which was usually the right way. After a few months I discovered that George's method of working was to let somebody else do everything, so that if things went wrong he had somebody to slide the blame on to.

But I didn't mind that much, because things didn't usually go wrong. Besides, he had such a nice way of doing it. He wouldn't call me into his office, but would stroll into mine, talk about nothing much, tell me a story, and finally say casually: "What do you think about such-and-such?" We would talk about it and gradually I would get the impression that he thought a lot of my opinion; eventually he would agree with me and tell me to go ahead with whatever it was, or else he would disagree agreeably and tell me to go ahead anyway. Always he made me feel as though I were his confidential adviser, so that I couldn't very well let anybody know how things really stood. I rather admired the way he did it, he was so clever.

By that time I had got used to not being in love with Dorothy and I was pretty crazy about Helen. I think Dorothy started it by having Helen in to dinner when George first came. She was smaller than Dorothy, and she had more life in her face, and she had a sense of humor and a stubborn chin, though she wasn't quite so pretty as Dorothy. She was two years younger than Dorothy and I had always looked upon her as a kid, and so at first we just played golf together and went to the theater now and then, and didn't say anything about being in love.

All this time George and Dorothy were very much engaged. They went everywhere together and everybody took it as a matter of course, but it never had been announced. We all knew, though, that it would be announced in the spring and that Dorothy would go abroad and buy her trousseau and they would be married in the fall.

Seven or eight months after George arrived, Mr. Payson and his brother began disagreeing on matters of policy. The company had grown about as much as it could, and Bruce Payson wanted to begin combining with smaller companies that were in the same general business. Paul wanted to stand pat. News of two or three disagreements got around the offices and everybody began wondering when it would come to a showdown.

About then I noticed that George was getting pretty thick with Bruce Payson. There was nothing unusual about their playing golf together, I suppose, and I might not have paid any attention to it if I hadn't been abnormally sensitive to George's moves. As it was, I kept my eye on him, and I also noticed that if he ran into Helen at the club he would stop and talk to her, which he wouldn't have done six months before that.

Things came to a head rather fast. We heard in the offices that there was some question of merging with the Kane Company, which made wheels for cars, and that Bruce Payson was in favor of it and Paul was against it. They had fallen out about it and it was going to come before the meeting of stockholders in June. Everybody talked about how it would come out, but nobody knew. I just watched George.

He was balanced neatly on the fence. The two Paysons had stopped going to each other's houses, and when they passed in the building they nodded stiffly and grimly to each other, but George rode to work with Paul and played golf in the afternoons with Bruce. He was seen everywhere with Dorothy, but one day when I called up Helen to ask her to go to the

(Continued on Page 86

GOLDEN CREST

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Golden Crest Picot-Top Chiffon. (*Left figure*) *No. 977. Full-fashioned with dainty-colored picot top. Color shown is* ***Almora****, the new popular cocoa brown. Heels are moulded French. Lining of lisle protects the lovely silk slipper sole. Sizes 8½ to 10½, all popular colors.* ***Every pair guaranteed perfect.*** *Note your saving at* $1.49.

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(Continued from Page 84)

theater, she said: "I'm sorry, Don, but George Baxter's coming to dinner. Why don't you come too?"

"No, thanks," I said; "I've got to see this show."

And after that I didn't see Helen except when George wasn't around. We never talked about him, either; I had made one mistake, and that was enough. But I worked much harder to impress Helen with my virtues, and I seemed to be doing pretty well; only I couldn't forget the specter of George Baxter grinning and drawling in the background.

A week before the meeting the offices were buzzing about the fight, and it was understood that one of the Paysons would retire when it was settled. There were rumors, too, that men with stock had been approached about how they would vote. The company gave stock bonuses, and so all of us had a little. I wondered how much George had.

He told me one day. He strolled in, lit a cigarette and said: "Did you ever hear the one about the nigger riding the mule?" I heard it and laughed, and then I heard a few more. Finally he said, "Things is gittin' kinda hot around here, ain't they?"

"Looks like it," I said.

"You got a little stock, ain't you?"

"A little," I said. "How about you?"

"Right much. I bought up some when I came in here, an' Mr. Paul's givin' me some as an engagement present."

"Wonder how it'll come out?" I said.

"Dunno. How you going to vote?"

"I'm going to vote with Mr. Paul," I said. "He gave me this job and I guess I owe it to him."

George blew a smoke ring. "Well," he said, "Ah'm kinda indebted to him, too, but it looks to me like the thing to do is to think about what's good for the company. It seems to me that that's the only honest thing to do."

I thought about George sitting in front of Miss Betty Block's, saying: "I think the best thing to do is to sign up with the gang you like and not worry about how they rate." Good old honest-to-goodness George!

"But," he said, "after thinking it over, I can't find any reason why Mr. Paul ain't right and why I shouldn't vote with him."

So I decided that Mr. Paul was going to win out.

That night Mr. Paul gave a dinner, and at it he announced Dorothy's engagement to George. I felt much better after that; I knew I wouldn't have to worry about Helen any more.

The meeting was held a week later. I went with the proxies of some of the other minor officers. The first person I saw was George, sitting well up front. When I got there, things had already started. It all hinged on the reëlection of Paul Payson as chairman of the board. Bruce explained that if we reëlected Paul we would be voting against the merger. All the points of the merger were explained. Other men got up and gave their opinions. Finally Paul got up and said what he thought. He didn't object to the policy of expansion, he said; what he objected to was this particular company. He wasn't sure of the men. Then he said: "I have always been sure of my judgment of men. I think I can say I have never made a bad mistake. If I weren't so sure of it now, I might be in favor of this merger."

The voting started. I could see it was going to be close; everybody was holding his breath. In the middle of it George Baxter got up and made a speech. It was a wonderful speech. He wanted to explain his vote. Mr. Paul was his friend; he respected his judgment. Mr. Bruce was also his friend; he respected his judgment. He owed a lot to Mr. Paul. "But," he said, "it seems to me that the only important thing is what's best for this company. In spite of my affection for Mr. Paul, I couldn't with honor think of anything else. It hurts me to do it, but Ah'm going to have to vote against him."

It was a wonderful speech; his voice had rung with simple honesty. Everybody clapped—at least everybody I saw was clapping. And George's stock—he had much more than I had suspected decided everything, and Mr. Paul lost out and Mr. Bruce was elected in his place.

Everybody thought Mr. Paul would resign as treasurer, but he didn't. Mr. Bruce said something to him and then announced that there would be another meeting the same day next week to consider possible resignations of officers. Then the meeting adjourned.

I left quickly and walked home through the rain. I was all mixed up; I didn't know how things stood now. George had sold Mr. Paul down the river, but he had made that nice sugary speech, and I suppose he was counting on it to keep everybody on his team, including Dorothy. But now that Mr. Paul was out and Mr. Bruce was the big man in the company, he might not care so much about Dorothy. Maybe he had hurried up the announcement of their engagement just so he could have that stock to vote with, and maybe he had told other people what he told me that day, so that Mr. Paul would be sure he was going to vote with him. In that case, I might expect a little competition with Helen.

I called her up as soon as I got home. "How about seeing you tonight?" I said.

"Fine," said Helen.

"We might go to this show."

"Don't let's go anywhere," Helen said. "Let's just stay here."

"Swell," I said. Everything looked pretty bright to me now. When a girl turns down a chance to go to a show and wants to sit at home with you, she usually thinks a good deal of you. So I made up my mind to find out about everything that night.

When I arrived and parked my car in the drive, I saw her sitting upon the railing of the broad porch. The lights in the windows behind her made her white dress glisten, but her face was in the shadow, only her eyes showing. Her eyes were very bright. There was another car parked in the drive, but the lights were off and I couldn't see whose it was. After I had been there a few minutes I heard people talking somewhere inside, but I couldn't recognize the voices either.

I sat there on the railing beside Helen and wondered how to get around to what I wanted to say. We didn't talk much and she seemed to be waiting for something, and that made me even more nervous. Besides, she was so beautiful I couldn't collect my wits. I wondered how I had ever thought Dorothy was better looking.

I had been there about an hour when a car came rolling up the driveway. It stopped on the other side of mine and a man got out and came up the steps. I saw that it was George Baxter.

He said, "Hi, you-all."

"Hello, George," Helen said, very sweetly. I didn't say anything.

"Thought I'd just drop around and say howdy," George said. "I was sposed to have a date with Dorothy, but she disappeared."

"Did she?" Helen said. "I hope we can amuse you."

"You sho kin," George said.

I said, "I think maybe I'll push along."

"Oh, don't go," George said, meaning for me to hurry up.

"Wait a minute," Helen said.

A few minutes later Mr. Bruce Payson came out on the porch. Behind him were Mr. Paul Payson and Dorothy. I was surprised; the last I had seen of them they were on pretty bad terms. I could see that George was surprised too. But he was equal to the occasion, as always.

He jumped up, shook hands with both of them and said, "It sho is nice to see you-all like this."

"Yes," said Mr. Bruce. "Paul's finally admitted that I know men better than he does."

"I'm afraid my judgment's not quite so good as it used to be," Mr. Paul said.

Continued on Page 89

SAFE from freeze-ups

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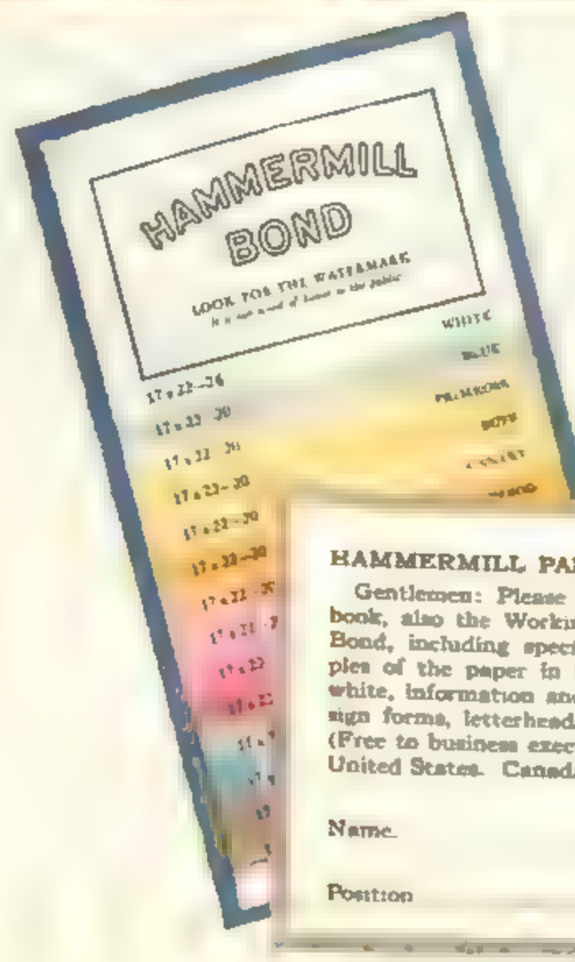

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Name

Position

(Continued from Page 86)

"That's fine," said George. "That's fine." He seemed to be trying to find his cue, and for once it was out of his reach.

"We've been talking about the company," Mr. Bruce said. "There are going to be some changes among the officers. Of course they'll have to be elected, but we've decided on our recommendations. We thought you might be interested."

"Yassuh," said George.

"I'm going to resign as treasurer," Mr. Paul said.

"I think he ought to be president," Mr. Bruce said, "as long as I'm chairman of the board."

"I think so too," George said. "Yes, indeedy."

"So we'll need a new treasurer," said Mr. Bruce. "What do you think of Don here?"

"Huh?" said George.

"He's been with us for several years, and we need young men in the big places. We old ones will have to step down some day."

George didn't say anything. Neither did I; I was too astounded.

"What do you think about it?" Mr. Bruce said.

George didn't say anything for a minute. He seemed to be thinking hard.

Finally he said, stammering a little: "But, look here, Mr. Bruce, I thought you told me ——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Bruce gently.

"I mean ——" said George. "You intimated ——"

"What I said," Mr. Bruce said—"what I said to you, two or three days before today's meeting, was this: That after the meeting we would need a new treasurer, and if my ideas won out I would name the man; and I said that I would choose a man who showed that he had the highest interests of the company at heart. That's what I said, isn't it?"

"Yes," said George, "but, naturally, I thought that meant ——"

"It meant just what you took it to mean," said Mr. Bruce, "except that you thought I considered my own ideas the highest interest of the company. I don't. The highest interest of the company, in my opinion, is loyalty. Besides, a man who could accept a present of stock and then vote that stock against the person who gave it to him could have at heart the highest interests of only one thing—his own ambition."

"Oh," said George, "it was just a trick, then?"

"No," said Mr. Bruce, "it wasn't a trick. It was a test, not of you—you're not so important—but of Paul and myself. We couldn't agree about this merger, chiefly because we couldn't agree about the men in the Kane Company. Both of us thought our judgment of men was infallible. While we were talking about men in general, your name came up, and Paul said: 'There's one young man I didn't make any mistake about.' I was inclined to disagree, and so, after that, it was easy enough to fix things so that you would settle everything for us, merger and all. Everything worked out perfectly, didn't it?" he said, smiling.

"It certainly did," said Mr. Paul. George didn't say anything.

Mr. Bruce and Mr. Paul turned around and went back into the house, arm in arm, and George and Dorothy and Helen and I were left out on the porch. There was a silence of about two minutes, then Dorothy said, very gently: "I've got something for you, George."

George followed her into the house, and a few minutes later we saw him come out of the front door. He didn't come over to where we were, but just waved and said: "Night, you-all," in a voice that was very gentle. Then he went down the steps and got into his car and drove off.

IV

I TRIED to be as good a boss to George as he had been to me, and we got on pretty well. I never complained about anything he did, because he never did anything. I wanted to tell him that he could still make good in our company, but it seemed rather cheeky for me to be giving advice to George, who always knew just how to get along in the world. And so I didn't say anything, and after a few months he resigned and went away. I thought he had made a good deal of money, because, although he returned his engagement present after Dorothy broke the engagement, he still had some stock he had bought.

But later I heard that he had sold it, and still later I had news that he was selling rather flamboyant stocks in New York. After that I didn't hear anything of him for two or three years, until one day I picked up a paper and saw a very short paragraph in a very inconspicuous position on an inside page. It was at breakfast, and Helen was sitting across the table, but I didn't mention it to her. The story read:

MISS MACGRUDER TO WED

NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hobson, of No. 5 Peach Tree Road, entertained yesterday with a bridge tea in honor of Miss Patricia Macgruder, whose engagement to Mr. George Baxter was recently announced. Mr. Baxter is in charge of personnel for the firm of Jones, Macgruder & Hobson.

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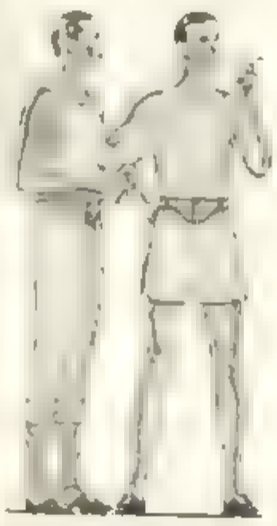

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ONE MEETS SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Joe," she said, "you seen It?"

"Seen what?" I said.

"Listen," she said, and then she read something, and I'll remember it to my dying day, because I never heard anything like it:

"Then into my life, into that gin-crazed, jazz-mad phantasmagoria of postwar moral let-down, came a little flower, an orchid growing in a dunghill -the girl of my dreams. I was one of the bewildered younger generation, and she came to me like a sun-painted vista of hope. I was like a soldier dying of thirst, offered a glass of crystal-clear water."

"Well!" I said. "What is all this?"

"It's in the paper this morning," she said.

"Still," I said, "I don't quite get you."

"It's Larry," she said. "Larry wrote it!"

"Larry? Larry who?"

"Larry Laney, you dope!" she said.

"Larry Laney!" I said. "What's he doing writing for the newspapers? He ain't any newspaperman. Larry's in the coop. What's he doing writing about flowers?"

"It ain't flowers he's writing about, you sap," she said; "it's me. Right here it says By Larry Laney and it's one of the most beautiful stories I ever read! It's all about him—about him and me."

I got up. I got up and dressed, because I couldn't make no sense out of what she said. I went down to the corner and got me a copy of the Tabloid, and what is the whole front page but Larry Laney's pan, and over it, in big letters—get this, because it slew me—over it in big letters is Love's Victim!

Well, sir, that was the name of the story. It was on Page 3, what I mean, the beginning of it, because it run for a week or so, every day. At the top, in them little slanting letters, was this:

The Tabloid today begins publication of an extraordinary human document, the outpouring of a sensitive soul in torment. The writer, Larry Laney, caught in the maelstrom of stark emotion, swept by the rip tides of blind fate, stands today in the shade of the chair—a victim of the weird, gin-inspired, jazz dance of life. In his own words he bares his writhing soul every day in the Tabloid.

Before I had come to my senses I had read it all the way through, and one or two other little pieces I remember, like this:

Love was teaching me the way. I who had trod the primrose path, who had played fast and loose with life, ducks and drakes with fate, comprehended for the first time the glorious import of living, the mad sweetness of just being alive. The little narcissus bloomed all the brighter, the sun in its splendor shone the brighter, the raindrops, falling like the gentle dew, laved and freshened me. The intoxicating presence of pure love was leading me the way of righteousness, to the substantialities of this world, and I realized—I realized!

Well, I thought to myself, getting run in has knocked poor Larry loose from his connections, and no wonder Francine has got the quivers, because whichever way you look at it, nuts or no nuts, that's the kind of writing you can get your teeth into. Personally I don't ask any better writing than that, because what I like, right down in my heart, is pretty writing.

It seems, though, that when Moran and that Tucker come to Larry's coop that morning and showed him the Tabloid, he looked at it, and then he said:

"What is all this?"

"That's your life story," Tucker said.

"Where'd you hear me say anything about flowers?" Larry said.

"Maybe they ain't your right words," the guy said, "but I was just kind of putting into words what you was thinking, kind of smoothing it out, so's you could get more sympathy."

"Well," Larry said, "you won't have to change into words any more of what I'm thinking, because what I'm thinking now you could not print into words. All of this is out, because I believe I had rather go to the chair."

"And I'm telling you," Moran said, "it's not out."

"What do you think!" Larry said. "You think I want the fellows to say Laney's turned sissy in jail, writing about little flowers and maybe putting cologne on his self?"

"Listen," Moran said; "you know Francine?"

"Yes," Larry said, "and when I get out I'm going to break her neck."

"Listen," Moran said; "Francine talked to me on the phone this morning and she said she thought that was the most beautiful story she ever read, and to tell you so, and that all the guys are saying you are one of the best writers they ever heard of—now, what do you think of that!"

"Still," Larry said, "I'm going to break her neck. Ain't she got sense enough to know I ain't writing that stuff?"

"Just a minute!" the reporter said. "Don't talk like that. I ain't really writing this stuff. I'm just fixing up your story, and it's yours, not mine. All the big shots has a fellow to do that—all of them. So don't get to saying you ain't writing it, because you are, and all I'm doing is putting down what you think."

"What about this narcissus?" Larry said. "When'd you ever think I thought about narcissuses?"

"Haven't you ever had any pretty thoughts like that?" demanded Moran.

"Certainly I've had pretty thoughts!" Larry said. "I had just as pretty thoughts as you—only I ain't been spreading it around, that's all."

"You see!" the reporter said. "I knew you had thoughts like that—that's why I wrote it."

Larry read some more of the stuff.

"You say Francine called you up about it?" he said.

"I ain't hardly out of the bed," Moran said, "when the phone rung. What she said, 'Mr. Moran, have you seen Larry's beautiful story, and the whole mob down at the pool room is reading it, and they said Larry is one of the best writers they ever heard of.' That's her very words, and you ain't got to believe me if you don't want to."

"There is some very, very beautiful language in it," Larry admitted. "We done mighty well"—and he looked at the reporter.

"You done well," the reporter insisted.

"Well, I take it all back," Larry give in. "I ain't got any complaints a-tall. You want me to dictate some more now?"

"No," the reporter said, "I got enough."

"That Francine," Larry said to Moran—"I can't make up my mind whether to break her neck or not."

See what I mean now? Here was a nice kid, a nice clean-cut American boy that never got his self mixed up in writing or anything like that, but minded his own business and just had a little run of tough luck that got him into a little jam.

"What about all this neck-breaking he was going to do?" I asked. "What kind of clean-cut American boy is this that's going to break a girl's neck every time he speaks?"

"Talk!" the guy said. "Nothing in the world but talk!"

"He didn't mean it?"

"Mean it! Why, Larry Laney wouldn't hurt a fly—not even a fly, what I mean! Just a great big clean ——"

"All right," I said. "Go on."

But there he was, you see, up to his hips, as you might say, in writing, and it went on, every day, in the Tabloid, with that little piece over it in slanting letters by the editor that said what a wallop this story of Larry's was.

I never went to the trial personally, because the way they run things these days, with cops around liable to drop a rod in a boy's pocket and arrest him for toting it, why, I don't go to court much, except on business and I can't get out of it.

I got to say, though, justice won this time, and Larry beat the rap. That Moran, he's a good lawyer. He got him about fifty witnesses, and when they got through talking it was pretty plain that Larry wasn't present when Frankie was knocked off, and that Larry was a little nuts anyway, and that a lot of people heard Frankie say he was going to take a pop at Larry the first crack he got, and that Larry was all the time cleaning his rod like that, and that the cops that claimed they seen him standing there over Frankie, why, this Moran showed that these cops had swore a thousand times, if they had swore once, that they were going to frame Larry, no matter how, and besides, they all had uncles in the insane asylum, and how could you believe witnesses that had a streak like that in the family?

When Moran got through, the jury was so sore about having a innocent kid go through all Larry did that they ask the judge wasn't there some kind of charge they could find the district attorney guilty of, on account of telling so many lies on the defendant.

The day Larry was sprung, all we boys went down to the pool room that evening to sort of celebrate, and Larry would come around, we thought, to see all the boys that never did lose faith in him, as you might say, and some of them did a little testifying, too, just to help out a pal who was in a jam.

Well, sir, you know that guy never showed? We set around there till midnight and he never showed, and somebody said, "Well, Larry is probably up breaking Francine's neck," and everybody said, "Oh, no, that was all just kidding, and we will telephone to see what is the matter." So Nat Barba—the one they call Nose Biter—he telephoned, and when he come back, you seen in his face he was surprised.

"You know where that gorilla's been?" he said.

"Where?"

"To the liberry!"

"To the liberry! What's up at the liberry?"

"Books, you dope! He's been to the liberry to get books!"

"What's he want to steal books for?"

"What I mean, he ain't stealing 'em; he's borrying 'em!"

"Yeh?" Fritz Lober said. "But how does the liberry people know he's just borrying them!"

"It was Francine I talked to," Nat said. "She says Larry's gone home now to do some studying. He taken the books with him."

"Probably going to study the books," somebody said.

"Francine didn't say," Nat said.

"How's her neck?" Fritz asked.

Everybody laughed.

"He ought to got the works," Nat said, "treating his old pals like this."

What I mean to tell you, he never showed that night, and he never showed the next, and he never showed the next. What I mean, he never showed a-tall! Here was a nice kid that had a lot of nice pals—pals some of them that had testified for him just as a favor—and what does he do the minute he lands up in the chips but take a run-out powder on them. That's the kind of thing that makes fellows sore.

But I seen him. I seen him myself, just a few days later. I run into him on the street. The way I acted, though, it was just like he hadn't stood up his pals. I wasn't going to make any mention of it.

"Well, big boy," I said, "I reckon that wasn't no bad mouthpiece I sent around, eh?"

He said, yes, Moran was the McCoy, all right.

"Well," I said, "it's certainly a treat to see you out and around again. Some of the fellows been wondering when they'd see you. I reckon you'll be around soon, eh?"

(Continued on Page 93)

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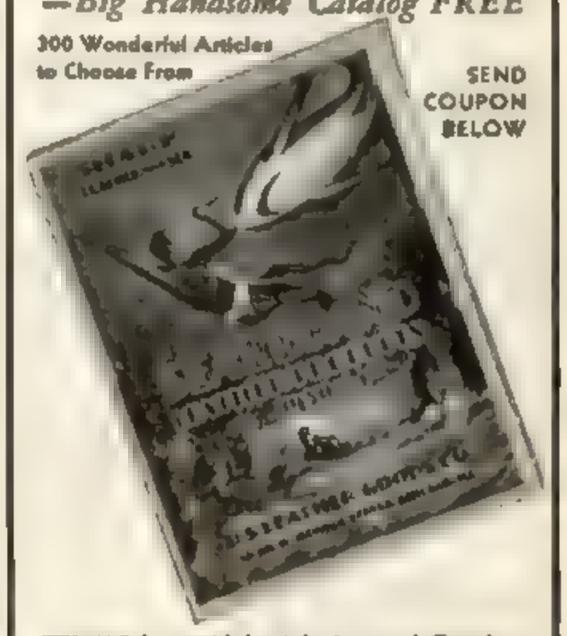

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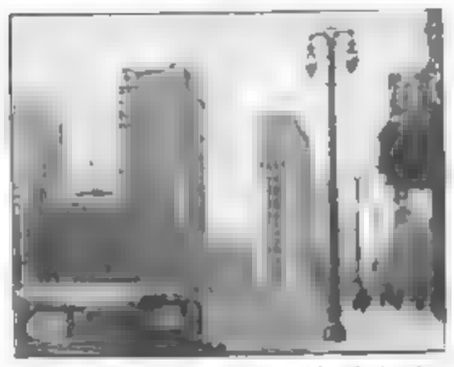
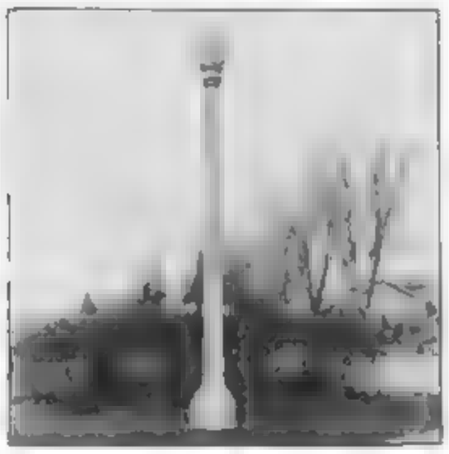


Union Metal Lighting Standards in the heart of Detroit

Union Metal Lighting Standard Design No. 2842—Lincoln Park, Mich.

Union Metal Highway Standard Design No. 2739—Ferndale, Mich.



Union Metal Lighting Standard Design No. 3766—Royal Oak, Mich.

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Union Metal Traffic Signal Standard Design No. 3485—Conner St. & 6 Mile Road, Detroit, Mich.

UNION METAL
ORNAMENTAL LAMP STANDARDS
ALSO DISTRIBUTORS OF KING FERRONITE STANDARDS

(Continued from Page 91)

He said, yes, he reckoned he'd be around soon.

"By the way," he said, "you happen to see my little articles in the paper—the Tabloid, I believe?"

"Sure," I said. "Everybody seen 'em."

"Like 'em?" he said.

"Say," I said, "that Tucker, he must be the nuts, what I mean, fixing up stuff like that."

"Tucker!" Larry said. "What's Tucker got to do with it? He never done a thing in the world but put down what I told him. The way it was, when the editor said he wanted I should write for him, I said, 'Send me a guy that can typewrite fast, so's we can knock it off in a hurry, because I got a lot on my mind.'"

"Yeh?"

"That's all there was to that Tucker. He just happened to be sitting around the office at the time, so they told him to come over and do my typewriting. He never had any more to do with those articles than you did."

"Yeh?"

"Sure, that's the way it was." He taken a newspaper clipping out of his pocket. "Listen to this," he said, "the way they advertise it," and he read it, see:

"'Larry Laney's story, which appears exclusively in the Tabloid daily, is a stark recital that cuts close to the bone. Laney writes with quiet power. Order your copy now, so you will not miss a single installment of this gripping serial.'

"They ain't no question," I said, "they liked it."

"What I'm doing now," he said, putting the clipping back in his pocket, "I'm working on a novel."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh," he said. "The way I look at it, I'd be a sap to give up my literary work just when I got started, and everybody saying what I wrote is the nuts."

"What you writing a novel about?" I said.

"Oh, about a couple of guys. I ain't worked it all out yet. But it's about a couple of guys."

"Named Mike and Ike?" I said.

"I ain't named 'em yet," he said. "But I got to be going now. Got to get up to the Algonquin for lunch."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh. You know what the Algonquin is?"

"Sure," I said. "It's a telephone exchange."

"It's a hotel," he said, "where all the writers eat."

"Them that does," I said.

And that's the way he passed out of we boys' life, as you might say. He never come around to the pool room any more. Now and then one of the boys would run into him and he was still writing, keeping up his literary work, what he called it. Sometimes he was writing a novel about a couple of guys, and sometimes it was about a couple of dames, and sometimes it was about a guy and a dame.

What the fellows said, he always pulled out some clippings out of his pocket, that advertisement the Tabloid run, and some more clippings, about what a knockout his story, LOVE'S VICTIM, was, and once there was a little piece in the papers about him, about he was trying to get in the Authors' Ball, and he kept showing them clippings and they had to throw him out, author or no author.

Then we kind of forgot about him. Another one of the boys got in a little jam, some kind of little accidental shooting, and we all sort of got interested in that, because the fellow that got in the little jam, he wasn't the kind that would use his rod except he had to, and besides, we never seen Larry any more.

The only time I heard of him for a year was once I run into Francine, and I ask has she seen Larry, and she says, yes, she has, and he has not sold anything yet, but he has got a typewriter. I said "Yeh?" She said, "Yeh, he found one." I said, "This is the first time I ever hear of anybody finding a typewriter." She says, "It's the first time it's been done."

But what I want you not to forget, even with this typewriter there wasn't any pieces by Larry, much less any novels, unless he was writing under the name of Rex Beach maybe.

And now I'm going to tell you how conceited that Laney is, like I said he was at first. About two months ago I'm putting on the nosebag in a dump in Forty-eighth Street, and who comes in but Francine, by herself and looking like a million dollars, just smiling, you know, and sitting on the world. I'm by myself, too, so she come over and set down, and I was blowing her to the dinner.

"You couldn't look no happier," I said, "if Rudy Vallee had kissed you"

"Yeh," she said, "I'm feeling fine."

"Somebody left you some money?"

"No," she said, "I just got a hunch, that's all."

"Yeh?" I said. "About Larry, I suppose."

"Yeh," she said, "I got a hunch Larry's cracking through today. The poor kid's been dragging for more'n a month. Nothing don't seem to be breaking right for him."

"You mean his literary work?"

"He must have wrote five million pages if he's wrote one," she said. "He's wrote about everything from Julius Cæsar to Italian Jack Herman. He's wrote novels and plays and articles. He's even wrote poetry. There ain't no form of writing that hasn't come out of that typewriter of his. And he's still got it all—every page of it."

"Maybe he just ain't got the gift," I said. "The way they tell me, it's just a gift, that's all, and if you got it you got it, and if you ain't you ain't."

"But today," she said, "I got a hunch."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh. He was moanin' low plenty yesterday at lunch, when I seen him, and I was thinking, 'Well, if he don't get a break soon, he's liable to go off his zip,' but last night, when I seen him, he was all jollied up. He acted like he seen a break coming. He was more like he used to be when he was trucking."

"Them was the days," I said.

"When he went home, he said meet him here for dinner, because he was going to have news for me. He said he had a idea, and if they was going to try to keep him out of the magazines he was going to show them. He was all hopped up about it"

"But he ain't here," I said. "What about that?"

"Oh, that's all right," she said, and taken a little piece of paper out of her hand bag. "He said if he wasn't here, to come over after dinner to this address"—and she read a number on West Forty-seventh Street—"and ask for him. He said he'd probably be there."

"That's swell," I said. "Maybe I could go over with you. I ain't seen the kid in a long time. But I ain't forgot him."

"Oke," she said. "We'll go over together."

So we shoveled in the food and Larry never showed, so afterwards we walked over to West Forty-seventh, because the address wasn't but a little past Eighth Avenue, and when we come to it, what do you think it is! It's the police station! The West Forty-seventh Street station house! I nearly curled up!

"Look," I said, and give her my rod, because you can't trust them cops if you got a rod on you; "hide this somewheres and we'll go in and see what's up, because this don't look right."

The poor broad was burning up. She just kind of gibbered, she was so scared. But she put the rod in her hand bag and we went in. There wasn't nobody in the front room but the desk sergeant.

"You got a fellow here named Laney?" I said.

"Who wants to know?" he said.

"I'm a business man from the Bronx," I said, "and a friend of his. This lady," I said, "she's his sister. If it ain't any trouble to you, we'd like to see him if he's here."

"He's here," the mug said, "but he ain't seeing anybody except it's his lawyer."

"Yeh?" I said. "Laney have a little accident?"

"It wasn't Laney that had the accident," he said; "it was a guy named Henderson. He walked in front of another one of them rods that Laney's always cleaning. Laney's a very careless boy when he gets to cleaning his rod."

"He ain't steady," I said. "He's got bad nerves."

"Electricity will cure him of that," the mug said. "If you want to wait you can, because Moran's on his way here now."

We set down, and after a while Moran come in. He knew us, of course, from that other time Larry was cleaning his rod, and he said, yes, we could come in, but we couldn't stay long because he hadn't talked to Larry hisself and he didn't know what kind of jam he had got hisself into this time.

"I wish he'd be satisfied with dirty pistols," he said. "This passion for oiling them up is going to get him in serious trouble yet."

"There's a streak of dude in him," I said.

The monkey in charge let us go in and we went down a corridor, and I don't mind saying it made me nervous and I wished I hadn't come, because there ain't any way of telling what the cops are going to do to a fellow, and then we come in the detention pen and there Larry was, smoking a cigarette.

"Well," he said, "I'm certainly glad to see you. I been waiting for you. You bring a Tabloid?"

"Oh, Larry!" Francine said. "This is terrible!"

"Yeh?" he said, and went to the door. "Hey, Charlie," he yelled, "what about that paper?"

"Just got it," the guard said. "The boy had to wait at the stand till they opened the bundle." He shoved a Tabloid through the bars. "Reckon they got it already?"

"Look!" Larry said.

We all gathered around, and what's on the front page but another picture of Larry! And over it, FATE'S VICTIM! And in littler letters, READ LARRY LANEY'S OWN STORY, BEGINNING ON PAGE 3.

"Can you beat it?" the guard said. "You ain't hardly been in a hour, and already they got it printed!" He went on off. "You certainly can't get ahead of the newspapers!"

He turned to Page 3 and there was the story, FATE'S VICTIM! and at the beginning of it was another of them little pieces in them little slanting letters:

The Tabloid begins publication today of an extraordinary human document, the outpouring of a sensitive soul in torment. The writer, Larry Laney, caught in the maelstrom of stark emotion, swept by the rip tides of blind fate, stands today in the shade of the chair—a victim of the weird, gin-inspired, jazz dance of life. In his own words he bares his writhing soul every day in the Tabloid.

"That's as good as they said about the first one," he said. "They must like this one too."

"Where is it about me, baby?" Francine said, and Larry put his finger on the second column, and we read:

It was at this moment in my tempestuous life that I was swept off my feet by a dainty little petite flower, the little girl who first brought the love of sunshine and singing birds and the perfume of gardens into my starved heart. She came like a dream, and lingered, to guide me into a new path.

"If that ain't beautiful!" she said. "What I mean, it's even better than the other one."

"I had more practice," Larry said.

Well, I got out. I didn't stay around any longer. I shook hands with him, and that was all right, but I wasn't going to stay around with a fellow like that—not any guy that was as conceited as that. And I leave it to you, wouldn't you call that conceited?

The guy stopped, and I just looked at him.

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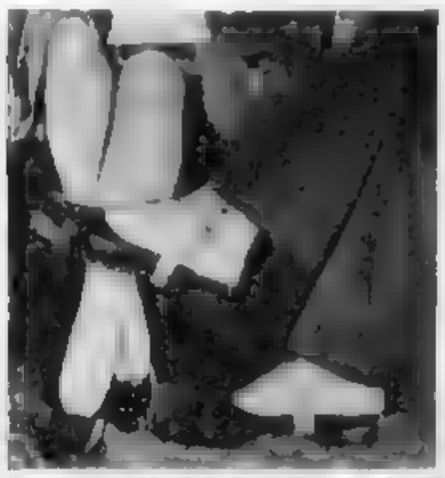


CORRECT, SMART
***and above all* SENSIBLE**

SPATS now have the complete acceptance of well dressed America, and the smartly turned out man wears BOND STREET spats. Styled in England, where men first found how comfortable, how dressy and how smart finely tailored spats can be, BOND STREETS have all the finish and smartness of the costliest imported spats. Your shoe man or haberdasher has them. Remember the name—BOND STREET.... it's on the label inside. The Williams Mfg. Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

BOND STREET
Spats

"Are you seriously aiming to tell me," I said, "that Larry Laney knocked off Henderson just to get his literary works published, or have I gone completely nuts?"

"I ain't aiming to tell you anything," the fellow said. "All I'm telling you is the inside on this case and if ——"

"Listen," I said; "I've been listening to this case for three days, and what I'd like to know, how're you going to hitch up what you told me with what I've heard? What about him and Henderson having that row over their beer profits? What about those guys that saw Henderson reaching for his rod? What about their partnership for two years in that trucking business? How you explain that?"

"Talk!" the guy said. "Nothing in the world but talk!"

"Yeh?"

"All that boloney, that's just his defense," the guy said. "It don't mean any more than the wind blowing. You think Larry's going to come right out and say he had to shoot people before he could get somebody to print his stuff?"

"But ——"

"You listen to me," he said. "Was Larry's stuff printed when he was on trial the first time?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Was it printed after he got out?"

"No, but ——"

"It's being printed now, ain't it?"

"Yes."

The guy looked at me.

"What else do you want?" he said.

We were sitting there, then, just looking at each other, and probably both of us convinced that the other was crazy, when the Globe man came in.

"Come on," he said. "I been looking for you. They've sent for His Honor. They've got a verdict."

I paid for the beers and went on back across the square to the courthouse with the Globe man and this guy Joe.

The harpies were beginning to gather to be in on the dirt, and we had to fight to get to the press seats, and when I sat down I found Joe was still hanging on, looking decidedly scared.

The judge came in then and took his seat, and then the jury and Moran and Laney and everybody else. The clerk rapped for quiet and then addressed the foreman:

"Have you reached a verdict?"

"We have."

"What is your verdict?"

"We find the defendant not guilty."

With that the animals started cheering, and Laney leaped up and threw his arms around Moran. The judge and the clerk kept pounding their gavels, but it wasn't any use. You can't ever hold a mob like that when it hears a not-guilty verdict. But the Globe man and I were getting out, to give our desks the flash, when I felt a tugging at my sleeve, and this guy was hanging on to me, edging through the mob right on my heels.

"Quicker! Quicker!" he was panting, and his face was white. "We got to hurry!"

"Just a minute!" I said when we finally got in the hall. "Fun's fun, but what the hell is the idea of pulling my coat sleeve out?"

"Come on!" he gasped. "We can't argue here! Let's get away from here!"

"What is this?" I said. "A fire or something?"

"You ain't going to hang around here, are you?"

"Why not?" I asked. "What's the matter with you?"

"Listen," he said excitedly. "Will they print Larry's stuff now?"

"Of course not," I said. "They've already got enough bum writers on their staff, without going out for jail birds."

"Then let's beat it out of here," he said, and grabbed my sleeve again, "before he starts cleaning that rod again!"

I shook him off. He was beginning to get on my nerves. At the door he stopped and looked back.

"You ain't coming?"

"Don't be a sap!"

"All right," he said, opening the door, "it's your own risk."

I went into the press room to get me a telephone. There are many peculiar people in the world and if you stay in newspaper work long you will meet them all.

RUSSIA MARKS TIME

(Continued from Page 15)

German. There was no elevator and no running water. We fled precipitously to the Grand Hotel, the largest hotel in Moscow, overlooking the Place of the Revolution, the Kremlin and the little Chapel of the Iberian Madonna.

The genial guardian of the desk was heartbroken that he could not take care of us.

"To which American delegation do you belong?" he asked.

A Self-Appointed Representative

When I replied that we belonged to no delegation, his face fell. Nevertheless, the kindliness of his instincts prevailed. If we would wait until the afternoon he would try to secure a single room for us, without bath, but with running water.

Our room was ready at last. It was not very inviting, but it contained two beds and a washstand with running water. Subsequently we received two palatial rooms furnished in the most elaborate style of imperial Russia. The furniture included a grand piano. We even had an elaborate bathroom of our own. I noticed that the hot water in one of the faucets could not be turned off. Taking a leaf out of the experience of another traveler, whose complaint led to protracted mass meetings of plumbers and plumbers' assistants in his bathroom before, after three days, he succeeded in securing a new washer, we made no strenuous effort to remedy this defect.

We did not realize our good fortune in being able to secure accommodations at all until we heard of several disgruntled German guests who had been put out of the hotel to make room for Americans. All the hotels are owned and run by the government. It is part of the policy of Soviet Russia to court American visitors for the time being. Hence, all hotel rooms in Moscow, as well as all taxicabs, were ruthlessly requisitioned for their convenience.

We ordered a meal in our room which did not prove very satisfactory. The prices were higher than at the most expensive hotels in America or in Europe, and the food was beneath contempt. Our meals would have been cheaper if we had belonged to one of the delegations. After we had eaten, I wanted to sign the check. The waiter protested. Moscow extends no credit, even to Americans. It was necessary to pay for our meal immediately after serving. Tips are forbidden, but every palm seems to itch for one.

Going downstairs, the first person whom I saw in the lobby was a radical American sculptor of alien extraction. He hailed me at once.

"Are you here," he said, "with the delegation?"

"No!" I replied, somewhat forcibly. "Are you?"

"Oh," he said, smiling condescendingly, "I am here to present a monument commemorating the revolution, as a gift from the American people to the people of Russia."

"By what act of Congress," I asked, "were you authorized to execute this work of art?"

He smiled a superior smile.

"I shall present this monument to the proletariat of Russia as a token of sympathy from the class-conscious workers of the United States."

"Were you delegated," I said, "by a labor organization?"

On that point my friend was hazy.

When I told this story to the most urbane of the newspapermen in Moscow, he laughed.

"You made a mistake," he said, "to come as an individual. The Russians are not interested in individuals. You should have announced yourself as a delegate from the class-conscious poets of America to the class-conscious poets of Russia, engaged in writing an epic on Bolshevism. In that case they would have given you a banquet and the Pravda would receive you with a flaming editorial welcome."

Free Trips for Delegations

Russia has a passion for delegations. The presence of delegations flatters the Russian government and increases its prestige at home. It proves that vast bodies in foreign countries are eager to study, perhaps to imitate, the institution evolved by the new rulers of Russia. The Russian government encourages such delegations, even if they were delegated by no one except an enterprising Bolshevist agent. Every group of travelers collected by some tourist agency is hailed as a delegation. Alluring advertisements in foreign countries promise trips through Russia, all expenses, including the ocean trip, paid, and free visas, for amounts which, if my experience counts for anything, are totally inadequate to cover even the most modest expenses.

From individual American travelers the Soviet Government collects eleven dollars for the permission to enter the country, and eleven dollars more for permission to leave. If the traveler makes the slightest change in his route, another eleven dollars is charged.

It was my original intention to leave Russia by way of Odessa. However, I subsequently decided to fly from Moscow to Berlin. This necessitated the addition of one word to my passport. The government insisted upon an additional fee for my wife and myself. I was finally relieved from making this payment by the fact that I was a "journalist Americansky."

The Soviet Sight-Seeing Schedule

My wife and I, having separate passports, paid twenty-two dollars for a permit to enter the promised land of Bolshevism, and twenty-two dollars for the privilege to depart.

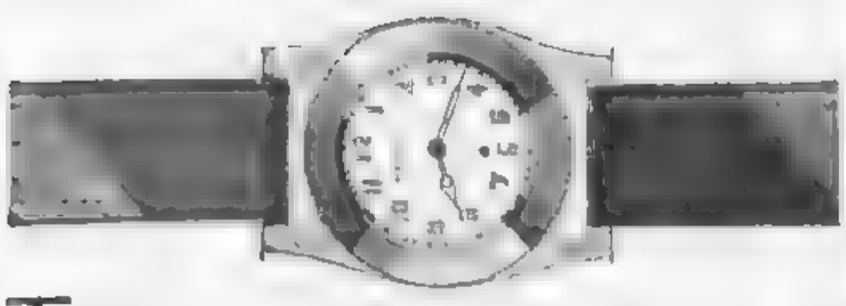
Without indulging in extravagances, living in Moscow cost me, for myself and my wife, approximately $100 a day. Many so-called delegates make the trip, including ocean passage, for less than $300. Their delegations are fêted. They are received by high government officials. Sometimes special trains are arranged for them. They are treated as if they were ambassadors. Would it be surprising if their critical sense were blunted by the hospitality of the government? Only a highly developed critical faculty can resist such blandishments. Members of such delegations frequently come back as propagandists for Soviet Russia.

It takes unusual will power for anyone to separate himself from the crowd. Hence the majority see Russia only according to a schedule prepared by the Soviet Government. The schedule is so overloaded that it is almost physically impossible to undertake any informal or personal expeditions.

The most important delegation in Moscow at the time was a group of bankers, business men and eminent students of economics, under the auspices of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce. The

(Continued on Page 97)

A NATION TAKES A STRING OFF ITS FINGER



TO save time, man has made a thousand tasks automatic. A schoolroom is kept at ideal temperature, a package is filled and labeled and wrapped, a burglar alarm is flashed, a traffic light is controlled — automatically. • But while a nation was accomplishing these things, it still let its watches run down. In a time-saving age, a time-KEEPER that demanded daily attention was an anomaly. • That anomaly has passed — the Self-Winding Watch has come, and a nation takes a string off its finger. • Fashion adopts it for its accuracy as well as for its incomparable convenience. Its mechanism incorporates every principle of fine timekeeping and to that mechanism has been added the marvellous simple device for keeping it perpetually wound. It operates by the normal movement of the arm, and it cannot be overwound. • The symmetry of the Self-Winding Watch is a pleasure to see and the simplicity of its setting mechanism is a delight to the jeweler. • It is more than a Watch in an age of wonders. It is a symbol of the times. Can you imagine a gift to compare with it?

• • •

Your jeweler will be glad to show it to you and he will show you also its Unqualified Guarantee. Write for illustrated booklet No. 5, "From the Moving Shadow to the Self-Winding Watch," which tells the fascinating story of timekeeping down the ages. The Perpetual Self-Winding Watch Co. of America, Inc., 485 Madison Ave., New York.

THE WATCH THAT WINDS ITSELF

THANKSGIVING

A LITTLE more than a year ago we first offered radio set owners a new line of A-C tubes.

We named them Arcturus. We believed they were good tubes...tubes that would give long and exceptional service.

But we did not say much about these new tubes, or advertise them in a spectacular way. We believed set owners would soon decide whether or not they liked the performance of these tubes.

Radio set owners did decide...with speed and certainty that was surprising. Orders piled on orders. We enlarged our manufacturing facilities. Still demand increased. Within the space of a few months Arcturus grew from an insignificant factor in the radio industry to one of the world's leading manufacturers of radio tubes.

We realize that this sensational progress could not have been accomplished without the support of the many thousands of set owners and the radio industry. We are truly grateful for this willingness to judge an unknown product entirely on its merits.

So, at this season of Thanksgiving, we take this means of expressing our sincere thanks for your share in our success. We hope to justify the warm welcome you have given our product by still further improving Arcturus performance...and building a line of radio tubes that will be worthy of your continued approval for many years to come.

ARCTURUS RADIO TUBE COMPANY
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

1929 A R T Co.

(Continued from Page 94)

visit of this delegation had been widely heralded. Even in Germany I heard rumors that they were emissaries of President Hoover.

"Their visit," a diplomatic friend of mine in Berlin remarked to me, "is at least semi-official."

The visit of the bankers and business men was looked upon by the Russian people as foreshadowing the recognition of the Soviet State. The delegation, needless to say, made no such claim. But there is no doubt that the thought that the delegation was either authorized in some way by the American Government or that it represented an organized protest against the refusal of the State Department to recognize Russia induced the Soviet authorities to confer unusual courtesies upon this group.

In the dining room of the hotel I saw a large table reserved for another American delegation. Judging by their language, several members of this delegation were not fully acclimatized Americans. Many of them were natives of Russia, children of a race persecuted under the old régime. To some of these it must have seemed like a dream to dine in the most fashionable hostelry in all Russia, to see the Kremlin in Moscow and the Winter Palace in Leningrad, to walk where the Czar had walked, to gaze at the crown jewels, to touch the imperial throne or to sit in a carriage that once belonged to Catherine the Great.

Similarly, commercial groups from England—lumber merchants and others—are treated with special consideration. The Soviets flatter their vanity and incite their greed with the promise of lucrative business offers. Under those circumstances, the temptation is strong to turn one's blind spots on the flaws in the picture and to extol the virtues of the New Russia.

I prefer to slip in and out, and to see things with my own eyes. It may be argued that my observations are purely personal reactions. This I admit. It may also be said that I have seen only a small segment of the gigantic Soviet Federation. Russia occupies almost one-seventh of the surface of the habitable globe. It embraces 100 different nationalities and many centuries of civilization, running from the savagery of the darkest ages to the extremes of sophistication. No one can form an adequate picture of such a country in less than a lifetime.

Nevertheless, it is possible to reach an opinion as to the failure or the success of the Bolshevist experiment by a study of the large towns, especially Moscow. Moscow is not only the capital of Russia, it is the symbol of Bolshevist power. Bolshevism has not succeeded anywhere if it has failed in Moscow. The predominant desire of the Bolshevist leaders is to placate its industrial population. Moscow is not only its citadel but its prize exhibit.

In Prescribed Paths

Though, I repeat, some incidents I have sketched may seem trivial and personal, I have not set down anything that is not in some sense symbolic of the fearful odds against which Bolshevism must battle to sustain itself. I kept my ears wide open. I heard many things which people say, but dare not write. But I paid no attention to such confidences from Americans or from Russians unless their statements were borne out either by my own observations or by authoritative figures.

I came as a friend of the Russian people. I admire their achievements. I can sympathize intellectually with their desire to create a new civilization, but candor compels me to record my unvarnished impressions.

I was warned that the government would attempt to circumscribe my investigations. I was told that the interpreters supplied by the Voks were more or less secret agents instructed to keep me in prescribed paths. The assistance I received from the Voks was of slight value. That organization was somewhat demoralized by the voluntary or enforced resignation of its head, a sister of Leon Trotzky. The Narkomindl—Foreign Office—however, arranged important conferences for me. I talked to the Acting Foreign Minister, Karakhan; to Kahan, the director in charge of Anglo-American relations; to Volin, acting head of the Press Bureau and Chief Censor. I also was privileged to discuss the economic status of Soviet Russia with one of its most brilliant financial experts, Mr. Vorobkov, director of the state bank. I was treated with impeccable courtesy. I did hear a suspicious click every time I spoke to anyone over the telephone. My guides did not show me the misery and the poverty which abound in Moscow. But neither the Voks nor the Narkomindl made any attempt to impede my steps. No one interfered with my freedom of movement.

I refused to inspect maternity hospitals and week-end sanatoriums for workmen, which is almost an obligation laid upon every visitor. I preferred the casual meeting, the happy-go-lucky excursion.

How Much is a Ruble?

I never forgot the stage trappings with which Russia, even in the imperial days, overawed her visitors. The formidable but useless gun displayed by one of the czars to impress the Prussian ambassador still stands in the Kremlin. Potemkin, the favorite of the Empress Catherine, was in the habit of erecting cardboard villages along the road where the imperial coach passed, to assure his mistress of the prosperity of her realm. To this day one refers to practices of this type as "villages of Potemkin."

"I am afraid," I frankly remarked to an official of the Russian Government, "that I will be shown villages of Potemkin."

He laughed.

"It would rather be too expensive, would it not, to erect a village for every individual visitor?"

There is no need for the Soviet Government to resurrect the crude stage tricks of the favorite of the great Catherine. Modern governments can resort to statistics. Every individual visitor, every delegation, returns from Russia with a vast amount of statistical material supplied by the Soviet authorities. These statistics are not necessarily false. To the student who knows how to read them they reveal a fairly correct picture of the acute economic crisis prevailing in Russia, but to the casual reader they betoken an astonishing record of mounting prosperity and achievement.

Russian statistics are figured in rubles. There are, unfortunately, many kinds of rubles. There is the prewar ruble, the depreciated ruble of wartime, and the ruble of the postwar period inflated to almost astronomical figures. There is an official value which fixes the current rate of exchange arbitrarily at 51½ cents. But the same ruble can be bought at one-third or less of its value in Warsaw or Berlin. It is bootlegged at one-half of its official price in Russia. The calculations of Bolshevist statisticians assume an increase in the purchasing power of Russian currency in the immediate future. Nothing in the present economic condition warrants such a conclusion. In all calculations involving the ruble it is important to ask, "Which ruble?" The gold ruble, the ruble in Berlin, the ruble in Moscow, the official ruble, the unofficial ruble—each represents a different standard of value. The ruble is not a reasonably definite yardstick. Its value cannot be stated without determining its position in space and time.

Again, all Russian statistics are not based on a standard period of time. For certain purposes it suits the Bolshevists to compare the progress made in recent years with 1920–1922, when Russian industry and agriculture were completely demoralized. On such a basis of comparison it is possible to figure out an amazing ratio of progress. For other purposes, the Bolshevist statistician makes comparisons with the prewar period. He chooses whatever basis of comparison is most favorable to his thesis, but he has always a thesis. Science as well as art, policy as well as law, are to him merely instruments in the class struggle. Hence Russian statistics, even without being deliberately doctored, are apt to convey a completely misleading impression.

Everywhere in Russia there is a shortage of housing that would be grotesque if it were not so tragic. A few hundred American visitors swamp the facilities of all hotels in the capital of a country exceeding the United States both in area and in population. It is easier to obtain a divorce than to procure an apartment. Recently a distracted Bolshevist chopped up his wife and his mother-in-law because he wished to provide living quarters for himself and his new inamorata. Illegal bonuses are frequently paid for living quarters. I heard of several cases where divorced couples were compelled to live together for lack of lodging. The situation was complicated by the fact both remarried, with the consequence that the two couples were forced to occupy the same room.

Workers may live in palaces. But frequently five or six are compelled to sleep in one room. A film recently released by the Soviet Government in the United States deals humorously with an incident where a man marries a girl to secure a room. Once a tenant secures possession, it is difficult to dislodge him without long and laborious legal processes.

Any family having two rooms and a kitchen may count itself among the favored few. Most people must share their apartments with others, enduring unpleasant proximities, not to speak of the absence of the most primitive sanitary arrangements. The peasant, living with his family and his pigs in one small thatched hut, is better off than such unhappy, multiple lodgers—at least the family and the pigs are his own!

Some Russians claim, sincerely enough, that Russia is not short of food today. "We were accustomed," a member of the Communist Party said to me, "to live on little. Well, now we live on a little less."

Bread, butter, eggs and other necessities of life cannot be procured without a card in the cities. It is not always possible to procure them with a card. All day and part of the night long lines stand in front of food shops. These lines, or queues, are called "serpents" by the Russians. They no longer excite Ivan and his wife. It is part of the daily routine of every housewife to take a place for hours every day in a serpent. The trail of the serpent is characteristic of every great Russian city.

Renting Babies for the Queue

The day we flew back from Moscow to Berlin we were up at four o'clock in the morning. We found that even as early as that the serpents were already beginning to writhe for food. Even foreigners, who are privileged in many ways, must stand in line if they live in Moscow.

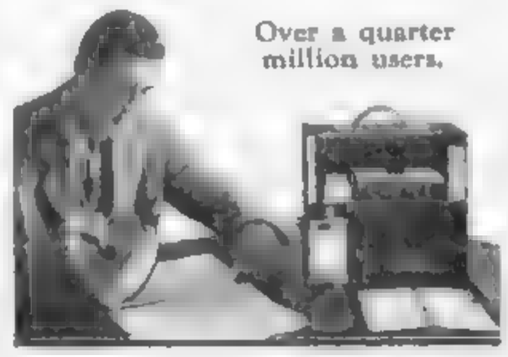
One American business man told me, "My wife had to wait all morning before she was able to buy what she needed."

"Does she always stand in line like that?"

"Sometimes we pay a poor neighbor a few rubles to stand in line for us. Today the neighbor was unable to go and my wife had to go herself. All she got at the end of her long wait was a crab. The crab will constitute our dinner."

The patience of the average Russian deserves commendation in a new Book of Job. Occasionally, however, someone sharper than his fellows resorts to a trick to get to the front of a queue.

I was riding in a street car, the fastest mode of conveyance in Moscow. Suddenly I saw a disturbance in front of one of the food shops. I saw a policeman arguing intensely with a woman who carried a baby. The American slogan, "Never argue with a cop," does not hold true in Russia. In Russia everybody argues. Not only the policeman but the various bystanders, including the female conductor of the street car, participated in a grand argument.



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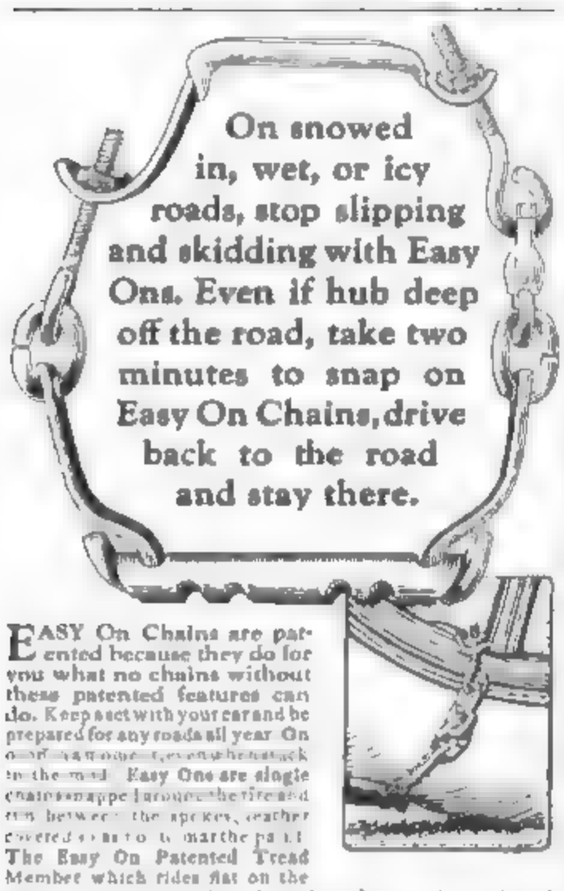
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"What are they fighting about?" I asked a companion.

"A man insists that the baby does not belong to this woman."

"What difference does that make?"

"Women with small children are given precedence in the formation of serpents. This has made it a lucrative practice to hire out babies to housewives unwilling to wait their turn."

"What does she say?"

"She stoutly maintains that the child is her own."

At this moment the conductor returned to her post. I do not know how the case was decided. Most Russians carry identification passes with them. There is so much red tape that they need a brief case, usually in the shape of a square wooden box, sometimes covered with cloth or leather, to hold all the documents required by the authorities. Let us hope that the mother had an impeccable passport enabling her to verify her contention.

Privileged foreigners occasionally succeed in smuggling in foodstuffs. One lady of my acquaintance carried a bag of flour in a baby carriage from the Caucasus to Leningrad. Bakeries and foodshops, including those managed by coöperative organizations, are government controlled. The government regulates prices. Tea, without which Russians cannot live, is scarce, coffee a luxury.

Many things cannot be bought in the shops at all with or without a card. When we prepared ourselves for our long air trip to Berlin, we attempted to equip ourselves with a little cold chicken and ham. I sent my guide scurrying from shop to shop, from market to market, but she was unable to obtain either anywhere in all Moscow. The only place where these articles could be procured was in the hotels.

Bootleggers of Money

I paid two rubles, or one dollar, for a shriveled apple, in my hotel. An unappetizing cup of cocoa fetched the same price. Two dollars was the price for a small portion of mediocre caviar. The best caviar is shipped abroad to secure foreign currency. A portion of chicken tasting like sandpaper was three dollars.

I had a fairly satisfactory, reasonably priced meal at an amusement park in Moscow. I fared less satisfactorily in the great Kultur Park, a glorified Coney Island, with carrousels, circuses, athletic contests, an art theater and an exhibit of modern paintings. Here the food was so inferior that I left most of it on my plate. However, a family following me, delighted by the find, profited by my squeamishness. They seized every morsel of food on the plate, including a crust of bread and a small lump of butter.

There are no restaurants to which one can invite one's friends, except the dining rooms of three large hotels, the Metropole, the Savoy and the Grand. Waiters are government employes. Party regularity, not efficiency, determines employment and promotion.

Street venders sell food more cheaply than the stores, but their cleanliness is dubious and the price still exceeds by far the capacity of the average pocketbook. Yet food is comparatively cheaper than textiles or clothes. A cheap suit costs thirty rubles. A suit of superior quality fetches 100 to 300 rubles. The salary of the highest Soviet officials, including the dictator of all Russia, Stalin, is only 225 rubles per month. A pair of shoes costs fifteen to twenty rubles. High boots fetch twenty-five to forty rubles, or more than the average monthly income of the Russian workman.

Though the government controls most stores, there is considerable illicit dealing in food and in articles of wear. The rigid Soviet policy excludes all imported luxuries. Nevertheless, it is possible now and then to buy a pair of bootleg silk stockings. Occasionally the Soviet Government, departing for reasons of expediency momentarily from its policy of destroying private business, sanctions private trade. This is called the New Economic Policy—NEP. The traders thus privileged are called Nepmen.

But the Nepman's lot is not a happy one in Russia. Between the upper millstone of taxation and the nether millstone of the penal code, private business is a hazardous occupation. It is something between a sport and a crime, an occupation not unlike hijacking and bootlegging in the United States.

The government permits the Nepman to charge considerably more than the official prices. He doubles and triples the permissible price. People are willing to pay almost any price for the things which they cannot obtain in coöperative or government shops.

In the meantime the Nepman is rarely permitted to enjoy his illicit profits. The secret service is constantly on his trail. Wherever he goes he is spied upon. If he goes to an amusement park or to a night resort, he knows that one or more pairs of eyes scrutinize his bill. If he spends too much he is invited for an interview with the secret police. In pictures, in stories, in articles and in speeches, he is lampooned by Bolshevist propagandists. He is made the villain of every play, persecuted and despised almost as much as the "*kulak*," or wealthy peasant.

I may add here that every peasant who employs even one hired help is branded as a *kulak*. Neither the *kulak* nor the Nepman is permitted to vote. They are disfranchised legally to safeguard the dictatorship of the proletariat.

People distrust the stability of the ruble and its big brother, the *chervonetz*—ten rubles. They are willing to accept one-half of the nominal value of their money for foreign currency, which they somehow manage to smuggle out of the country. I have already pointed out that the ruble shrinks once it crosses the border. Both the export and the import of rubles are forbidden. In fact, the government imposes a heavy fine, because the free influx and the free outflow of money endanger the compulsory rate of exchange.

Russia pays for her purchases in foreign countries only with goods or with foreign currency obtained in exchange for goods. Nevertheless, Russian money is constantly bootlegged across the border by people who prefer to accept one-third of its value in foreign money. It is, of course, useless unless it is smuggled over the line a second time by some traveler intent upon living cheaply rather than legally in Red Russia. The fine for the import of Russian money without government sanction is 3000 rubles. The penalty is even more severe for professional bootleggers in money. They may be imprisoned and suffer partial or full confiscation of property.

Rent Adjusted to Income

Nevertheless, both at the Polish border and in the Far East, the ruble constantly rolls across the border. Sometimes it is carried by Turkish merchants under their turbans or shawls. Sometimes it is carried by Persian tramps under rags wound about their feet.

Russian currency is sound enough theoretically. Though not convertible into gold at present, the reserves behind it are or were apparently ample. The depreciation of Russian money is largely due not to flaws in the monetary system itself but to the scarcity of goods. The circulation, though small, is still too large for the limited supply of merchandise. Recently the circulation of money increased 26 per cent while production increased only 8 per cent. Hence, prices are two or three times as high as they would be under normal conditions.

It is this fact which, in spite of all efforts of the Soviet Government, makes Moscow the most expensive city in the civilized world. Nevertheless, the life of Russia vibrates here as nowhere else. Moscow has outlived the Tartars, it has outlived Napoleon, it has outlived the Romanoffs, and it may outlive Bolshevism.

Russian industry is conducted not according to the law of supply and demand but in accordance with a paper formula of the government. Since the state controls everything, there is practically no competition. Since the state buys everything, quality is of no importance. Since the state foots the deficit, there is no need of efficiency.

The industries which far exceed the prewar level are those which cater to the army and to the railroads—a corollary of the national defense. The so-called heavy industries are so highly developed at the expense of all others that the Soviet Government no longer imports either arms or munitions.

The average Russian spends half of his income on eating and drinking and cigarettes. He spends 20 per cent of his income on fuel and rent. The rental is somewhat higher in the new model houses. Workmen are privileged in that they pay rent according to their income. Thus, one family may pay four or five times as much as another for the same flat.

The Soviet authorities insisted that I must see their model tenements for the workers, which include an electric stove, community kitchens, steam baths, and so on. I told my guide that I had seen similar model homes in other countries.

"I would rather see those places where five or six families live in a flat hardly sufficiently large enough for one."

My guide was shocked.

"Such things," she replied naïvely, "we are not permitted to show you."

The Russian authorities admit the discomfiture of the bourgeois under their régime. They would probably look upon my reactions as bourgeois. Russia, according to their claim, is run for the benefit of the laborer and for the peasant.

Russia's Unemployed

Let us examine what the dictatorship of the proletariat has done for industrial and agricultural workers. There are in Russia approximately 150,000,000 people. Of these, 120,000,000 are peasants. Approximately 6,000,000 are industrial workers. The remainder is composed of bureaucrats, professional people, persons without a profession, and Nepmen.

The industrial worker is the kingpin of the system. Like many other sovereigns in Europe, he often is a king without a job. He has many privileges and rights, but his standard of living would remind any workman in the United States or in Western Europe of the poorhouse. The dictatorship of the proletariat does not protect Ivan from the possibility of losing his job. He may be laid off and he may starve unless he is a member of the Communist Party.

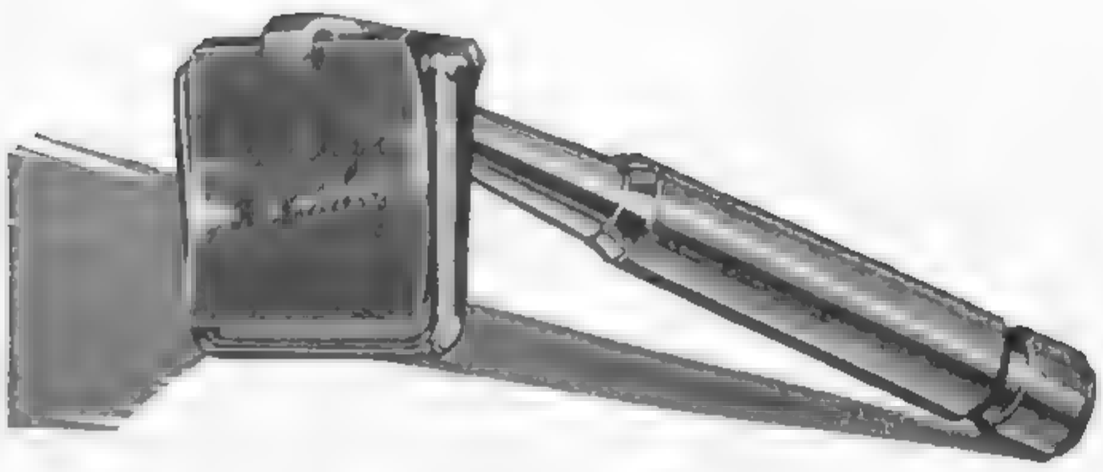
"Italy has no strikes," Mussolini once remarked to me proudly.

Stalin could make no such claim. Even under Bolshevism there are wage disputes and strikes in Russia.

On the first of January, 1928, according to official figures submitted by the Soviet Government, 847,000 men and 571,700 women, making a total of 1,418,700, were out of work. If we accept the assurances of certain investigators, the number of unemployed who are not registered is equal to the number of registered unemployed. Dr. Otto Deutsch, a Central European authority on Soviet Russia, fixes the total number of unemployed at 3,000,000 or one-half of the total number of industrial workers. If his conclusion coincides with the facts, one out of every two workmen in Bolshevist Russia is out of work, in spite of the frantic efforts of the Bolshevist rulers to speed up industrial production.

The dole paid to the unemployed by the government varies from twenty-seven rubles monthly for the highest categories in the first district to seven rubles for the lowest categories in the sixth district. Seven rubles is the equivalent, at the enforced rate of exchange, of approximately $3.50. In purchasing power it is worth $1.75. One dollar and seventy-five cents a month hardly suffices to buy a crust of bread a day for the unemployed.

(Continued on Page 100)



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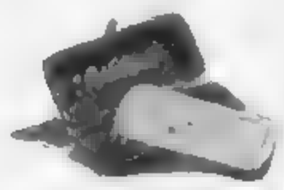

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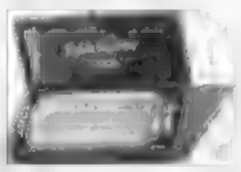

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(Continued from Page 98)

In order to fight unemployment, the government constantly shortens the work hours, thereby increasing the number of jobs. This makeshift is economically unsound. Moreover, the introduction of industrial machinery, the rationalization of industry, temporarily, at least, counteracts the shortening of hours.

No capitalistic management could be more ruthless than the Bolshevist state in throwing workmen on the street unless they belong to the privileged few who are members of the Communist Party. In spite of desperate attempts to Americanize industry and in spite of the preposterous wages paid, labor, nevertheless, consumes 25 per cent of the total cost of production.

The monthly wage of the Russian worker was approximately 60½ rubles in 1927. The purchasing power of the ruble being one-half of that amount, the actual wages equaled scarcely more than thirty rubles, or fifteen dollars a month. Dr. Otto Deutsch, the Austrian economist, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, concludes, after an extensive study of Russian conditions, that the average wage of the Russian worker today, considering the depreciation of money, hardly exceeds twenty-one gold rubles, or $10.50 a month. Deutsch tells us that in the south, and especially in the Caucasus, some categories of workers receive only twenty rubles a month, with a purchasing power of little more than five dollars a month.

In 1928 the electro-technical industry paid its most highly skilled workmen monthly 103 rubles, equal in purchasing power to approximately twenty-five dollars. According to the official statistics, the average wage paid by the Russian Textile Syndicate in the linen industry is forty rubles a month. Many of the so-called lower groups, especially female workers, receive only 23.80 rubles, equivalent in purchasing power to six dollars a month.

In certain hazardous occupations, such as mining, a monthly wage of 250 rubles is paid. This is twenty-five rubles more than the Bolshevist leaders officially receive from the Bolshevist state. It seems to me that the job of the Bolshevist chiefs is sufficiently hazardous to deserve the twenty-five rubles more which is paid to the miners.

The Soviet Pay Envelope

The government assails the high cost of living by encouraging consumers' coöperative movements. The gross turnover of the coöperative system in 1927–1928 was 14,500,000,000 rubles. The cooperative movement represents 33 per cent of the wholesale and 53 per cent of the retail trade.

Workmen are entitled to a fortnight's vacation. The average worker loses sixteen days a year through illness; ten days are designated as "lost work time," of which two and one-fifth are "excusable." Excusable losses of time indicate hours put in to participate in Bolshevist demonstrations. In 1920 the average time lost inexcusably was approximately twenty-three days.

Frequently a man as well as his wife receives wages. Some of the leaders and their favored friends hold more than one job at a time. Workers have the right to send their children to homes or day nurseries. Splendid arrangements are made to safeguard the health of expectant and nursing mothers.

Every factory has a Lenin Corner where Communist literature is distributed. There are rooms for playing chess and other recreational opportunities. The government constantly builds new model homes for workers. It establishes schools for the illiterate, cultural parks, theaters, circuses, exhibits of Bolshevist art and folk dances. But the best collection of paintings cannot quiet a hungry stomach. The social expenditures, including insurance, equal 40 per cent of the total outlay for wages. This imposes a heavy burden upon industry. The discrepancy between the old and the new machinery and the immense bureaucratic apparatus add additional burdens. Workingmen are compelled by moral suasion to subscribe to Soviet loans. The subscriptions are deducted from their pitiful wages. Finally, the government abstracts the worker's money from his pocket by tempting him with enticing lotteries. Every worker must devote several evenings weekly to some form of propaganda for the Soviet state. One-fifth of his time and his earnings are demanded by the trade unions.

His new responsibilities have not made Ivan more tidy. His untidiness entails heavy losses. He freely drinks vodka, with consequent loss of efficiency and time. In spite of all efforts of the authorities, Blue Monday is still a recognized Russian institution. Vodka was prohibited for a time, but the government could not resist the temptation of levying a vodka tax to pay for its expensive social experiments. The making of home-brew and bootleg whisky at one time jeopardized both the wheat and the potato harvest of Soviet Russia. In the United States most industrial accidents happen in the evening hours, as a result of fatigue. In Soviet factories most accidents happen early in the morning, due to workmen arriving under the influence of alcohol.

Labor Strictly Regulated

An inveterate talker, the Russian workman frequently stops a machine to discuss some fine point of the Marxian doctrine. When the Soviets first seized power the shop committees, composed of common laborers, were omnipotent. Experts were regarded with grave suspicion. Now the expert is sought by the government. The management tends to drift back into competent hands. Frequently the managers are foreigners. I met a former Austrian prisoner of war who had stayed in Russia after the peace. This man proudly told me: "In Austria I was merely a workman. Now I direct six factories and have 8000 men under me."

The government is compelled to adopt increasingly stringent regulations to govern unruly workers. Formerly it was practically impossible to dismiss a workman. Now he may be discharged after receiving three admonitions for neglect of duty. The first warning must be posted on the factory billboard. The second is communicated to the shop committee. The third, the shop committee consenting, automatically implies dismissal.

New decrees constantly modify the power of these shop committees. Even the trade unions have been robbed of their sting to a large extent by the appointment of one of Stalin's men in place of Tomsky, their former head. Tomsky was more a syndicalist than a Bolshevist. Enrolled members of the Communist Party are in control of every factory or shop committee. Strict party discipline thus assures complete domination of every committee by the Red oligarchs in the Kremlin.

Since most workers are employed in state-controlled factories, they must submit to regulations more rigid than capitalism would dare to impose. Workmen's committees still have considerable leeway in factories under private management and in foreign concessions.

The Russian workman may be exhilarated by the feeling that he rules the state. He enjoys social advantages, doles, insurance, and so on, which in the old days were denied to him. In Moscow I saw a burly workman leaving the beauty parlor of the Grand Hotel with plucked eyebrows. The patent-leather finish of a lounge lizard illuminated his head. I frequently saw workmen going or coming from work in droshkies. But the Bolshevist experiment has not appreciably raised the standard of less privileged workers, and it compels an enormous percentage of the working population to subsist on the dole of the unemployed.

The condition of the peasant is even more dismal. Though the average monthly wage of industrial workers has risen nominally 80 per cent in the last four years, the income of the peasant declined. It certainly has not increased. The farmer's ruble buys

less than before the war. Many live in abject misery. According to official statistics, 40 per cent of the peasants in Ukrainia have neither cattle nor horses. Thirty per cent are not even prosperous enough to own a cow.

It is said that Stalin asked a Russian peasant who did not know him, how he fared under the new régime. The peasant, being suspicious by nature, replied that he could not give any opinion on politics, but as far as he himself was concerned, he knew that formerly he had two suits and one pair of shoes, whereas now he had only one pair of pants and no shoes at all.

In spite of their hard lot under Bolshevism, the peasants have no desire to recall their former rulers, because they are afraid that the land will be taken from them in case the czar returns. But they do not love the Bolshevists. Fifty-nine Bolshevist teachers were killed by peasants in the last nine months. Fifty-three more were attacked and wounded. I quote these facts on the authority of the Commissar of Education.

What the Bolshevists fear most is not a counter revolution, but the economic law that efficiency inevitably prevails over inefficiency. In spite of every effort of the Bolshevist oligarchy to thwart this law, some peasants, more energetic and more able than others, are able to employ hired help. There is a tendency for such peasants to control more land than the share originally bestowed upon them.

In other words, out of chaos, private property attempts to evolve once more. The growth of private property destroys the Bolshevist chimera of equality. It strikes at the root of their rule. It is for this reason that Moscow relentlessly penalizes agricultural ability.

The Plight of the Peasant

On October 26, 1917, the Second All-Russian Congress of Workers and Soldiers decided to nationalize all land and to parcel it out among the peasants, on the principle that no man has a right to the soil who does not till it with his own hands. The value of the land thus distributed, according to official Russian figures, amounts to 30,400,000,000 gold rubles. But in spite of these benefits, the Russian peasant is not prosperous.

There are 45,000 tractors in Russia, but what are 45,000 tractors distributed among 120,000,000 peasants? Although the area of cultivated crops has increased 50 per cent, the government concedes that grain exports have declined. The same authorities admit, in an official report, "a certain stringency has been experienced in food supplies during the last year or so."

The government attributes this deficiency to the fact that the peasants are "consuming a larger share of their produce than formerly." This is a governmental euphemism to conceal the fact that the peasants are reluctant to sell or to raise grain unless they get money and unless there is something to buy with the money.

The government, being the chief purchaser of grain, imposes prices upon the peasant which do not repay him for his labor. The scarcity of goods, nails, boots, glass, buttons, agricultural implements and what not makes it impossible for him to employ even the little money he gets advantageously.

The basis of the Soviet policy is admittedly to attack the *kulak* with a view—I quote literally—of "liquidating the parasite." Deprived of his civic rights, he, nevertheless, is heavily overtaxed. The *kulaks*, who embrace 15 per cent of the agricultural population, pay 45 per cent of the taxes. The battle against the *kulak* destroys the ambition and the initiative of the agricultural worker. The moment he gathers wealth, his little hoard is taken away from him by ingenious methods.

To check the growth of private property in the country districts, contrary to the sacred maxims of Marx and Lenin, the Soviets encourage collective farming. Collective farmers, organized on communist lines, receive every possible subsidy, including machinery, freely or on very favorable terms, in the remotest villages of the Russian Federation.

Industry Versus Agriculture

Trotzky had no faith in the possibility of converting the Russian peasant eventually to Bolshevism. His policy was to exalt the industrial worker over the peasant. Stalin challenged Trotzky's policy and championed the peasant. But now that the old Bolshevist war lord languishes in exile, Stalin himself continues his policy.

Bolshevism can maintain itself only with the support of industrial labor. Russia is run for the benefit of its 6,000,000 industrial workers. Every act of the Soviet Government, superficial fraternization notwithstanding, favors the industrial worker against the peasant. Ignoring the fact that Russia is an agricultural, not an industrial, state, the Bolshevist oligarchs in Moscow load the dice of government against the farmer. Attempting to hit the *kulak*, they frustrate all agriculture.

A Russia favoring industry at the expense of agriculture is a pyramid standing upon its apex. Such an inverted pyramid does not presage stability. The most dangerous foe of the Bolshevist Government is the passive resistance of the Russian peasant. It is doubtful if either force or persuasion can overcome this resistance.

"The hammer, the sickle and the star," a high official of the Russian government with whom I discussed some of these problems, remarked to me, "represent the most extraordinary experiment in the annals of man. The establishment of the Soviet Government is more important than the World War in its ultimate effect on all mankind. It implies a complete revaluation of all values. The World War was only an incident in human history. The success of the communist revolution means the turning over of a new leaf by the World Spirit itself."

I admitted that I was amazed by the audacity of the experiment. "It is true," I said, "you play for gigantic stakes. I am intensely interested in your experiment, but I am glad it takes place in Russia and not in America."

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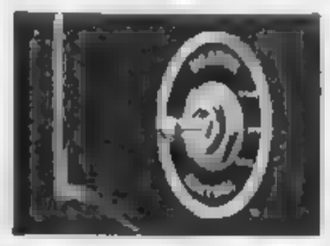

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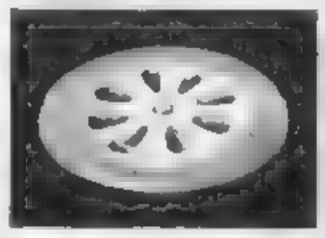

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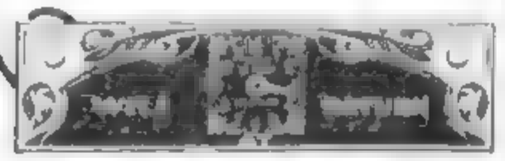

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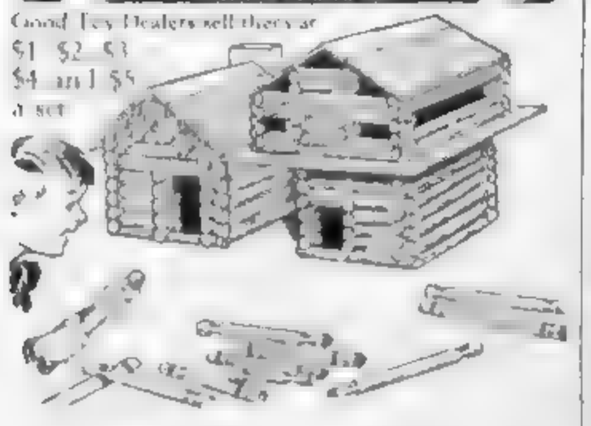

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THE DIDDIKAI

(Continued from Page 9)

"Thanks; don't bother, old chap," said the man, kindly enough. "You see, we're only passing through; and Americans never take siestas, anyway."

"At four o'clock I shall return," repeated Chicotito. "It is better that *señor-señora* sleep until that time, for the day is warm."

He walked away with the dignity of a hidalgo, his unwilling protégés staring after him. Not until he was at some distance did he glance surreptitiously into his hand. They saw him give a dramatic start. The hand contained, not the mere *peseta* which might have been expected, but a silver *duro!* Chicotito forgot to be a hidalgo, and disappeared from view executing a series of cart wheels, whooping.

"There," murmured the man, "goes our official guide to Toledo, my dear!"

"I suppose so," his companion admitted, sighing.

A little before the appointed hour he returned, a strain of anxiety relaxing in his eyes, despite his air of studied indifference, when he saw that they obediently awaited him. He had become in the interval another person. The anomalous garment had given place to a complete suit of jeans washed to bluey whiteness, carefully patched with material of the original color, and quite damp still from the iron. His insufficient legs, though bare, were handsomely finished off by clean *alpargatas;* he wore a hat which lacked only a crown to be quite in the mode; and some attempt had even been made at a hair cut. He was also expertly smoking a cigarette. Noting his patrons' glance of surprise at this, for it was as if a slightly misshapen Murillo cherub had begun suddenly to emit garlands of smoke wreaths from its lips, he made a quick, courteous gesture with it toward the male American, murmuring, "*Quiere usted?*" In Spain, as they say, "A cigarette is never lighted for one."

The American had his national fondness for teasing. "Thanks, old man; I don't care if I do!" he murmured, wondering what would happen next.

But Chicotito was not at all nonplused by this unexpected acceptance. Producing a large clasp knife—it was the instrument with which he prepared all food, and ate it, and removed the residue, if any, from his teeth, and performed various other functions of the toilet—he divided the cigarette in two and proffered the larger and fresher share to his patron. Under the lady's hortatory eye, the latter accepted and smoked it.

"I'll get even with you for this; watch me!" he murmured to his companion, who seemed amused.

Friendships form themselves out of the smoke of such mutual cigarettes, as pleasant as they are evanescent. Thereafter, during several days—for what guide who knows his business will hurry matters unduly?—the Zocodover, the market place, the Moorish house of El Greco, the Alcazar, and all the three hundred and fifty streets of that city of many portents were gratified by the sight of two prosperous-looking *Americanos* in the convoy of a haughty Chicotito, who acknowledged no acquaintances in passing with the exception of Padre Silvestro, the innocent curiosity of whose nature was difficult to deny. On the third occasion that they chanced to encounter the old cleric in the course of one hour, Chicotito surrendered and introduced Padre Silvestro to his clients. That is how they happened to go for coffee later to a modest little patio, containing an orange tree that was in fruit and flower at once, after the lavish habit of orange trees; where they learned some details of Chicotito's career.

The priest spoke with respect, even with admiration, of Chicotito's mother; who had shown some courage, he seemed to feel, in deliberately deserting the more congenial atmosphere of the gypsy quarter along the river in order to give her family better opportunities in a Christian neighborhood. Since her husband was half Castilian, she had this right; she would doubtless have come occasionally to the mass herself, he added, but that she was ashamed to appear before God with naked feet.

The father was a thieving bully of a *diddikai*, as gypsies call their half-breeds, of such evil reputation that the streets of Toledo were unhealthy for him; so that his wife, finding the family profession one that did not make for a sense of peace and security, had transported her young to a certain alley in the very shadow of the cathedral, called appropriately the Street of Amor de Dios, or Love of God; where there happened to be a disused cowshed available belonging to the Duke of Los Canellos, who had no immediate need of it. She herself kept a foot in either camp, as it were, and disappeared at intervals, like the dutiful wife she was, to join her nefarious mate; since gypsy marital affections are not dependent upon good behavior. But on such occasions the children were always left at home, in full odor of sanctity; which made La Gitanilla unpopular with her respectable neighbors, since the children were too young to be allowed quite to starve. However, Alfonso Trece—the priest never spoke of him as "Chicotito"—had early shown marked address as a family provider.

The Americans were somewhat disconcerted to learn that their royally entitled official guide to the city of Toledo was not only a gypsy but the son of a jailbird; since Chicotito, from the first, had taken complete charge of disbursements, making all such purchases as they required, conducting expenditures with a firm and yet just hand.

"A *perrogordo* is too much to give this beggar, may God assist him! A *perrochico* is quite enough," he would declare; or sternly to some shopkeeper: "Why do you exhibit to my patrons anything other than your best, *señor?* Can you not see that it is a waste of time?"

Nor was Padre Silvestro's attitude in this connection entirely reassuring. "So, you trust him even with your purse?" he murmured thoughtfully. "Eh, well, why not? To trust is always good for the character; and if occasionally one is a little mistaken ——" He shrugged. "Does it greatly matter?"

His visitors were reminded of a certain wisdom out of the farther Orient:

Is a little of your wine stolen, a little of your oil spilled?
Count it as the price of philosophy.

They felt that they could afford something to philosophy.

As it happened, Chicotito, who usually developed a certain proprietary attitude toward his clients, felt in this case a pride that had become even affectionate. Their well-dressed appearance was gratifying to his sensibilities, and they showed a certain confiding helplessness in matters of Spanish finance which appealed to all the latent chivalry in his nature. Therefore he guarded their purse and their persons with the same autocratic fostering care a gypsy nursemaid will frequently accord the children of her employer.

The *Señora Americana* in particular appealed to his taste in ladies; pale and gentle and a little sad-smiling, as became a *señora;* never boisterously cheerful like some common *maja.* She reminded him, in her fine white dresses—she wore no color except a narrow edge of black on her handkerchiefs—of the elegant white rose he had been sporting at their first encounter, even to the faint fragrance which emanated from all her possessions; so that he frequently opened the shopping bag it was his self-appointed duty to carry merely in order to sniff the deliciousness within. Chicotito had the nostril—misfortune enough to those who dwell in Spanish alleys—of a sybarite.

In his mind he called his patroness "*la Señora Rosa de Blanca*"; and once inadvertently he called her so aloud. It seemed to please the lady.

"Listen to that, Harry!" she said. "Why haven't you ever been gallant enough to call me 'Madam White Rose'?"

"Because I'd rather see you Madam Pink Rose again, my dearest," he replied, and kissed her tenderly, right on the public street.

Chicotito decided, in view of such improper behavior, that they were probably not married to each other; but having taken them under his protection, he concealed his discovery loyally from Padre Silvestro, who might be shocked by it.

His personal intimate acquaintance with the life of his city made him an invaluable cicerone; even its history was not entirely unknown to him, as to other guides. He was able to show them that portion of the Zocodover where Cervantes walked, muttering to himself chapters out of the immortal Don Quixote, much as Chicotito himself was wont to rehearse the fine flowing phrases of a love letter, composed to order. He felt a special kinship with the greater author since learning that he had spent, like Chicotito's father, much of his time in prison. Could it be that he, also, was one of *nosotros?* He had put this idea once, rather diffidently, before Father Silvestro, who gave it serious consideration. If it was true, as some authorities claim, that the great blind Homer was a gypsy, why not the unfortunate Cervantes?—which would explain much.

Nor was Padre Silvestro's the only glimpse Chicotito found himself able to offer his patrons of Toledan social life. Once, noting the American's eye follow inadvertently the grace of a pretty *señorita* who passed with demurely downcast gaze, the boy tugged at his coat, murmuring in a discreet undertone that if the *señor* wished to make the acquaintance of pretty ladies like that, he would undertake to conduct him one night to a place where they were always most charming to *extranjeros.*

"And to the *señor* they will make themselves particularly amiable," he added reassuringly. "They will dance and sing for very little money, perhaps for none at all, since all are friends to me. It is I, in fact, who write their love letters!" he added, with modest pride.

Looking into his face, so cherubic by contrast with the grotesquely long-armed body, so innocent despite the uncanny age-old wisdom of his eyes, the American saw that childhood was still there—that piteously evanescent childhood of the alleys—and the sharp words he would have spoken caught in his throat.

Seeing that the suggested entertainment did not please, Chicotito took them instead to call upon the Duke de Los Canellos. The visit was unannounced, but none the less welcome, apparently, for that. Their host was in process of being shaved when Chicotito ushered his somewhat startled guests into the ducal presence. Half the ducal face was indeed obscured by lather; which did not at all impair the courtliness of the bow with which the old nobleman, recognizing the presence of a lady, rose gracefully to his feet. He waved apologies aside with a gesture which indicated that his poor house was entirely their own, despite his personal regrettable state of dishabille.

"My fellow townsmen"—his gaze rested companionably upon Chicotito—"do well to remember, in the exercise of their professional duties, the hospitality which our Castile owes always to its honored guests!"—and sent his manservant hurrying after them with proffered refreshment, also with certain small coin of the realm which Chicotito pocketed complacently, after the usual expected gesture of reluctance. The Americans began to realize

(Continued on Page 104)

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(Continued from Page 102

upon what model their guide had fashioned his fine manners.

It was in the cathedral, however, that Chicotito shone. He was not one of those human parrots who, by listening attentively to the conversation of their betters, manage to reproduce it with a verisimilitude which passes for knowledge. Chicotito, like another small Quasimodo, had made the cathedral of Toledo his own; it is probable that had he ever chanced to hear of its prototype of Notre Dame he would have claimed Victor Hugo's tragic character as one of *nosotros*. He was an expert on his chosen subject, having access to sources which any historian might envy. For Padre Silvestro, whose life avocation it was to add the completed record of the noble fane he served to the list of great human documents, felt the necessity frequently of an audience to share his enthusiasm; so that the boy was enabled to give his clientele in turn a colorful and candid picture of that hoary pile which is Spain itself—Toledo the stronghold of the wild Iberian kings who built it; Toledo relaxed under the lascivious and charming culture of the Moors; Toledo going forth to war under the banners of its great fighting bishops; Toledo as a world power during the splendors of the reigning Princes of the Church; Toledo holding sternly aloft the cross of the true faith while religion rocked under the Inquisition.

And the cathedral was not only Chicotito's favorite book of high romance; it was his playground, his escape from the sometimes pressing realties of daily life. Here, thanks to Father Silvestro's patronage, he was free to come and go at will regardless of suspicious looks from vergers; free to finger unrebuked the defaced carvings which were the illustrations of its history; free even, in the affectionate and familiar fashion of Spanish churches, to walk up onto the high altar itself when no priest was officiating, and, gazing full into the face of the great, dark Madonna bending above, to proffer whispered demands with his grimy hand touching her holy foot, even as children lay wheedling touch on the persons of human mothers when they have special requests to make.

Every young creature, especially every young male creature, needs something to worship in his secret heart; so Alfonso Trece Lull, that infant cynic of the streets, brought his vague dreams and aspirations to the Madonna del Segrario as a votive offering, since he had nothing else to bring; and gazed with angry envy at supercilious choir boys who switched their starched and fluted nightgowns so indifferently about the sacred aisles, wishing with all his soul that he might have inherited, with other gypsy characteristics, the gift of song. His voice, however, sounded even to himself like the uncertain croaking of an adolescent frog; so that he could serve his chosen Lady only, somewhat obscurely, by punching the noses of the lesser choir boys whenever he caught one of them alone outside the cloisters.

A certain prowess at the art of self-defense and of self-aggression was one of the few inheritances from his great bully of a father. There were times when it stood him in good stead. His progress about the city, in charge of two such promising specimens of the tourist trade, did not go unremarked. True, no attempt was made to reft good fortune from him, any more than Spanish beggars will importune one who has already selected a beneficiary for his alms; there is honor in Castile, even among guides. But on more than one occasion Chicotito arrived for his ciceronial duties with blackened eye or slightly bloodied nose, gained in defending his valued patrons from aspersion. It had been necessary, he reluctantly explained one morning, when his nose persisted obviously in bleeding despite manipulations with his coat sleeve, to prove to certain persons that his noble clients were not green-eyed pigs of English and that he himself was no dirty hare of a gypsy. Dirty, no; for had not his mother put him under the pump on the day he engaged himself to the Americans? "They wash most who need it most!" he muttered darkly, quoting a popular adage. As for being a hare—did he, in their opinion, bear the slightest resemblance to an animal so obscene? There is among the tent people a peculiar detestation of hares, which are never eaten.

"But at least," murmured the Señor Harry, teasing as usual, "you can't deny you are a gypsy, can you?"

Chicotito, however, could and did, with indignation; his mother was perhaps of a darker shade of skin than some, but his father bore a Spanish name, a name as Christian, not to say royal, as his own Fernando-Isabella Lull. Was there anything gypsy about that? "And I myself, me, I am Toledo born!" he boasted. "A valid *hijo de Castile!*"

This valid son of Castile, however, was not without his atavistic yearnings. Once they passed in the streets a procession of small laden asses, their trappings gay with worsted embroideries, their silver throat bells jangling to ward off evils of the road, their little rumps clipped in *repoussé* patterns, like those on bath towels, after a fashion beloved of donkey drivers; each bearing its pannier load of earthen pipkins and firkins and *cantaras* for water, such as are peddled in this unhurried progress along the length and breadth of the peninsula. His gaze followed the little cavalcade with wistfulness; in his youth, before La Gitanilla had dedicated him to the priesthood, he had nourished the intention to become himself a donkey driver. It seemed to him the pleasantest profession a man could follow—the open road with little trotting beasts for company, and all the world before one, unexplored. At the tail of the procession walked a weedy youth of about his own age, but much taller stature, at sight of whom Chicotito's gaze hardened to a beady glitter. The youth observed him inimically in return, grinning as he noted Chicotito's impressive company. He began to mince in his walk and roll a ladylike hip.

"*Anda!*" he cried sweetly, in high falsetto accents intended to represent those of an enamored female. "Eh, *chiquirritito! Que hermoso! Que precioso!*"

Alfonso XIII Lull had been called worse things in his day than a "precious little pretty one"; but for some reason the appellation appeared to rankle.

"*Una momentida!*" he muttered to his patrona. "If *señor-señora* will attend but a little moment?"—and disappeared around the corner after the donkey train.

Since he did not return in the little moment promised, the American went in search of him. He discovered a circle of interested citizens surrounding what appeared to be a particularly silent and vicious dog fight; which disclosed, upon further investigation, the person of their guide, very actively engaged. Chicotito had practically finished his affair, however, not according to Marquess of Queensbury rules but none the less effectively. Where he could not get in a fist, he used a foot; and if his patron had not hauled him off unexpectedly, he would probably have succeeded in bringing with him his opponent's ear, upon which his teeth had clamped themselves early in the encounter.

"Never saw anything like it!" the rescuer reported to his wife, not without enthusiasm. "I expected the little bantam to hop onto the chest of his late victim and flap his wings and crow!"

"How horrible!" gasped the lady. "Why, Chico! And you studying to be a minister of the gospel some day? What was it all about?"

Since the boy seemed too winded to explain, they offered him refreshment; he choosing, somewhat to their dismay, a glass of *aguardiente*. But even this fiery beverage, which he quaffed with one gulp of stoic satisfaction, did not loosen his tongue. It was an old affair, he muttered, his with the assistant of the *arriero*—a low fellow who gave himself airs of knowing everything! And now, if *señor-señora* had refreshed themselves sufficiently, they

would visit the treasure of the cathedral, since it was a day when the entrance happened to be free. More they could not wring from him

But on their way to view the treasure, they encountered Padre Silvestro, as usual—nobody may walk far in any quarter of Toledo without encountering that venerable cleric, the pockets of his shabby cassock bulging with books, his fingers between the pages of a breviary which he never has time to read, since humanity is an affair so much more pressing. He stopped at sight of them, sketching a blessing on the air, as was his wont when encountering heretics.

"So," he said reproachfully to Chicotito, "I hear you have been fighting again! And on the Plaza, too, giving scandal in sight of all the world."

The boy hung his head.

"Eh, my son—my son! And Corpus Christi only a few weeks off!" sighed the *cura*.

Chicotito looked up at him as if stung. He knew what was meant; once again he had endangered his chance of being selected as one of the court angels to attend the Madonna del Segrario in her yearly *paseo* through the street.

"But, *padre*," he blurted out eagerly, "it was for her I fought; for the good name of Our Lady in person!"

The priest did not appear to be surprised. "So? You are not the first Spaniard to do battle for the honor of Our Lady, *chiquillo*, and I trust you will not be the last," he said simply. "Tell me the occasion, my son!"

Thus encouraged, Chicotito found his voice, and fluently. The assistant of the *arriero*, it appeared, was a lousy specimen of Gallegan camel, or words to that effect, who thought, because he went nosing about the back alleys of the world like a mongrel jackal, that he knew everything! He had dared to insinuate he, the son of a

"*Na, na*, never mind of what he was the son," murmured the priest reprovingly. "But continue, *hijito mio*."

In fine, this assistant of the *arriero* had declared that Madam of the Segrario, Toledo's own and most holy lady, was no more holy than Madonnas in other places' performed no greater miracles, received no finer votive offerings, was not even more grandly dressed than many he could name—and he had proceeded to name them. The Madonna of Zaragossa was so sacred, he said, that she must sit high up on a pillar where none could touch her; those who wished to salute her must kneel and kiss the pillar on which she stands through a little hole at the back.

"And, *padre mio*, he said that high up on the mountain of Montserrat is another Madonna, who was found there by a miracle, after having been carved by the hand of blessed Saint Luke himself! And that she is far more beautiful of appearance than our Madonna, and twice as black!" cried the boy, his eyes blazing. "So that even kings make pilgrimages to look at her! And that is not all! He said that in Sevilla, which, as everyone knows, is not a holy city like our own, there are even several Madonnas as elegant as ours! One, the Macarena, who is only the patroness of *toreros*, makes the *paseo* wearing a *manton* embroidered in gold, and jewels which were the gifts of famous matadors."

"Our own Madonna," mentioned the priest, evidently slightly touched upon the raw, "has for Easter robe the coronation garments of a queen."

"So I said to him, *padre!* And I wagered good money—a *perrochico!*—that he could name nothing, nothing, possessed by any other Madonna which is not possessed also by the Madonna of our cathedral! But I lost my *perrochico*," admitted Toledo's knight-errant gloomily, "because he swore to me that in the parade of Good Friday he had seen that very Madonna of the bull fighters, the Virgin of the Macarena, carrying in her hand a magnificent gold fountain pen!"

"A fountain pen! Is it possible?" murmured Padre Silvestro.

The two Americans substantiated this report; they themselves had happened to see a Good Friday procession at Sevilla and could testify to the presence of the fountain pen—a gift, they had heard, from some devout journalist.

"Who wished no doubt to dedicate his pen to a special intention," nodded the priest understandingly. "So, you lost your *perrochico*, Alfonso Trece? I hope you have paid it." His hand was already reaching down into his pocket.

The boy nodded darkly. "But I also promised that lying nursemaid of little asses that the next time I caught him in the vicinity of our Madonna, I would—I would cause him to swallow every lie he had said!"

"And you kept your promise?" inquired the priest, not without sympathy.

"I'll say he did!" chuckled the American. "With a few good teeth to boot! Why, *padre*, I'd back that kid against anything of his weight now in the ring!"

"Ah, *señor*, you interest yourself, then, in sports?" The priest turned pleasantly in his direction; he had not spent all of his eighty years in the service of the church. "You are yourself, perhaps, an amateur of the box?"

"Only enough to know that this youngster is wasted in the clerical profession, sir'" declared the other, laughing.

"Sometimes," sighed the priest, "I fear that you may be right."

He went his way, musing on the sinister power of heredity, also on other things—how, for example, to persuade his fellow clerics to engage as angel a child who had already acquired, at the age of twelve, a cauliflower ear.

"The boy fights so much," he had explained to them reasonably, more than once, "because he is so little and afraid!" But that had not seemed to his fellow clerics to make good sense.

Recent events having naturally stimulated his patrons' interest in the cathedral treasure, particularly in those portions of it which are the special property of the Madonna del Segrario, Chicotito aided the verger in charge to see that they missed nothing; not a cape sewn thick with pearls, nor a spray of jeweled lilies, nor the various glittering crowns kept for special occasions. True, as he frankly pointed out, there was indeed no fountain pen in the collection; but who could miss such a trifle among the glories displayed behind the plate glass upon which he flattened a reverential nose?

Chicotito had a curious passion—perhaps again an atavism—for glittering gems; and had observed at once, with strong approval, the few but choice jewels worn by his American *señora;* notably a certain wrist watch incrusted modishly in diamonds. Frequently he inquired the time of her in order that he might gaze with pleasure upon this glittering little novelty. Now he noted for the first time, with dismay, that, although the votive offerings included several timepieces of a more ancient vintage charming enamel trifles set with miniatures, and the like—the Madonna del Segrario possessed no wrist watch. It seemed to him a lack more to be deprecated than that of a fountain pen; but after all, he thought, with the mixture of mysticism and practicality which is Spain, what need had a dweller in eternity to be reminded of the passage of earthly hours?

His eye sought the bauble in question and observed suddenly that it hung quite loose on his patron's wrist, the ribbon being worn almost to the point of breaking. For a moment—not more than a moment—temptation assailed Chicotito. Then he conquered it, and called attention to the imminent disaster.

"Why, thank you! I must get a new ribbon at once," said the lady; and Chicotito undertook to make the purchase while *señor-señora* were taking their siesta. She gave the watch into his keeping, in order that the ribbon might be sure to fit.

Her husband demurred slightly. "You're taking rather a chance, aren't you?" he suggested. "After all, remember the parentage!"

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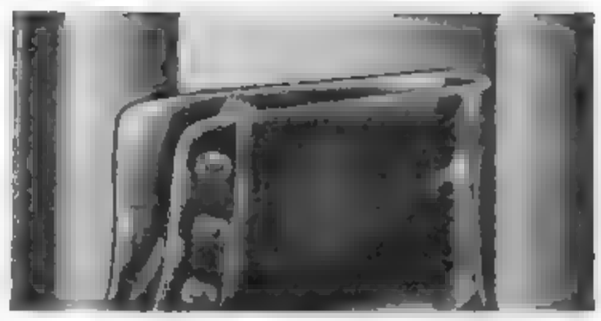

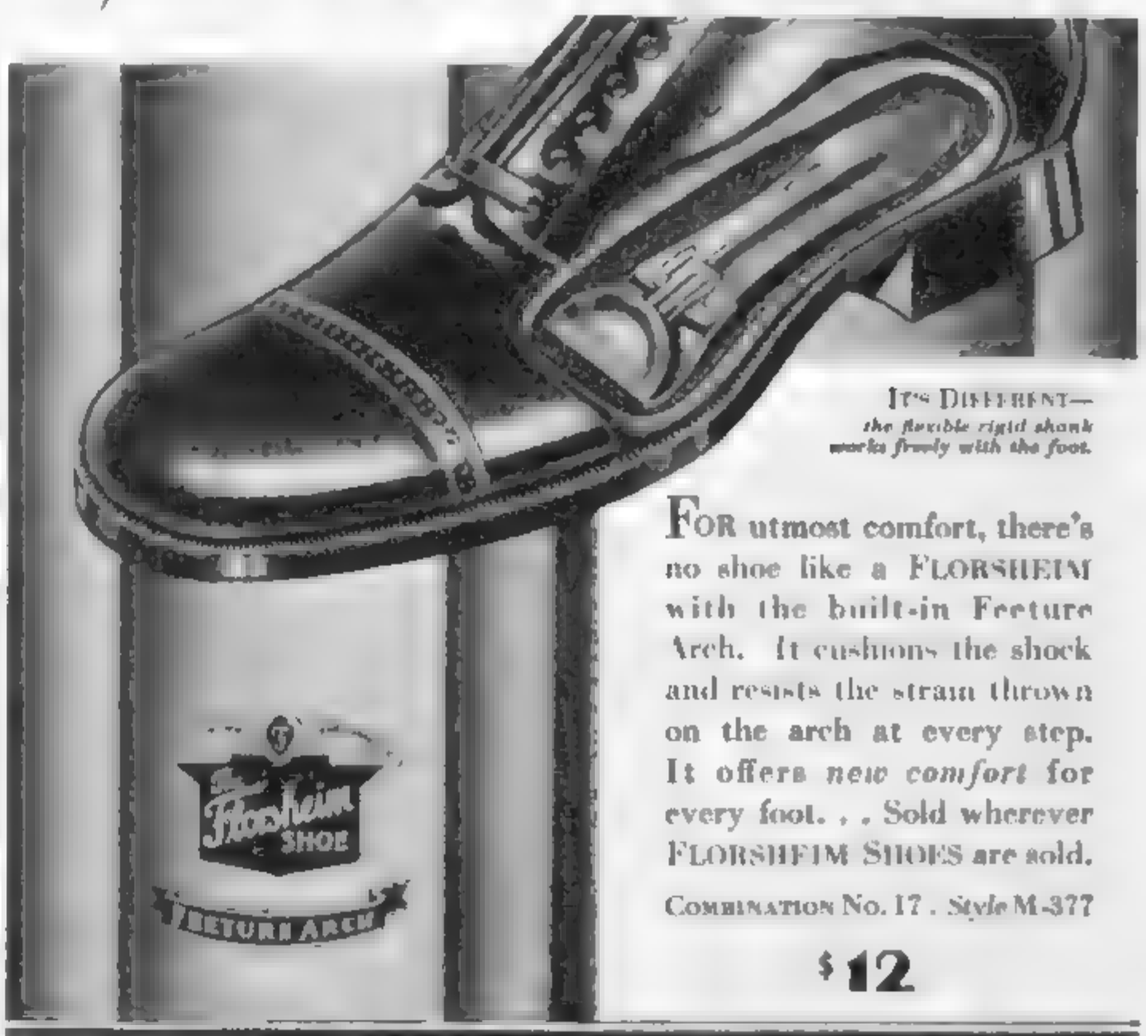

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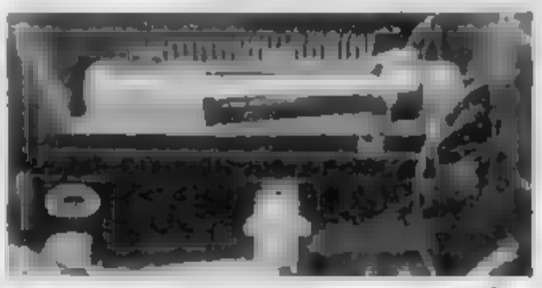

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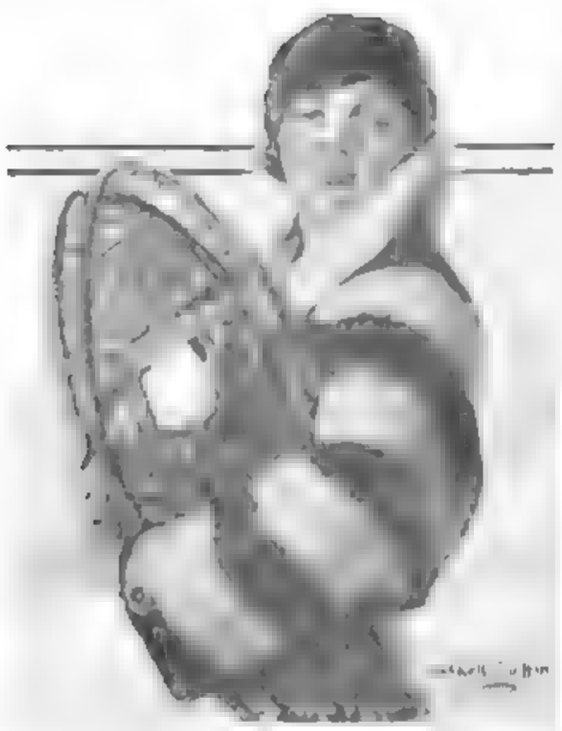

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"'I 'ear heem more better as I spig heem,'" she quoted warningly, with a significant glance at their guide, engaged at the moment in fastening the trust securely into his shirt pocket with a safety pin borrowed for the purpose from herself. The cathedral treasure visibly paled in importance by comparison with the immediate treasure confided to his care. They reassured themselves with Father Silvestro's comment that to trust people is good for character.

As it happened, their trust was not misplaced. Chicotito returned to them some hours later with the newly beribboned watch, but in such a state of personal deshabille as to pass with difficulty the fastidious portals of the Grand Hotel Mundial. His clothes appeared to have been practically torn from him, one eye was closing rapidly, and several teeth were newly missing from his deprecatory grin. Obviously, their guide had been fighting again.

He explained, before restoring his trust to them. Once the ribbon safely affixed—and he, Chicotito, had not for one moment removed his eye from the jeweler who did the affixing, for who could tell?—he had been unable to resist the desire to exhibit the charming trifle to his mother, who happened to be in delicate health and required diversion. In order to do it justice, he had taken the jewel from its wrappings, in the seclusion of the home circle, and fastened the ribbon about his own skinny wrist—and at that moment a hand had snatched at it, over his shoulder, from behind! He did not say whose hand, and his patrons forbore to inquire; doubtless the brigand father, temporarily released from durance, had seized that opportune moment to return to the bosom of his family.

"Let the *señora* not alarm herself: the ribbon held!" added Chicotito reassuringly. There had been a most terrific struggle—he still looked rather sick from it—but the ribbon held. His mother had risen ably to the defense, calling upon her cohorts; one of the lesser Lulls had cast itself about the feet belonging to the hand that snatched, tripping them up. Battle still raged, he thought, in the Street of the Love of God—but the ribbon held. It was a very stout ribbon.

Fighting, he added apologetically, was not perhaps too good for watches; the crystal was apt to break itself, the hands to go awry, the little ticking wheels inside might cease to tick. But here at least was their property, safe and intact, except for such minor mishaps; not a single sparkling diamond missing from its place. He handed it to them proudly.

"Oh, oh, my beautiful little watch!" mourned the lady, examining it. "Look, Harry! Ruined, simply ruined! I doubt whether it will ever be worth anything again!"

"Never mind, darling; the ribbon held!" consoled her husband, and shook hands with Chicotito rather warmly. He also suggested a glass of the favored *aguardiente*, since the boy seemed rather shaken.

But Chicotito declined, concerned by the lady's obvious distress. He examined the *casus belli* with some anxiety, wondering why she felt it would never be worth anything again. To him, barring the details of shattered crystal and twisted hands, it seemed as desirable as ever.

"Does the *señora* no longer value her jewel because it has ceased to march?" he inquired of his host, who explained that marching was considered to be the chief function of such jewels.

A great idea dawned then upon Chicotito. The Madonna del Segrario would probably not mind in the least whether a timepiece marched or not, being above such earthly considerations. He made his suggestion delicately—if the *señora* really had no further use for the thing, perhaps she would care to present it—through himself, Chicotito—as an offering for some special intention.

But the *señora*, having been raised a good Presbyterian, saw no particular reason why she should make such a present, and said so with some asperity. She dropped the wreck of the wrist watch decisively into her shopping bag against their return to civilization.

Perhaps it was the gallant defense of the wrist watch, however, that finally brought the Americans to a decision they had been long contemplating; perhaps other matters—the extreme catholicity of the boy's acquaintance, for one thing; also the oddly picturesque clarity with which he had managed to put before them the ancient life of his city. That afternoon they went again for coffee with Padre Silvestro.

"I understand!" mused the old priest presently, replying, as was his wont, more to what they had not told him than to what they had. "You have lost a son, my children, who was perhaps also crippled -no? And you wish to put Alfonso Trece in his place."

His visitors exchanged glances, nodding; they had said merely that they felt an interest in Chicotito and wanted to give him a better chance in life. But Padre Silvestro was not one to be deceived in the look of a bereft mother, no matter how frivolous her appearance.

"But have you understood," he continued, "that this lad can never be quite as your own son? He is, for all his intelligence," the priest added significantly, "half a gypsy child. A *diddikai*."

"You mean," asked the American, "that he'd be apt to wander away from home a good deal?"

The priest smiled, shaking his head. "Is a stray dog apt to wander far from the kitchen door where it is sure of meat? Ah, no! What I meant is—something more difficult to explain, my friends. The racial inheritance is strong with *gitano* people; they must not be judged quite as other folk; and are not, I am sure, by God the Father. The Americans are very kind of heart, by nature *muy simpatico*, but they have not the omniscience of God the Father. They prefer all people, for example, to be clean, also honest, do they not? It might be better to wait a while and think this over."

The other explained that it was impossible to wait longer; they had already overstayed their time. "And the boy himself can't afford to wait any longer, poor little rascal!" He was thinking, perhaps, of Chicotito's clientele in the love-letter industry.

"We'll take a chance on the cleanliness," put in the lady softly. "No little boy is naturally very clean. As for the honesty, we've had ample proof of that!" She described to him the tremendous battle of the wrist watch.

The priest frowned as he listened. "So," he muttered, "the father has returned! There is no gypsy so bad as half a gypsy. You are right, my friend; if the boy is to have another chance in life, he cannot afford to wait. *Vaya!* I will go at once to the mother, since you wish."

"Surely she won't put objections in the way, do you think? She has so many children! Nine, aren't there?"

"Nine and a half, let us say," murmured the priest delicately, wishing to be quite accurate.

"Oh! I see. Tell her we'll make it worth her while to give us Chicotito, the poor woman!" the lady urged.

If the priest wondered what consideration would make it worth her while for an American mother to give up the first born of her sons, he did not say so.

"And tell her we'll be able to do quite a lot for Chico," added the gentleman more understandingly. "I'm not a poor man, fortunately. I don't know yet quite what we will make of the little fellow—scholar, author; perhaps"—he laughed—"a prize fighter! But at least ——"

"At least you will not make of him a priest, I think?" murmured Father Silvestro.

"I'm afraid not, sir!" admitted the other, smiling

"La Gitanilla will be disappointed," remarked their host. "However, there should be, I think, no difficulty. She knows how to make her sacrifices, that one, for the welfare of her young!"

He went as promised to the cowshed in the Street of the Amor de Dios, where he found La Gitanilla already brought to bed of her tenth child—a bed from which she attempted to rise in order that he might sit upon it, since there was no other furniture. But Padre Silvestro frustrated her hospitable intent by seating himself politely upon the earthen floor. This maneuver brought a quick smile of gratification to the somewhat bruised and battered cheek of the new mother.

"*Aie*, but Your Holiness sits like a true *gitano!*" she cried in compliment, elevating her guest at once to the rank of the papacy; and raised a strident call for her eldest, obliviously engaged over an earthen washtub at the back of the hut.

"You *tikno*, there! You, Chico! *Ca'*, is the tawny deaf? *No tiene modo*—have you no manners that you turn your back on a reverend gentleman? Bring refreshment at once for His Holiness—*na, na, na*, son of a camel, not water! That is not good enough. Bring milk!"

Chicotito came as nature made him, bowing courtly apologies, explaining that it was needful his clothes be washed for the morrow's duties; and applied himself at once to the nanny goat tethered conveniently to the foot of the bed. Other members of the Lull family, all as naked as the brunet cherubs in a Murillo altarpiece, rallied to the smell of food, and gathered shyly around the mattress, where the youngest applied itself to a lean brown breast. Father Silvestro broached his subject.

The gypsy woman listened, incredulous. "*Dordi! Dovelo adoi?*" she muttered. "See what comes! They wish, these *gajos*, to take the boy on a journey far away? How far away?"

"To the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, my daughter."

Chicotito's heart was thumping against his ribs. A miracle had occurred! One of the impossibilities for which he sometimes asked his Madonna in rash moments. He was about to see the world, even more of the world than the know-all assistant of the *arriero!*

"The other side of the Baro Panj," repeated the gypsy woman dully. "And for how long will they wish to keep him there?"

"For always, my daughter."

La Gitanilla turned and stared at her son, who stared back at her widely. He saw something strange come into his mother's eyes, soft and alarming; something that made him go and stand beside her.

"They offer you much money, my daughter, if you will give your son to them, who have no son," continued the priest, looking down at his hands; and mentioned the amount in *pesetas*.

She gasped. "Such money for an ugly half-sized brat like him!" Chicotito happened to be the only one of her children who was not beautiful. "But what then do they want of the *tikno?*" she demanded with sudden fierce suspicion.

"They want nothing, my daughter. They are Americans, and very rich—in all except children's love, *los pobrecitos!* All they require," he added quietly, "is that the boy shall be clean and honest."

"Clean and honest?" cried La Gitanilla. "*Hola*, that should be easy when one is rich! . . . Eh, *dosta!* What are you waiting for?" She turned testily on her son, pushing at him. "Put on your clothes at once—never mind if they are wet; these *gajos* will see how they are at least newly clean—and run to the hotel and tell them that you are ready. Run quickly, quickly, body of a goat, before they change their minds!"

Chicotito started to do her bidding, but not quickly. The Atlantic Ocean suddenly loomed to his imagination very large, wider than the wide *sega*, so large and wide as to fill the whole world. Also, it seemed to him that his mother's voice was less strident

(Continued on Page 110.)

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"Vaporize that cold away," say leading medical men. And Sterno Vaporizer does . . . quickly and gently. All you do is set it at side of bed or chair. Ignite the quick-heating safety-fuel, and in a few short minutes inhale soothing, healing vapors that soon penetrate the nasal passages. At once coughs and colds loosen, and the cause of all your trouble begins to fade away.

Doctors give unstinted praise to Sterno Vaporizer. *Dr..... of Pennsylvania says, "I have never used a vaporizer that compares with it in simplicity and results. I recommend it to all my patients." *Dr..... of New York says, "I congratulate you on a most efficient, simple and easily portable product. It is a pleasure to recommend it."

Absolutely Safe . . . Easy to Use!

Sterno Vaporizer is always ready for instant use. And so simple! No complicated parts, no glass to crack or break. No gas, electricity, or dangerous liquid fuel. The famous Sterno Canned Heat heats very quickly—and it's safe! (Burns solid. On sale everywhere, in two sizes.)

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*Name on request

Your doctor or druggist will gladly recommend a medicated vapor preparation to be used with Sterno Vaporizer

Don't stop working, reading or playing! Sterno Vaporizer doesn't require the least attention. And whole families use it at the same time. Mothers gather children around it to play while losing coughs and colds. And the vaporizer leaves no disagreeable after-odor to hang in curtains or clothing.

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(For use with Sterno Canned Heat)

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STERNO CORPORATION, 9-11 East 37th St., N. Y. C.

[Check which you want]

( ) Send me free leaflet telling what physicians and hospitals say about the Sterno Vaporizer.

( ) As my dealer is out of stock, enclosed find $1.50 (Canada $2.00) for which send me complete Sterno Vaporizer.

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The Sign of Good Oil

Thirty-five years ago people began to notice a new trade mark—a big red "One" bearing a white "3" above the word "in."

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1st. *Oils* all light mechanisms in home, office, factory and on the farm. Makes them operate smoothly and noiselessly. Prevents excessive wear. Saves repair bills and puts off the day of replacements.

2nd. *Prevents Rust and Tarnish* on all unprotected metals. Rubbed on to the surface, 3-in-One penetrates the tiny pores of the metal, forming an invisible film that shields against air and moisture.

3rd. *Cleans and Polishes* fine furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum, oilcloth. Preserves them, too. Cleans windows and auto glass. Polishes nickel.

3-in-One is really three high quality oils in one—*animal, mineral* and *vegetable.* A secret process of blending produces in 3-in-One unique properties not found in the original oils—or in any other oil.

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Prevents Rust. OILS. Cleans & Polishes

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Let Us Help You Too!

SOME years ago, Russel Shirk of Indiana had no capital, and no experience, but he was determined to start a business of his own.

Today, he has a well-equipped office in his own home and enjoys a permanent, profitable income.

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610 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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at its own game

THE silkworm makes silk from the cellulose of the mulberry leaves upon which it feeds. Through a study of the manufacturing processes which take place within the silkworm, Man beats Nature at her own game. He extracts the cellulose of plants, and through marvels of chemistry, transforms it into still another wonderful fiber—a thread of radiant, lustrous rayon. To apply this delicate chemical process to the production of millions of pounds of yarn in enormous factories, the rayon manufacturer must provide uniform temperature and humidity conditions day and night, winter and summer, on humid days and on dry days.

The Miracle of Manufactured Weather

Such a complete control of temperature and humidity is no less amazing than those extraordinary formulae for chemical reactions, worked out in the laboratory, which transmute liquefied cellulose into rayon thread.

So interwoven is the problem of temperature and humidity with the chemical reactions which produce rayon that, without their control, it would be impossible to arrive at a merchantable product. From the time the plant pulp is first treated until it becomes yarn and until the yarn as a beautiful finished fabric is ready for marketing, Manufactured Weather, the Carrier name for scientific Air Conditioning, plays an always essential part. It automatically cleans outdoor air of impurities before delivering it indoors, automatically regulates the temperature and humidity of this air, and automatically controls its movement.

Universal Application

Manufactured Weather is not limited in application to the making of rayon—now the third largest textile industry. It is used also in silk and cotton mills and throughout the entire textile field.

More than two hundred industries have found it profitable to install Carrier Systems, and instances are of record where the entire cost of an installation has been more than paid for the first year by the increase in production.

Carrier Systems of Manufactured Weather maintain maximum conditions for health and comfort all the year round in the House of Representatives and in the Senate at Washington. Great department stores, such as Macy's in New York, Hudson's in Detroit, Filene's in Boston, and Sanger's in Fort Worth, offer their employees and customers the advantages of Manufactured Weather. The 22-story Milam Building in San Antonio, Texas, is equipped with Manufactured Weather from top to bottom. Since this system was installed, the statement has been frequently made that office buildings which are not air conditioned will be obsolete within the next ten years.

Almost invariably, where Manufactured Weather is applied to an industry for a commercial purpose, the clean air, automatically controlled as to temperature and humidity, has brought about an increase in efficiency and morale among employees and a marked decrease in absences due to illness.

Where Carrier Systems are operating they are making industry and workers independent of outdoor weather and seasons—they make "Every day a *good* day."

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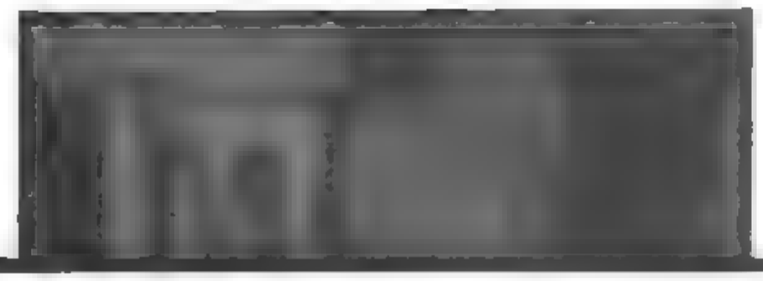

Give Me What You Please Just so it's THE POST!

YOU'RE lucky if he'll tell you what he wants for Christmas. But even if he doesn't, the chances are he's thinking: "Give me what you please, just so it's *The Post!*" He's another red-blooded *Post* fan making certain of his happy evenings for 1930. All over the continent are thousands of men, and women too, who think the same way—or who would if they only knew the pleasures planned for in coming issues of *The Post.*

Why not remember *many* of your friends this Christmas with subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post?* They'll be grateful every Thursday in the year. And a gift of *The Post* is so easy to order! You can do it in the quiet of your own home, away from crowded stores and Post Office windows.

Just hand your order to one of our authorized representatives, or mail it direct to the address below. We'll see that each friend whom you so favor will receive in the Christmas mail a strikingly beautiful 7 x 8½ inch card announcing the gift *in your name.*

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Ladies' Home Journal
$1 a year *(Foreign $2.50)*

For Country Folks
The Country Gentleman
$1 for 3 years *(Foreign $2.50)*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Only $2 for 52 issues *(Canada $3)*
For foreign prices see editorial page.
608 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 106)

than usual—perhaps because of her late efforts on Nature's behalf, and on his own—and that her push lacked something of its accustomed violent vigor. He put his head back into the door, with eyes as old as fear.

"*Miri dye,*" he said hesitantly, in the familiar *calo* tongue they kept for private use—"my mother, hast thou understood that it is—for always?"

"And what of that?" she rapped out sharply. "So much the better! There are already more fingers than enough in the *podrida* here! *Vamos!* Be off with you, son of a sacred imbecile of a cow!"—and she made as if to throw something at him; so that Chicotito ducked and went.

Padre Silvestro, having duly upon request blessed La Gitanilla and the latest addition to her family, allowed his blessing hand to pass gently down the gauntness of the mother's cheek, and found it wet.

But Chicotito, after all, did not seize opportunity by the forelock, as was his wont; having failed rather lamentably to come up to specified requirements. The matter was never fully explained to Padre Silvestro, since the Americans could not be quite certain, and did not care to risk false accusation.

Undoubtedly, the remains of the diamond wrist watch were missing when they came to pack their effects. Of course some hotel servant might have been guilty, or a passing pickpocket in the streets. But Chicotito was the only person who had seen the jewel put away, he who was in the habit of helping himself freely out of the shopping bag whenever there were small expenditures to make for his patrons. Evidence was obviously against him. The "Señora White Rose" reproached herself bitterly and sadly for having put such temptation into the way of a child who was, after all, half a gypsy.

So a letter came to Father Silvestro, inclosing a generous check, without explanation other than that the Americans had changed their minds; also containing the assurance that a similar check would be forthcoming quarterly for the benefit of Chicotito's education, either as poet or prize fighter, or—with a faint Presbyterian smile between the lines—as priest. The decision was left entirely to the discretion of the *cura;* who accepted it, as he had accepted other trusts, without flinching, and bought each of La Gitanilla's children a complete outfit of clothes.

Nor was Chicotito able to attain his ambition to serve as attendant angel in the *paseo* of the Corpus Christi. However, when the great Madonna passed in annual process of being translated from parish to parish of her adoring city, majestic in queen's coronation lace and pearl embroideries, hands, ears and bosom glittering richly with votive offerings laid at her shrine by anonymous adorers throughout the centuries, the boy had the proud and mystic satisfaction of pointing out to his late enemy, the son of the *arriero,* that arm with which the Lady of Toledo so tenderly encircles the image of her little Son: for she was undoubtedly the only Madonna in Spain that day to wear a diamond wrist watch.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Make IPANA the guardian of your gums!

Because of its two-fold protection, Ipana keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth clean, white and sound!

THE old methods of dental care are being bettered with every passing year!

No longer is it sufficient for a tooth paste to keep the teeth "surface clean". The gums must be cared for—nourished, toned and stimulated.

For it is not too much to say that the possession of your teeth depends on the health of your gums.

* * *

For this there is no better, more modern, more up-to-the-minute agent than Ipana Tooth Paste. It helps defeat the modern plague of gingivitis, Vincent's disease—and the dread, if more infrequent pyorrhea.

The food we eat in this day and age is responsible for many troubles of the gums. It is too soft, too creamy—it robs the gums of the stimulation they need to remain in perfect health.

This stimulation Ipana and massage restores. A brushing with Ipana, a light massage of the gums with Ipana still on the brush, stirs up the flagging circulation in the gum walls. The influx of fresh, clean blood carries off the poisons and the wastes. The tissues regain their vigor and their strength. For Ipana is a modern tooth paste specifically compounded to meet this modern need. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic widely used by dentists.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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So give your family and yourself Ipana's double protection. Very likely there are some tooth pastes that you can obtain for less—but don't, don't try to economize when the health of your gums is concerned.

The full-size tube is the better test of Ipana's many virtues

Send for the sample, if you wish. It will convince you that Ipana is a tooth paste of delicious taste and remarkable cleaning power. But it's much better to buy the full-size tube at the nearest druggist's. That will last for at least thirty days—long enough for you to experience Ipana's remarkable power to tone and to strengthen your gums.

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43,040 HOUSEWIVES HELPED US PERFECT IT

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After all—*there is no bread like*

Bond

The *home-like* loaf

If he were your baby★

If he had to have milk from a bottle—and weaning time always comes—you'd want to *know* that he had the very best milk in the world. And you *could* know.

By every test that science knows . . . and by the test of practical experience, Pet Milk proves equal to your most exacting requirements as food for your baby. Seven Hundred and Fifty babies,* fed on this sterilized milk, under the direction of one of the most prominent infant specialists in America, during a period of 14 months, had as rugged health, as sturdy growth and normal development as babies that had mother's milk during the same time.

The Reasons Are Plain . . . Every drop uniformly rich in the milk-food substances—more easily digested than ordinary milk—as easily digested, indeed, as mother's own milk—sterilized, as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world—these are the tested and proved qualities of Pet Milk.

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Please send me this Free Book
Name
Address

Has breakfast become a perfect bore? try this modern kind of pancake!

HO HUM — breakfast is ready. Ho hum — now breakfast is over. Good, respectable food. But still — ho hum.

Is that the way to start the day? No. Breakfast shouldn't be a bore. Breakfast should be more than nourishment — it should be a tonic to the spirits. For the sake of good digestion and good living we should get some fun out of the morning meal.

For instance, try this modern kind of pancake (made with the new Pillsbury's Pancake Flour). Nothing will bring a man to attention so quickly. Pillsbury's pancakes call out enthusiasm — and enthusiasm is valuable. Pillsbury's pancakes are good news as well as good food—in the morning we need one just as much as the other.

Try this out tomorrow morning. These improved pancakes will delight you — Pillsbury has made a real discovery. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains a new type of flour, unusually soft, fine and delicate. Pillsbury's makes lighter pancakes, more tender, more delicious, easily digested; much better than the old-fashioned kind — truly *modern* pancakes.

Here's the perfect combination — proper nourishment plus *real enjoyment* — Pillsbury's pancakes. Ample fuel for the busy morning in school or on the job — in a warm, light, quickly digestible form. And so delicious that the memory of breakfast adds a brighter tone to the whole day — good cheer as well as good food!

The Recipe Is Simple

Made in a minute and ready to bake — simply add your liquid gradually to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and stir. You can use only water and make a delicious pancake. Or, if you have been mixing your own batter with milk or eggs, use the same liquids with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour — we believe you'll like these pancakes better than the home-mixed kind.

Hear the Pillsbury radio program — the preparation of balanced meals by speed cookery methods — broadcast by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen every Wednesday over the Columbia Chain at 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard time.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY

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made according to a modern improved recipe